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THE TREES IN FRONT OF THE FITCH HOME AT
JEFFERSON, OHIO.



THE FITCH HOMESTEAD AT JEFFERSON, OHIO.

16
THE STORY OF
A
MOTHER-LOVE

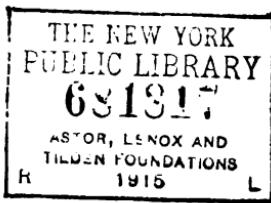


By
ANNETTE FITCH-BREWER
JEFFERSON, OHIO

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ANNE
ANNETTE
FITCH-BREWER

This Book is affectionately dedicated to
Four Friends who through storm and
stress stood by me as firm as that
Rock which guards a Mediterranean Sea.

ALTA WINCHESTER FITCH,
My Mother

ANNIE HOWELLS FRECHETTE,
My Friend

CHARLES S. GLEASON,
My Lawyer

ISAAC FOSTER MACK,
My Son's Guardian

"Statistics in several states show that a large percentage of the boys in State Reformatories are there because of the breaking up of homes by Divorces."

*W.H.O.Y. M. 1934
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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. The Beginning	13
II. Winter Life on a Western Canadian Ranch. .	27
III. Discovered and Warned to Flee.....	36
IV. Escape Through the Wilderness.—In Fort Benton Hospital	44
V. Flight From Fort Benton and on Towards the Pacific	58
VI. In the Puget Sound Country.—Hidden in the Forest.—Another Warning	68
VII. Flight to Lake Stevens.—Finds "Poster" There.—Another Flight Follows	79
VIII. Followed to Seattle and Again Lost.—Hidden in the Mountains	86
IX. Return to Lake Stevens and the Illman Ranch	97
X. Boyd's Auto	111
XI. Detectives Searching the Country.—Some Interesting Letters	122
XII. Daily Life on Our Far-Western Ranch....	131
XIII. " The Country Round Appeareth Straight— a Flower-garden Smiling "	139
XIV. In the Shadows of a Starless Night and a Black Wilderness.—Our " Underground Railroad "	147

CHAPTER	PAGE
XV. In Hiding in a Strange City.—Seattle the Beautiful	159
XVI. Still Hiding in Seattle.—Seattle and Mt. Rainier	166
XVII. Happy Valley	174
XVIII. The Simple Life—Its Contrasts From Life in the City	179
XIX. Back Again in the Bungalow	189
XX. Camping Season at Lake Stevens.....	198
XXI. "And this our Life, Exempt from Public Haunt, Finds Tongues in Trees, Books in Running Brooks, Sermons in Stones and Good in Everything"	204
XXII. The Terrors of a Western Thunder-storm...	212
XXIII. School	219
XXIV. Taken From School	227
XXV. Local Characters	235
XXVI. More Local Characters	245
XXVII. The Winter of Our Content.....	255
XXVIII. "The Beginning of the End".....	264
XXIX. Letter From the One Who Revealed Our Whereabouts	270
XXX. Some Newspaper Accounts.....	274
XXXI. The End	279

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	FACING PAGE
Frontispiece: The Trees in Front of Fitch Home, Jefferson, Ohio; Fitch Homestead at Jefferson, Ohio.	
The Little Christmas Tree	13
Rideau Falls in Winter; Wellington Street, Ottawa; Parliament Building at Ottawa	17
Main Street, Moose Jaw; C. P. R. Depot, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada	20
Winnipeg	27
Only Picture Taken of Mrs. Brewer and Her Boy While They Were in Canada	36
Canadian Pacific Railway Train Crossing the Bridge; Canadian Pacific Railway Passenger Train: "Round-up" of Cattle	39
The Ford at Milk River	44
Ruins of Old Fort Benton; Old Fort Benton, Built 1846	58
Davenport's Café at Spokane, Washington	62
Snoqualmie Falls, Washington	68
Mt. Rainier, from Seattle	72
Mrs. Brewer and Her Boy	79
Poster Picture of Annette Fitch-Brewer	82
Buster Brown	84
Train Load of Logs; Scene in the Forests of Washington.	86
On the Banks of Lake Stevens	97
Lake Stevens Scenes	102
Lake Washington	106
Boyd's Auto	111
Boyd Watching the Autos Go By	120
Mrs. Brewer's Boy and Her Sister's Boy	122

FACING PAGE

My Boy and My Sister's Boy When 12 Years Old.....	124
Mrs. Brewer as a Ranch Woman.....	128--
The Snohomish River, near Everett, Washington; Mt. Baker from Lake Stevens	131
Boyd Under Water Swimming	139
Rucker Brothers' Mill	142
Bicycle Tree	147
Battleship Nebraska; S. S. Princess Victoria; Steamship Minnesota	159
Machinery Hall, A. Y. P. Exposition; House-Boat on Lake Washington	163
Mt. Rainier	166
Hikes of the Mountaineers	172
Happy Valley; The Burnt Auto	174
Bungalow Orchard; Side View of Bungalow Yard.....	189
Canoeing on Lake Stevens; One of the Bungalow Canoes with Sails; Two of the Bungalow Canoes.....	198
Across Lake Stevens; The Tented City.....	204
Storm Clouds from the Mountains.....	212
"Presently the Storm Had Ceased, Order Was Re- stored"	217
The Lake Stevens Schoolhouse	219
The Bridge Across Lake Stevens at a Deep Bay.....	227
The Dry Shed of Rucker's Mill; The Planing Mill of Rucker's Mill	232
Fido Money-Penny	235
Buck; Jennie with Her Puppies	245
Boyd and Bert	255
Boyd, Tige and Bob; Boyd and His Dogs.....	262
Moonlight on Lake Stevens	264
Boyd in His Ranch Suit	270
Boyd Reading	274
Boyd in the Suit He Wore to Town.....	279
The Schoolhouse from Which Boyd Was Taken.....	283

P R E F A C E.

(From the "Jefferson Gazette"—R. D. and E. C. Lampson, Editors—Saturday, October 14, 1911.)

"A NARRATIVE OF A WOMAN'S FIGHT FOR HER SON."

"The Gazette" has secured the exclusive right to publish in Ashtabula County the story written by Mrs. Annette Fitch-Brewer, and being originally published in the "Sandusky Register" of Sandusky, Ohio. The story is intensely interesting, and is written in a charming style that cannot fail to please "Gazette" readers, many of whom are friends of the Author and her family. The following general history of the famous case of Brewer vs. Brewer was written by Editor John T. Mack of the "Sandusky Register," with the exception of the following three paragraphs:—

In June, 1904, Mrs. Brewer and her little boy left Sandusky and came to Ashtabula County to visit. Mr. Brewer thought she had gone away to obtain a divorce and went to Mrs. Hopper's summer cottage at "Drift-Wood," obtained the boy and carried him back to Erie County. Mrs. Brewer was frantic with grief at losing her child, and against the advice of her friends, followed them into Erie County, when Mr.

Brewer filed a petition against her, and her answer was immediately filed by her lawyer. Mrs. Brewer was in a critical state of ill health and the grief for her child made her much worse. On the promise that she could see her boy the "next day," she signed an agreement giving the boy to the father for part of the time.

The child came to Jefferson and when he was again taken away from the mother at Painesville, General Casement was a witness to the scene. General Casement had known both the Brewer and Fitch families, and Mrs. Annette Fitch-Brewer was a frequent visitor at the Casement home while a student at Lake Erie College in Painesville. It was at the Lake Shore station, and the little boy screamed and held his arms around his mother's neck, protesting against being taken by the father. General Casement was greatly affected by the scene and went to Sandusky to see if anything could be done. But he reached there too late as the divorce had been granted the day before. Mr. I. F. Mack had served with General Casement in the Civil War, and reaching Sandusky, General Casement went to see him and also tried to intercede with the Brewer family in Mrs. Annette Fitch-Brewer's behalf.

In November, 1904, Mrs. Brewer was carried to a hospital, where she underwent an operation. Judge Reed allowed Mrs. Brewer to see her child the day before the operation. She was lying in bed with a bandage around her head and her child did not know her. He screamed, "Hospitals is terrible places," and

ran out of the room. Mrs. Brewer snatched the bandage from her head and followed him into the hall. When the child recognized her, he sat on her lap and was willing to be kissed and embraced by his sick mother. Mrs. Brewer remained in the hospital from November, 1904, until May, 1905, when she went to Sandusky and aided by many, many Ashtabula County friends, fought the case, which before had not been contested. Judge Reed of Erie County, exonerated Mrs. Brewer of every charge against her, and spoke of her in glowing terms, but he was unwilling that the child should leave the jurisdiction of Erie County; so would only allow the mother to have her only child during the vacations.

The "Sandusky Register" says:—

The petition of Isaac Curtis Brewer for divorce from Annette Fitch-Brewer was filed in the Court of Common Pleas August 3, 1904. October 1st, the decree was granted following the withdrawal of the wife's answer and cross petition which had been filed the same day as the husband's petition. The decree was entered by Judge Charles S. Reed following a mutual agreement between the attorneys of the parties consenting to the granting of the husband's petition. The Court gave the custody and keeping of the child, Isaac Curtis, Jr., to the father, providing, however, that the mother should be permitted to have the child with her at stipulated intervals, at such places as the Court

should designate, no further away than Jefferson, Ash-
tabula County, where the mother and her relatives re-
side. She was also decreed reasonable alimony.
March 7, 1905, Mrs. Brewer sought to have the de-
cree modified, whereby she would be given the custody
of her boy. This was the beginning of a long series of
unsuccessful efforts to secure for the mother a larger
share in the custody and keeping of her child. Finally,
on December 24, 1905, the boy was turned over to
the mother at the Hollenden Hotel in Cleveland from
the Brewer home in this city, by nurses in the employ
of Mr. Brewer to be with her for the holiday week
and to be returned to the father on January 2d. On
that date the nurses who had delivered the boy to Mrs.
Brewer, returned to the Hollenden Hotel to bring the
boy back to Sandusky. They were told that Mrs.
Brewer had not been seen there since dinner on
Christmas day. They waited until the afternoon of
January 4th, and unable to get any trace of the boy,
returned to Sandusky. It then became evident to the
father and his attorneys that the mother and child had
fled, but not until January 29th, of that year (1906),
was a citation issued for Mrs. Brewer for contempt in
having removed the boy from the jurisdiction of the
Court without due authority. In the meantime the
father had employed detectives to find the boy. April
14th, 1910, at Lake Stevens, six miles out of Everett,
Washington, the boy was taken while in school by
Attorney Peake and a deputy-sheriff, identification

being established by a photograph. The mother returned to Sandusky with her son, appeared before Judge Reed and said she was ready to receive her punishment for contempt. Judge Reed imposed no penalty; she was given her freedom and allowed to be near her son, even though she could not have him with her, save at stated periods.

A recent decree of Judge Young took the boy from the guardianship of the father, and Major C. B. Wilcox was appointed guardian by mutual agreement. The Court also gave the mother equal rights with the father in the care and companionship of the boy. A few days ago the boy was placed in the Howe Military School at Howe, Indiana, an excellent institution, under the decree of the Court that he should be put in a school, the father and mother to share in the expense.

The opening chapter of the story of the mother's flight with her son on Christmas day, 1905, and her successful elusion for four and a half years of all efforts to locate her, appears in this issue. The story was written at the earnest solicitation of friends who had learned something of the self-imposed struggles and hardships, trials and heartaches the mother had gone through that she might have her boy.

The "Painesville Daily Telegraph," of June 14, 1906, no doubt expressed the sentiment of the people in that section who knew the mother and her kindred, long known and greatly esteemed in all that section of

Ohio for high character and culture. When, in referring to the flight and wide-spread sympathy for the mother, said:—

“ In this case the people seem to think that *Mother-Love* is a better claim than a decree by a Court.”

The story is modestly written and only as a bright woman of culture could write. It is simply told, without malice or bitterness, an intensely entertaining narrative, and the reader's interest grows as the writer details step by step their many escapes from pursuers, their brief sojourns in strange far-western towns and wild regions yet unsettled save by the pioneer, weaving in graphic description sketches of the country, the people, and the many striking scenes and experiences that met them. Mrs. Brewer does not refer to the fruitless efforts made by the attorneys and detectives employed by Mr. Brewer to apprehend and recover the boy, only as they followed her on her flight. The search, however, covered practically all parts of this country and even Cuba and other islands of the West Indies, where it was at one time supposed the mother and child had gone. California, Florida and other states were scoured by Attorney Peeke and detectives, but to no avail. The cities and towns where relatives lived were visited, and houses watched in the hope that the missing ones might be discovered. In front of a New York City home stood a detective all one day watching doors and windows; and a New York attorney employed by the boy's father, with an officer

and papers, appeared and demanded the surrender of the mother and child, only to find they had not been there. The mother and child were "posted" as "Refugees from Justice" in bills all over the countries where it had been supposed they might have gone, the bills bearing half-tone pictures of both. Thousands of dollars were thus spent in a fruitless search. During all this time not even the nearest relatives and closest friends knew of the whereabouts of the mother and her child. All communications with them were through a third party, making detection through correspondence impossible. For nearly four and one-half years they successfully eluded all efforts to locate them until a chance remark, thoughtlessly dropped by a woman, gave the first clew to the whereabouts of Mrs. Brewer and her boy.

Mrs. Sterling, a sister of Mr. Brewer, was on a train bound from Denver to Salt Lake City. She made the acquaintance of a woman who formerly lived in Ashtabula County, Ohio, near the home of the boy's mother, but who for some time has been living in Everett and who knows the Fitch family well. The case was mentioned during the conversation, whereupon Mrs. Sterling's companion said that Mrs. Brewer and her son were living on a lake near Everett, Washington, under an assumed name, and that the boy was a pupil in the public school.

—“THE REGISTER.”

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

(Reprinted from the "Sandusky Register.")

" The bravest battle that ever was fought
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
It was fought by the mothers of men.

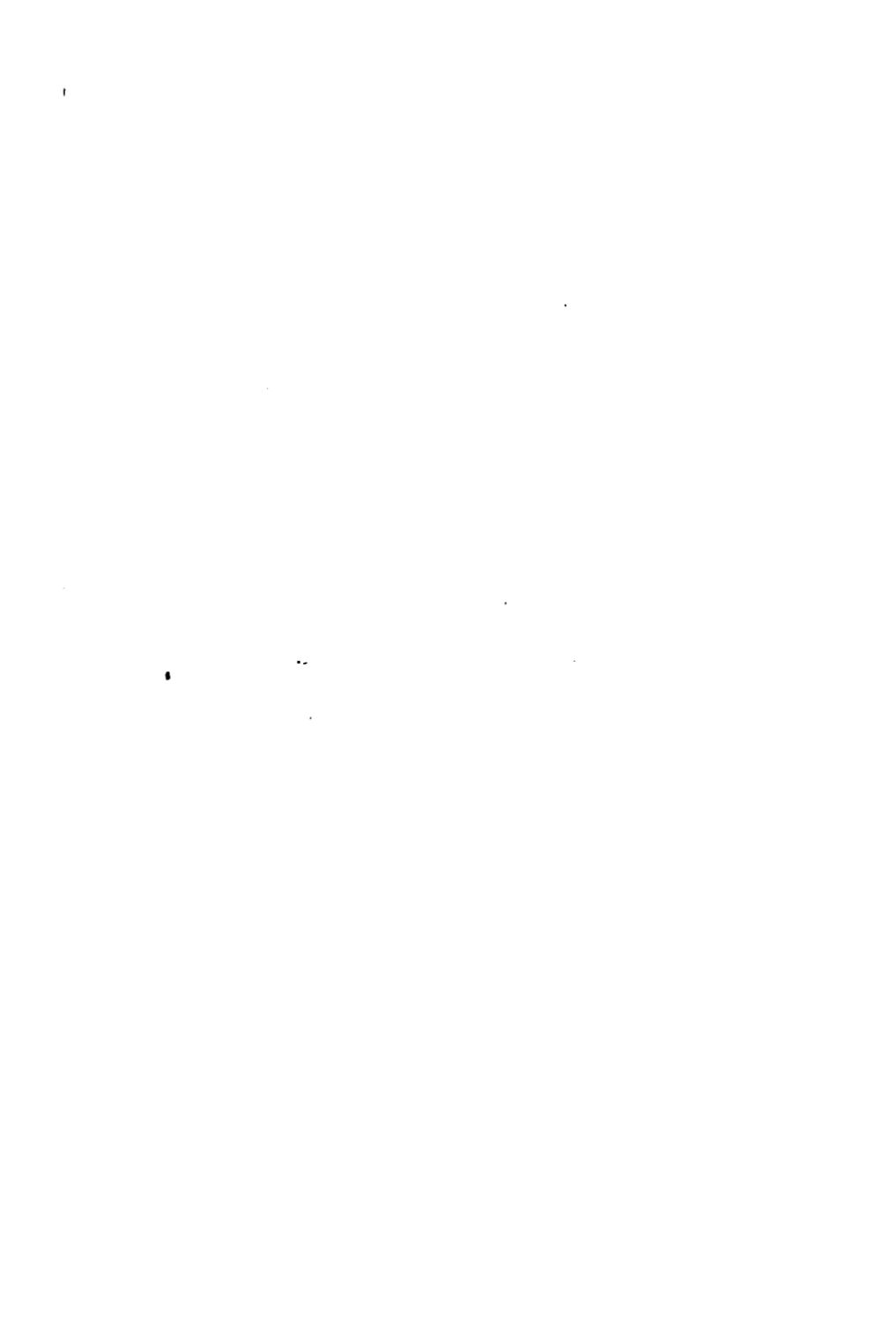
Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen!
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought,
From mouths of wonderful men.

But in a walled-up woman's heart,
Of woman that would not yield,
But patiently, silently bore her part,
Lo! there is that battle-field.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
And oh! these battles, they last so long
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars
She fights in her walled-up town,
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down."

—JOAQUIN MILLER.





THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING.

When I delivered over my child to Judge Goodwin and a maid from the Brewer home on the 1st of September, 1905, I sent with the little boy a package of postal cards addressed to me and asked that one be mailed to me occasionally. I had written "O. K." on the back of each card and I thought if I could at least get one of them once in a while it would relieve somewhat my ever terrible anxiety concerning my only child, who was not then old enough to write to me. I had tried to visit my child in Sandusky, but it had proven such an opportunity to annoy me and my friends that I had had to give it up. I was not allowed to visit my little boy in his school nor to know what progress he was making there. From that day in September until December 24th, when the child was sent down to me for one week's visit, I had never received but one of the cards; nor had I been advised as to the child's physical condition save through one letter written to me by a Christian friend in Sandusky.

When my little boy came to me December 24th, 1905, he had a scar on his forehead which he told me came from falling on the electric street-car track on

Madison Street in Sandusky, Ohio, while trying to cross in front of a car on his way home from school. He was suffering also from a bronchial cough, the result of whooping cough, which at times made it difficult for him to breathe. My child was six years old, and when he asked me to take him where he "could stay with mamma," I let a mother's heart over-rule a woman's head, and took him away.

We spent Christmas eve at the Hollenden Hotel in Cleveland, Ohio, and no one can imagine the dreariness of a Christmas at a hotel who has not experienced it. My little boy thought Santa Claus could not get into the hotel; but I had hung his stockings by the artificial fire-place in our room and in the morning he found his presents as usual.

After dinner that Christmas eve, 1905, we walked out upon the streets of Cleveland to look into the shop windows. My child admired a little artificial Christmas tree that was in the window of one little shop and when the man inside saw him looking at it, he came out and gave it to him, together with the little ornaments and artificial fruit that were hanging from the little boughs. Not only the spirit of Christmas, but the spirit of Christ must have entered into that man's heart. I thought of that Bible sentence, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Brutal-hearted indeed must a person be who could grieve the heart of a little child.

We carried that little Christmas tree into the prairie regions of far-away Alberta, and the candles on it were lighted many times for the children there who had never seen a Christmas tree nor any other tree.

The morning of Christmas day, 1905, my little boy and I walked down to the Union Railway Station in Cleveland, Ohio. Thousands of happy families in this great city were at home spending the joyful holiday. So we met no one on the street we knew. We took the train to Buffalo and early in the evening boarded another train and crossed over into Canada.

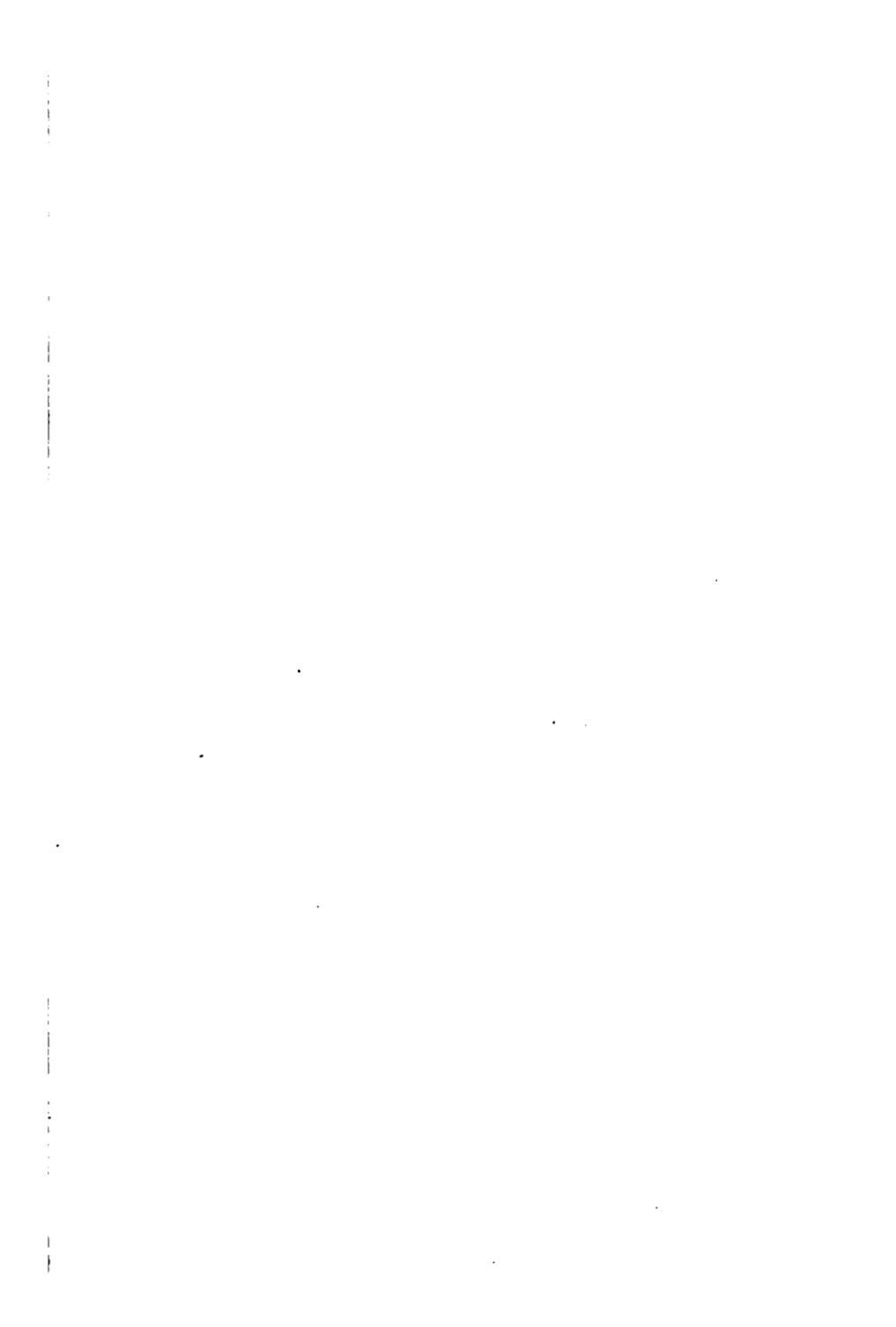
The customs officer abruptly asked me, "What have you in your satchel?" and I answered, "Just my little boy's Christmas presents and a little clothing." He smiled and said in a Christmas day tone, "That's all right," and passed on.

We arrived at the quaint old capital city of Ottawa, Canada, early on the morning of the 26th of December. Curtis was much interested and amused when we stepped off the train as everything looked so strange and foreign.

I had a dear friend in Ottawa, Madame Annie Howells Frèchette. Her husband, the Hon. Achille Frèchette, was in the House of Commons of the Dominion Parliament. He has since resigned and was decorated by King George for his thirty years' of service as Translator in the Canadian Parliament. His brother, Louis Frèchette, is the distinguished Canadian poet. Madame Frèchette is a writer herself for "Har-

per's" and other leading magazines, and she is a sister of Dean of American Literature, William Dean Howells. Joseph Howells, for so many years connected with the "Ashtabula Sentinel" and later Consul at Turks' Island is the "elder brother" of Madame Frèchette and William Dean Howells and is often mentioned by the latter in his book "A Boy's Town." Madame Frèchette was married at Quebec, Canada, while her father, Hon. William Cooper Howells, was the United States Consul there. He owned the "Ashtabula Sentinel" for a great many years; was a distinguished Ohio editor and writer in his day, and at one time was a member of the Ohio Legislature. Mr. Howells was greatly respected throughout Ohio, and it was my great good fortune to know well this beautiful old man in his advanced years at his country home in Jefferson, Ohio. He loved to work out-of-doors, and we children used to talk with him while he was hoeing or raking in his garden.

I telephoned Madame Frèchette from the railway station depot in Ottawa and she told me to come right out to their home on Mackey Street. The old Canadian sleighs greatly amused my child and he looked with surprise and interest at the driver on the high seat with his tall fur cap and fur collar turned up over his ears, and at the horses with their queer collars to which were attached sleigh-bells of a sweet, musical tone. Curtis was delighted when we got into the oddly-shaped sleigh, and wrapping ourselves warmly





Rideau Falls in
Winter at Ottawa.



Wellington Street, Ottawa.



Parliament Building at Ottawa.

in the Canadian fur robes began our drive through the town and across the river to the Frèchette home.

The sparkling snow and the dry cold of the Canadian air refreshed us after our night's journey. We drove by the picturesque Houses of Parliament, through the quaint un-American looking town, by the Ottawa River with its lumber yards full of pine odors from the Northern Canadian forests, out to the spacious grounds surrounding Rideau Hall the house of the Governor-General of Canada across from which was the home of my friend, Madame Annie Howells Frèchette.

Several days later my little boy and I left in a tourist car on a Canadian Pacific Railway train bound for the great Northwest.

There were other children in the car and some pleasant people aboard, and all being exceedingly friendly and kind to us, our long journey was full of interest and pleasure. Nearly every one had their lunches with them and there was a stove at the end of the tourist car where one could heat their tea, coffee or cocoa. Never shall I forget the little New Hampshire girl school-teacher who was on her way back to her school in far-away Tacoma. Her perfectly appointed lunch had been packed by her sister who was studying Domestic Science in Boston, Mass. Never have I seen a more dainty lunch and it lasted all the way from Boston to Tacoma, and she shared it with others, too, and several times asked Curtis and myself

to eat a meal with her. The hospitality from that dainty basket seemed boundless. She had a little alcohol stove and would open up a can of soup or make a cup of cocoa when the car grew cold and our spirits seemed to droop.

The first day on the train we rode through the Pine Forests with here and there a pretty lake—Lakes of the Woods. Noticing the many pine trees my little boy drew me towards the window and exclaimed, "Look, mamma, this must be the Santa Claus country, for there are so many Christmas trees here!"

We made a short stop at Winnipeg to visit some friends. This is a handsomely built city—built a few years ago from a frontier fort—and now is often called the Canadian Chicago. We seemed to be getting to the very outer rim of civilization for Winnipeg had always seemed the limit to me, and it was hard to realize our trip was only half completed across this wide breadth of North America.

From Winnipeg on to Moose-Jaw the country in the wintertime is gray and dreary. The prairie stretches out in every direction like a vast sea. The small ranch houses looked like specks on the plain. Once in a while a drove of horses were seen, for the cattle country had not yet been reached. There was no snow, but the weather was bitterly cold. I remember at a little station we got off to exercise by a hurried walk up and down the platform, and the cold bit my face to a degree I had never felt before, and we were glad

to return to the warmth and cheer of the pleasant, friendly tourist car. Once in a while we saw gaunt timber wolves and coyotes skulking along and glancing, not one bit afraid, at our speeding Continental Flyer.

New Year's eve we stopped off at Moose-Jaw Junction and spent the night there. I had thought it best to vary the monotony of our long trip by several stops en route and the name "Moose-Jaw" had attracted me as I thought it rather amusing. We seemed to be getting to the frozen edge of civilization, but when I looked on the map of the C. P. Ry Time-table I was surprised to see we were nearer home than I thought. The "Soo train" runs from Moose-Jaw to Duluth and we saw a train making up for that destination.

Nothing is dearer than a prairie town in the dead of winter, and Moose-Jaw on that New Year's eve was deadly silent. It seemed like the city in the story which had run down and could not be wound up for the keys to the city were lost. But we were eager for fresh air and there was plenty of that to spare so we wandered up and down the deserted streets that evening until we were tired and well ready for sleep. The red-coated mounted policemen, peculiar to Canada, attracted my little boy's attention for they formed about the only touch of color in the dull gray of everything around. At midnight we were awakened by the ringing in of the "Happy New Year." The town-

bells were pealing it. We were near the railroad station and the tooting of the engine whistles drove away all thought of sleep. But we were leaving 1905 with its terrible grief and sickness behind us.

After breakfast on New Year's day we had a little while to wait before taking our train for the West, and I asked an old trapper who was sitting in the hotel office what the origin of the name "Moose-Jaw" was. He told us the following story:—

"Moose-Jaw is a strange name and it has been told to me that about 50 years ago a pioneer with his team of oxen and 'prairie schooner,' camped here by the river where this city now stands. We are in Saskatchewan you know. One of the wheels of the pioneer's cart was falling apart because one spoke had been lost out of the wheel. A little son of the pioneer while playing around happened to find the jaw-bone of a moose. Moose were formerly very plentiful right in this locality. I myself have eaten many a delicious moose-steak here in earlier days. The pioneer had almost despaired of finding anything to use for a spoke in his cart wheel when he happened to notice his little boy playing with the moose-jaw. The father took it and found that it fitted in exactly in the place of the missing spoke. They were thus enabled to pursue their journey rejoicing in the *Moose-Jaw that spoke*. The Indians hearing the story called this part of the river 'The Place where the White Man



Main Street, Moose
Jaw, Saskatchewan,
Canada.



C. P. R. Depot, Moose Jaw,
Saskatchewan, Canada.



found the Moose-Jaw,' and civilization has shortened it to Moose-Jaw. That is all and here comes the train for the West."

Our destination was a little town east of Medicine Hat, to the ranch home of a friend of Madame Fréchette. This friend was a widow and had taken up a homestead with her brother in Alberta—she was the daughter of a former government official in Ottawa who had been at the head of the lumber interests in Canada and had been a teacher in the family of one of Canada's most famous titled Governor-Generals. Madame Fréchette had told me that she was a woman of education and culture and a fine musician.

The town of Irvine, the nearest Canadian Pacific Railway station to our destined home had eighty inhabitants. As it grew late and we neared this little town the conductor kept coming up and asking me if I knew "what a forsaken place Irvine was, if any one was going to meet us and if we had not better go on to 'The Hat' and come back to Irvine in the morning?" I was well dressed in the very latest New York fashions, had on an exceedingly chic black beaver hat of Napoleon shape and a handsome black velvet coat trimmed in expensive fur. He kept looking at us and seemed worried. He could not quite make it right for us to get off at Irvine which was mostly inhabited at that time by Russian Doukabars and where Indian tribes had their winter quarters on the banks of a nearby creek.

I told the conductor that I had telegraphed my friends when I left Ottawa and again from Moose-Jaw and that they would be waiting for us at the Irvine station.

We reached Irvine at 24 o'clock, New Year's night according to the C. P. Ry. card, but about 12 o'clock at night translated into Ohio time.

It is a queer country and the land where blizzards start. It will be 40° below zero, then a warm wind from the Pacific called the "chinook" comes blowing from over the Cascade Mountains and the regions milder by the Japan current. This warm "chinook" wind works a weather wonder in a few hours, for it melts the snow; the sun comes out and for a few days the 40° below zero is replaced by summer weather. These "chinook" winds lose the moisture with which they are saturated while crossing over the mountains so they are dry, warm winds. Their effect upon the climate of Alberta is to cause hot, dry summers and cold, clear winters.

Alighting at the little Irvine station at that frightfully late hour we were dismayed to find no one awaiting us. The telegram which had been sent to Mrs. Hurdman, announcing the time of our arrival at Irvine was still at the station; it had not been delivered. There is no rapid transit in that country and no one met us. A fierce "chinook" wind of cyclonic velocity was blowing, and as I stepped down off the platform my dress suit case blew open and I had a fierce struggle

in the terrible wind to fasten it again. It is a queer turn in Nature but in those desolate regions one sometimes finds more nobility in character and more chivalry in men's manners towards women than in an Eastern city. Only two uncouth looking Russian boys were at the station as we got off the train, but when they saw my difficulty they came to my assistance and helped me over to the Irvine Inn with a more respectful attitude than is often seen in a drawing-room among the so-called cultured classes.

The name of the Irvine Inn was "The Golden West Hotel" and the host was a Texan with a huge felt sombrero, a corduroy suit and golden-red whiskers. He came to the door after our repeated knockings and calling, and in spite of his wild appearance gave us a kindly greeting. Everything was done to make us comfortable and we slept well in a small but cleanly room. I had brought all sorts of comforts with us and had taken the precaution to place in my dress suit case a hot water bag, and in that bitterly cold climate I always had it filled at night and placed at my child's feet in bed that he might not suffer from the cold.

Early in the morning we were awakened by merry laughter outside and strange expressions in rough but pleasant voices. I realized we were in the Wild and Woolly West and that the circus had already commenced for us; for looking out we saw a tame bear belonging to some one in the village. It had broken loose and all Irvine had surrounded it while the owner

put a strap around its neck. Curtis laughed heartily and thought he liked the West. After breakfast we finally found a boy and a team to take us out to the ranch. There was no way of communicating with our friends except to go out to them, so with our Ottawa and Moose-Jaw telegrams in our hands we started.

It was a queer, queer country and I felt a wee bit queer about my heart, but we were kept so busy looking at each new turn in the unaccustomed prairie scenery that we had hardly spoke once during the drive. There seemed to be no road and we drove, seemingly, at random on what we would have called in the East a barren meadow land. It was several miles out to the ranch where we were going, but we only passed one ranch house on the way. That seemed to be on a very prosperous sheep ranch for we saw thousands of sheep huddled together in an enclosure by a barn. The house was an exceptional one for that region, and looked like a well-kept farm house in Ohio.

Driving up a coulée towards Ross Creek we soon reached the Hurdman ranch. The well built, small, two-story house was unpainted. The small yard around it was well enclosed with a strongly built picket fence and it made me shudder for I knew not only cattle but wild animals and prowling night thieves of wolves and coyotes roamed at will in this half civilized region. Down the creek aways I could see the tepees of the winter quarters of a tribe of Indians.

At the ranch we found a little girl about my boy's age; Allison Hurdman was her name. Both children had their lessons daily and then were companions for each other in their play. Allison's mother had the only piano for miles around and I was one of the few in all that section, besides Mrs. Hurdman, who would play it. The cowboys would come from miles around to hear some music. Surely it seemed a confirmation of that old saying: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

The cowboys were objects of great wonder and study to my little boy and when one day I called them men, he said:

"No, mother they are cowboys." He seemed to think they were some new species of the human family. With their queer riding breeches which had woolly fringe, flannel shirts, red bandanas knotted around their necks and huge hats with carved leather bands, their long mustaches which waved in the breeze as they galloped over the plains, they looked exactly like the characters I had seen upon the stage in the "Girl of the Golden West" and similar plays. But there is nothing on the stage so good as the bona-fide Western cowboy of the Plains, driving his cattle from one prairie pasture to another, throwing his lasso and urging his bronco or cayuse with the quirt or spur. Some of these cowboys in Alberta were younger sons of respectable English families, once in a while one

finds a younger son from a titled English family, living on a handsome annuity sent from home.

When the little girl at the Irvine ranch home saw my little boy she exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, he's a *real* 'Buster Brown,'" so Curtis always went by the name of "Buster Brown" in Canada, my name being "Mrs. Annie Brown" and we were so called in the placards posted up all through the Northwest after we had been obliged to leave Irvine. These placards offered a reward for knowledge concerning the whereabouts of my child and myself.



WINNIPEG.

CHAPTER II.

WINTER LIFE ON A WESTERN CANADIAN RANCH.

There can be no more hospitable people in the world than the Western Canadian ranchers.

We were invited to all the largest ranches in that vicinity for visits of several weeks and we saw every phase of the life. One we went to was the largest sheep ranch in that part of the country. Flocks of 2,500 sheep were driven out each morning by picturesque Scotch shepherds and their faithful collie dogs. At night they would come in from the prairie pastures and be corralled around the ranch buildings. One night I was quite startled in looking out to see the white, snowy mass looming up so strikingly in the darkness.

The drives to and fro between the ranches were novel in the extreme to us "tender feet." It seemed queer to "hit a trail" and not a roadway. The narrow, silver line running over the prairie and through the "coulées" would be lost save to an experienced driver. Sometimes the temperature would be 40° below zero and we would suffer intensely from the cold. Then a "chinook" wind would blow over and a moderate temperature would come again. Every little

while we would pass a winter village of Indians and see smoke issuing from the pointed tops of the tepees or we would pass a deserted village with its characteristic circle and pile of stones. Moonlight nights, gray coyotes would cross our path and their wild howls could be heard for many miles.

It seemed so peculiar not to see one single tree; save for some scrubby growths along the sluggish creeks, there was not one. And remembering our avenues of stately trees with their interlacing boughs overhead at our home in Jefferson, Ohio, I could not help but sigh as I put on a pair of hideous blue spectacles to keep the prairie glare out of my eyes. The majority of the ranch houses were mean and lowly, for wood and building materials were difficult to get in this barren land of the Plains. Fine English families were living in houses we would scorn as "wood houses" back East.

Mirages are seen frequently in this country. Sometimes cities in Alaska are seen. One morning I saw "Many Islands Lake" twenty miles away as plainly as if it were by my feet.

While in Alberta I was a society favorite because I could play the piano. Pianos and piano players were scarce up there but there were many fine voices among the English boys, and how they did love to sing. Sometimes I played for dances. The parties would last all night similar to the ones described in the book, "The Virginian." The guests would as-

semble early in the afternoon, driving from ranches forty and fifty miles away. A supper is served, a feast at midnight and a breakfast at dawn. Every one danced. The minister, the police, the children and the matrons. The "calling off" for the square dances was one of the funniest things I ever heard in my life. To a new-comer it was hard to understand what the calls meant and one had to do just as the crowd was doing and so pull through. The "caller" is generally a local wit and brings in any joke he may happen to think of. The one I remember in particular was named Joe Mort. Few of the ranch houses had carpeted floors, so beds would be taken down, superfluous furniture moved out and the whole house given over to the dancing. Every one took their children and they played and had a good time with plenty to eat until their bedtime when the little ones were put to bed in a room reserved for them. Curtis was a great favorite and a pet with every one. One time a distinguished Canadian writer, visiting in the locality, was at one of the parties. He lifted my little boy on his shoulders and recited Drummond's "Ma Little Bap-tiste." It was a pretty sight, but it made the tears come to the eyes of every one.

No matter where we were, nor under what circumstances, "Buster Brown" had his lessons every morning. His geography was learned by the banks of a prairie creek, his first arithmetic in counting the horses and cattle in the corral. He and the little girl at the

ranch "set the table" in French and were taught by Mrs. Hurdman while I taught them German from a profusely illustrated first book. It had pictures of things in gay colors and both the German and English word beneath. Grammar was constantly taught every moment of the day, for my child was very alert and very talkative in those happy times, and English people are very ready to criticize "Yankee" carelessness in the use of the English Language. The little girl had piano lessons, but my boy scorned them as unmanly, but would join in always when we sang.

Every Sunday we had Sunday-school at a neighbors, and in the afternoon the English rector from the hills read the English church service in the school-house by the creek. In our walk over there we passed by the scene of a "buffalo stampede." On the prairie in this region can still be seen the buffalo paths leading from pasture to water. The ground is scarred with the deep ruts these animals made when they marched, single file, to their watering places; and such a multitude of hoofs trampled the trail that the grooves sink to the depth of a rider's stirrup or the hub of a wagon wheel. This "buffalo stampede" was at a fording place over Ross Creek on our way to the school-house. Many, many carcasses were seen sticking out of the sandy soil where the great herd in a hurried stampede trampled the weaker under foot, virtually building a bridge of the dead over which the living ones rushed. Then there were the "fairy rings." These were ruts like the

water trails only running in a perfect circle with the hoof prints of countless multitudes inside and outside of the ring. The explanation of these "fairy rings" was: that when the buffalo calves were yet young and the wild animals were ravenous with spring hunger, the old buffalo leaders formed a cordon around the mothers and their young. When the weather became very, very cold the leaders would lie down in a crescent shaped ring to serve as a wind-guard and a protection from the cold. I never saw these evidences of the brutal instinct for the care and protection of the mothers and their young, but what I thought of my own case. A human mother fighting to care for her only child and my mother love as strong as human mother love could be. The boy was mine, my child, my baby for whom I had suffered. I was his mother and one can only have one mother. But no strong cordon surrounded me to protect me. No! Instead wily detectives and burly policemen in this and foreign lands were carrying my picture and my child's to try and apprehend us for an offered reward!

Other evidences of the buffaloes' numbers in days gone by we also saw at the salt licks—these salt licks were alkali depressions, in springtime soggy-like paste, but dried hard as stone in summer, and retaining a foot-print like a plaster cast. While at the places where the buffaloes took their mud-baths the ground is ploughed as if for ramparts. Surely the buffalo left foot-prints on the "Sands of Time" but

where are the buffaloes to-day? A few in the parks of the United States and a few in sadly restricted corrals of 800 or less acres in Canada. That is all. What an ending for the buffalo who was once the King of the Plains. But the railroads, the settler, and more than all the fences have caused him to become almost extinct for he cannot survive civilization. At Bauff, Canada, the younger buffaloes, born in a corral, are dwarfed about the shoulders, and the buffaloes' chief strength and beauty originally were in those massive, unusual shoulders. They were his surest defense against an enemy. A recent picture post card shows the buffalo in prehistoric glory; when all the plains were his and underneath are printed the words:

“Memories, only, of the Kingdom of the Plains.”

After lesson time and when my child was tired of play, I read constantly and always, aloud to him. Lang's different colored fairy books were favorites at this time and all the old-time children's stories, we know so well. I sent to Chicago and purchased a “Child's Library” of 24 volumes containing every child classic. Then for recreation “Buster” rode his buck-skin pony the cowboys gave him. He was happy, very happy and healthy. I had brought every comfort and every toy possible for my child from Ottawa and then found I could have bought nearly everything right in Medicine Hat. The little Japanese hand stove and the hot-water bag helped out amaz-

ingly when we slept in rooms where we could see the sky between the roof rafters and the water froze in the goblet by our bedside. But the climatic apology though it is cold, you "don't feel it," holds true up there; for 40° below in that perfectly dry atmosphere is not so bad as 10° below in the damp climate of the Great Lakes. While we were at Irvine there were some heavy falls of snow, and when I went out to play in it with my little boy I was amazed to find it was so dry it seemed like cotton batting and did not wet one's clothing.

Sometimes I would hear the Canadians saying sarcastic remarks about "Yankees" who were coming over the border pretty fast at that time. But generally they were very friendly although I could not make them understand that only Down Easterners were called "Yankees." So I kept discreetly silent. But one day some one called the landlord of "The Golden West Hotel" a Yankee, and I saw his face turn as red as his whiskers as he swore a Western oath and yelled, "I want you to remember that I am a *Texan* not a Yankee!" Of course the Canadians did not understand that we, of different states, in our Great Republic have different nicknames, and at that time I was trying to forget that I was a "Buckeye," although at normal times I was proud enough of the fact.

It seemed queer to us to celebrate "Dominion Day" and the queen's birthday, instead of "Decoration

Day" and Fourth of July. I sent "into the Hat" and got firecrackers and "Buster" fired them on the glorious Fourth just as he had in the states. I always kept the Stars and Stripes draped over our bed in the little hotel at Irvine.

My fear was always with me that some one would recognize me. I kept looking constantly back as if they were right there. At night I held my child in my arms and lay, partly clothed, wide-eyed, for I slept little that first year. The physical pain the year before in a hospital, where I was for six months, was nothing compared to the mental agony I now endured, and always have endured, when separated from my only child; or when I feared they would never let me see my child again, or when they let three months go by without letting me hear one word from my child. Always I had by my bed in the four and a half years we were gone a satchel filled with necessities and comforts for my boy in case we were obliged to flee.

Thus life went on from January to June with no break in the routine of lessons, reading, riding and playing. I did not know one thing of any living kin, but I knew when I looked up at the stars they were looking sometimes on them. My only funds were the money I had received from an accident in a street-car when I was hurt and my nerves shattered in 1903.

Only once did we go to the Hat (Medicine Hat) eight miles away.

“THE HAT.”

We are greatly mistaken to think that the frost,
The ice and the snow and all that
Proceed from the far-away pole,
They are made in a town they call Medicine Hat.

It's up in the breezy and barren Northwest
Where the clerk of the weather grows fat
As he lolls by the monster machine that grinds out
The blizzards from Medicine Hat.

There's a factory there where cold waves are condensed
And icicles kept in a vat
To be shipped on demand to the states far and near
Doing business with Medicine Hat.

As a cold storage plant and a freezer combined
It sends all the trusts to the mat,
But the world would be surely a pleasanter place
Without any Medicine Hat.

—(MINNA IRVING, in “New York Times.”)

Mrs. Hurdman's little daughter, Allison, had given her saddle to my little boy and she must have a new one, so the little girl, “Buster” and myself went in town and a cowboy from the ranch went with us to help pick out the saddle. It seemed peculiar enough to be again on a train and in a town and we could hardly bring back the things “Buster” bought. In the evening we went to a theatre where a very poor company gave a very bum presentation of “Uncle Tom's Cabin.” My child's exclamation when he saw Eva in Heaven is one the audience will never forget:

“Mamma, Oh, mamma, is that pink mosquito netting there to keep Eva from falling out of Heaven?”

CHAPTER III.

DISCOVERED AND WARNED TO FLEE.

While our hostess was cleaning house in June, we went into a charming American hotel at Irvine to stay for several weeks. It was kept by a thrifty Wisconsin family; and Oh! how good American food did taste and how clean American house-keeping did seem. There was no bar at the hotel. The son of the people who ran the hotel was an American doctor, so I felt very, very secure in regard to my boy's health.

Here again, we had music all the time and here we had a delightful visit from my beloved friend, Madame Annie Howells Frèchette, of Ottawa, Canada. The friendships of the Fitch, Winchester and Howells families dates back to the early 'fifties, when my Grandfather Fitch was editor of the venerable "Ashtabula Sentinel," my Grandfather Winchester was publisher of the "Painesville Telegraph" and Hon. W. C. Howells bought the "Ashtabula Sentinel." It was in the office of the "Ashtabula Sentinel" that Wm. Dean Howells did his early literary work and his first poem was published in the "Sandusky Register."

Madame Frèchette had come out West with the women writers of Canada as a guest of the Canadian



**ONLY PICTURE TAKEN OF MRS. BREWER AND
HER BOY WHILE THEY WERE IN CANADA.**



Pacific Railway. They had a special train, well furnished and they were beautifully treated everywhere they stopped over the whole wide breadth of Canada. A paper was published on the train and afterwards reprinted in the "Coast Magazine." To me, Madame Frèchette is so beloved I dare not say one word, but read what they wrote of her while on that trip and you will know what others think of a sweet, womanly, brilliant lady. Their train took the northern route from Winnipeg to Edmonton and thence to the Coast; but on the return trip came direct over the Canadian Pacific Railway to Lethbridge Junction; so Madame Frèchette left the train there and came to see me, after paying a visit to her son, a civil engineer, at Fernie, B. C.

You can imagine our joy in seeing her and how much good her few days' visit did us. She was glad to see the hostess of our ranch home also, for they had been friends in Ottawa. We took Madame Frèchette for a drive through some queer country called the "Bad Lands" where we found most interesting geological formations, and Madame Frèchette carried specimens back to Ottawa with her. I helped her dig up some roots of the wild cactus on the Alberta prairie, on which ugly plant blossoms such a beautiful flower in many varied colors, and which we hoped would grow in its transplanted home in eastern Ottawa. We also gave a musicale for Madame Frèchette during her

short visit at Ottawa and she said one of the English cowboys had a finer voice than she had heard in many years.

Unfortunately the only personal belonging on which I had left my name was a copy of "Sousa's Marches" lying on the piano and unthinkingly there it remained.

ANNETTE FITCH-BREWER,
Sandusky, Ohio.

The story of the mischief it brewed for me will be told later.

We had now been at our far western home eight months and had begun to feel fairly secure. We had seen much and learned many things we never saw nor learned in the East. We saw wild broncos trained and broken. We saw them "round up" and brand the cattle and horses. We saw them trying to raise wheat on the Alberta prairies. We saw pretty lakes whose waters were so alkali that it could not be drank. We met younger sons from some of the finest old English families; some of them living on, or spending allowances of \$20,000 a year. The jokes the cowboys played were funny. One bought the little fruit store in this town of 80 souls and gave it to my little boy. Then when "Buster" had taken all he wanted he gravely presented the store back to the proprietor. They may be rough when by themselves, but there is no country more courteous to a woman or to a child than we found that one, and the memory of our life in that little village seems like a dream.





Canadian Pacific
Railway Train
Crossing the
Bridge.



Canadian Pacific
Railway Passenger
Train.



“Round-up” of Cattle

I could give many illustrations to show the cowboy character, but one story will be sufficient. One of them had been raised up on Hudson Bay as his father was an agent for the "Hudson Bay Company." He and his brothers and sisters were taught by a teacher in the family and he was quite a youth before he ever went into a town or saw any stores. Then in his sight-seeing tour around the town one of the most interesting objects to him was a pineapple in a grocery window. After standing around for some minutes in a vain hope that some one would call the article by name, he timidly ventured up to the store-keeper and said:

"How much is that porcupine egg in the window?"
He had seen porcupines.

One day a red-coated unmounted policeman came by and looked at me very intently, seemingly comparing me to something he had in his note-book. I afterwards learned he was comparing me to one of the "descriptions" but thought it did not suit me. It was rather a poor description. Mounted police in Canada can not take a reward, and the sum offered was hardly large enough to tempt anyone unless they were in dire need of money.

One day, going to the Canadian Pacific Railway station to say "good-bye" to some friends who were going "way east" to Winnipeg, what was my consternation to find a poster pasted up, containing my picture, my child's, a description of us both and a small reward offered for any clue to our whereabouts. One

cannot describe one's feelings at such a time. I seemed petrified. I stumbled back to the hotel and tried to reason it out. Hunted like a beast in the forest because I had my own child for whom I had suffered and whom I worshipped as none but one's own mother can worship. A reward offered for my apprehension, as if I had stolen a horse or a bit of silver. Argue it as I would, I could not make myself believe that unless a woman is insane or disreputable, a little boy of five years old is safer with any being on earth than with his own mother. If the word of people standing high in both communities where my own family had long lived and where I had lived and given up every moment to the care of my child had no avail, what could I do? Citizens of Jefferson, Ohio, told of hearing my cries for my baby; and physicians can testify of my days and weeks of anguish and restless walking in the agony of a mother's heart when her child is taken away from her. The soles of my feet became so blistered from my walking, day and night, that a doctor had to bandage and apply remedies to them.

After seeing the poster in the station I was naturally more frightened than ever and the sight of my poor, innocent child, playing on the floor with his blocks with no thought of danger, made me fear I would break down. I asked him if he did not want to go for a ride with his little chum. The two little boys had been "herding" a drove of ponies for several days.

Then I packed and locked my trunk, putting necessities and wearing apparel into a large satchel.

When "Buster" came back from his ride he seemed strangely excited and finally he said: "Mother, such a strange thing happened; when I was taking the saddle off from 'Buckskin,' a dark, strange man came in and said, 'Little boy, tell me your name.' I said, 'Buster Brown.'

" 'No, tell me your real name.'

" 'I tell you my name is Buster Brown.'

" Then he offered Raymond and me each a large silver dollar if I would tell him my name, but I ran away up here to tell you."

Going to the window we saw a dark, strange man sitting in front of the little post-office next door, and my child exclaimed:

" There he is!"

Yes, there he was watching us and there he sat for several days watching us and following us. My name,

ANNETTE FITCH-BREWER,

Sandusky, Ohio.

had been seen by a man on the piece of music lying on Mrs. Hurdman's piano, and then this same man had seen one of the posters sent out from Sandusky with my picture, my little boy's and our description, with a reward offered for information concerning our whereabouts. This man who saw the name and picture had taken up a homestead in Alberta and did not have

money enough to develop it; so he wrote to Ohio that we were in Irvine, Alberta, hoping to win the small reward. While waiting for Mr. Peeke to arrive, he stationed a man, an amateur detective, in front of the post-office to watch my little boy and I.

Finally the Irvine townspeople became excited and several came to me and said:

“Mrs. Brown, that man is watching you.”

I feared, but still I did not know, and I did not know where or which way to go. The world is very small when one is trying to lose oneself. I talked it over with the kind American doctor and his family and finally a brother-in-law of the doctor, who had been a scout with “Buffalo Bill,” and who was the best horseman in that region, went to the livery-stable and got a two-seated “Democrat” and two horses. His wife and boy, and my boy and I walked up a “coulée” and waited. When the scout and another cowboy drove out of the stable the detective ran out in front of the horses and yelled:

“Where are you going?”

The cowboy answered:

“Fishing, don’t you want to come along?”

The scout and cowboy drove up the coulée, where we were waiting. We got in and drove to Dunmore Junction, where I thought I would take a train and go to Howells Frèchette in Fernie, B. C.

This would have been the most unwise move I could have made. To have gone out onto a railway train

with Mr. Peeke so near. Fate or a wiser head than mine must have been leading us. I was afraid to go on a train and I hoped it was not true for I did not want to go away from Irvine.

So after talking it over we turned back and arrived at dusk at the Irvine hotel. We saw our friend, the dark, strange man, the amateur detective, still sitting in front of the post-office, next door. But on the arrival of trains from the East he would run across to the depot.

He was getting very nervous; so was I.

I stayed awake all night, fully dressed, and held tight to my darling, brave, child, who fortunately could sleep.

At the breakfast table the next morning the doctor came hurriedly in and handed me a letter.

The post-mark was "Moose Jaw," the address to the Doctor in a large, beautiful handwriting. Inside, a note addressed, "Give at once to Mrs. Brown." I hastily broke open the seal:

"You must leave town at once. That man is watching you. Leave at once. Your picture and description are in the station here. They are in communication with the East. Do not hesitate, but *go at once.*"

"A FRIEND."

And who my friend is I have never found out, but would like so much to know.

CHAPTER IV.

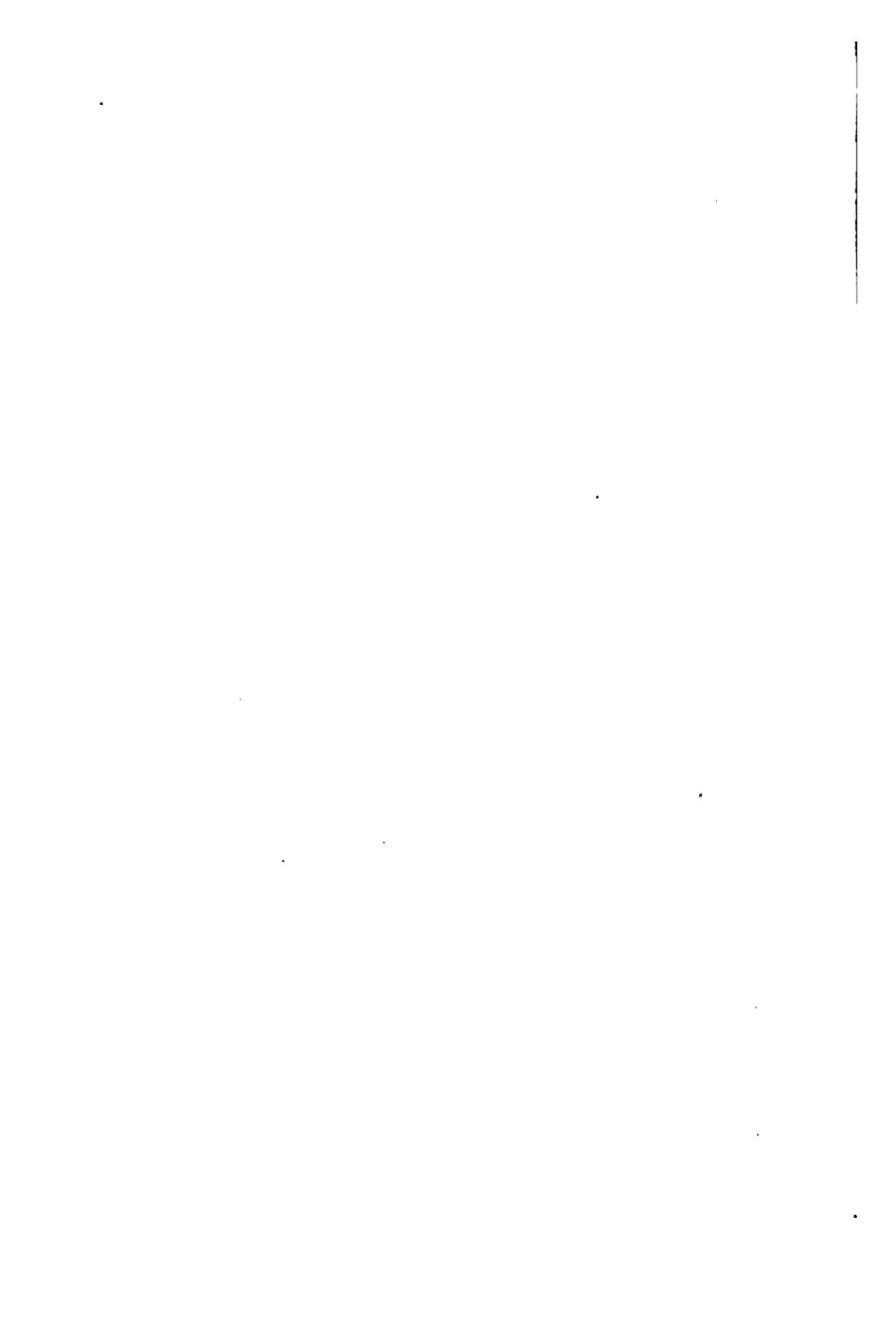
ESCAPE THROUGH THE WILDERNESS. IN FORT BENTON HOSPITAL.

Again the horses and the two-seated Democrat were procured, this time only the scout and his wife on the front seat and my little boy and I on the back seat. We took a hastily prepared lunch with us and a bottle of drinking water and the hand satchels I had packed the night before. The other cowboy took the detective up to the other hotel where there was a bar, and while he was inside drinking, we drove out of the rear door of the livery-stable, through the "Bad Lands" and on towards the "Cypress Hills," which are a watershed between the Arctic Ocean and the Mississippi Valley. This was towards noon. The lawyer on the other side with a warrant for my arrest reached there about 6 o'clock in the evening I think, anyway the same day. Nearly everyone in the little town of Irvine knew which way we had gone, but not one would tell. I think we drove out of the village about 11 o'clock, and at 1 o'clock we stopped at the ranch house of some friends to get some lunch and feed our horses. They had an extremely well kept house and we had a pleasant call—we all tried to appear as un-



THE FORD AT MILK RIVER.

"Great eyed, wild-looking cattle, with large horns came and stared at us."



concerned as possible and the trouble we were in was not mentioned. We drove very fast once away from there, and towards evening approached the hills where we saw the first trees we had seen in eight months. Why there should be trees here and not farther down the road seemed queer to me. But the scout said it was due to the conditions of the atmosphere and not to any difference in the soil. In prairie regions evaporation takes place very rapidly on flat surfaces and on hills with a southerly slope.

You must remember we were pretty far north now and even though it was the middle of August, "evening" came late. Many times at Irvine in June I had read with ease in front of the hotel between 9 and 10 p. m.—you know a poet says:

"In winter I get up at night—
And dress by yellow candle light,
In summer quite the other way—
I have to go to bed by day."

This was quite true here, for in winter, darkness came on by 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

We ascended the steep approach to the "Cypress Hills" on the side less frequented by travelers. The man driving was an experienced scout who knew every trail in that region. It was fortunate that he did for it's much easier to lose one's way on the prairie than it is in a forest.

While I was at the ranch on Ross Creek near Irvine, horsemen rode hurriedly in one day, and excitedly called the cowboys who were at the ranch. They saddled their cayuses and rode off with the others. I thought maybe there was a prairie fire for I knew one was very serious when it got started. I had noticed the ploughed ground each side of the Canadian Pacific Railway and also for a certain distance each side of the "main trails," which correspond to our main country roads. In answer to my question I had been told that these were "fire guards." After these cowboys had ridden away we learned that a well known ranchman living on the other side of Irvine had been seen to start for home the day before about noon. His broken buggy was found, his run-away horse had reached home, but no trace of the man could be found.

Therefore, the country had been aroused and the ranchers for miles around had started out to search for him; you see his horse had run off the trail and it took them all one day to find that man on that open, rolling prairie with no tree in sight. The men divided themselves into parties and each took a different route. The men from our ranch happened to be in the party that found the man and so we heard all about it. His hip was broken and he could hardly move, and when they found him he was raving crazy. He had torn the ground all around him in his agony for water. He was carried to a hospital in Medicine Hat, but never fully recovered from his wounds and the exposure. It

was a shame for he was a man of wonderful physique, being over six feet tall. Indeed, most of the men in that country were very tall and strong.

At dusk we found a fine spring and stopped to eat a lunch. We ate savingly for our supplies were limited and we knew we should be driving several days. We fed and rested our horses, but decided to drive all that night as our horses were not yet weary and we thought it best to get as far away from Irvine as possible.

Just as darkness was coming on we drove by a "mounted police" station and we could see the "red-coats" inside at their evening meal. I had met several of the "red-coats" at the parties and found them pleasant men and good dancers, but just now I was not very anxious to have them recognize me. Later, a peculiarity in the trail gave me a fright. It led right through a ranch yard which was well fenced and several gates had to be opened and closed before we could get through and out on the trail again—I was told this was done to keep track of the people who go by, in case the police want any information concerning them. But the scout was known by the people who lived in the house near which we had to drive by; and they seemed to think there was nothing unusual about our rig and let us pass with only a careless "good-evening." Then crossing a creek we were out of the yard and away! Driving all night, toward sunrise we reached a ranch where our guide had expected to find

friends and fresh supplies. What was our consternation to find the ranch deserted. But we built a fire in the stove and laid down for a little sleep, for we were both tired and very cold.

On the trip the night before, the scout's wife had driven for a while and unfortunately in some way had slipped off her solitaire diamond engagement ring; she felt very badly about it but it was so dark it was hopeless to look for it. Early in the morning we ate our frugal meal by the side of a little running stream where we could at least get a drink of good cold water. I happened to look in the wagon and there by the whip-socket was her diamond ring. If it had fallen a bit further it would have fallen through a hole in the wagon. I took it as a good omen and happily restored the much-lamented ring to its owner. We filled our water bottles and watered our good steeds and then on again!

At noon we stopped at a ranch where we found a good American family who had just come over from Montana. They had lived near Fort Benton and knew people that our guide knew. The woman had a large family and looked care-worn, but the house was clean and everything showed thrift and order. She cooked us a fine dinner and sold us fresh supplies of bread and meat and filled our water bottles with good spring water. Their home was in a valley by a creek and a few stunted trees grew along it, and we sat

under their shade for a while after our meal, dear little "Buster" falling asleep on the grass by my feet. Poor child!

Leaving here, we went out on the prairie again and saw no more trees nor shrubs until we struck the Great Northern Railway in Montana. Now the way became most desolate—I did not wonder most of the ranches were deserted. The traces left of an attempt to make a home were pitiful in the extreme. God made so much of the country beautiful it did seem pathetic that a person must live in a region like this. Except for the huge cattle that roam on these prairies and exist on the peculiar native grass which to look at, you would not think could keep any animal alive, we saw little life on our long drive, but there is fascination even in a gray, desolate prairie, except at noon when the glare hurts one's eyes and makes the head ache. The rolling billows of gray land, sheared close like a freshly shaven face, fascinate like the waves of a lake or an ocean; and when any little bit of color or beauty appears, how marked it is by the great contrast. For miles the only life visible were the cattle and an occasional lonesome house with its long stretch of treeless acres surrounding it. The other day I came across one of my Canadian books in which I had pressed the different kind of flowers I had been able to find on the dreary prairie—a pussy willow, a yellow violet, the showy prairie cactus, the fire weed, lupine, and the wild pea or vetch, that was all.

The frisky little gopher burrows all over the prairie, and when you ride or drive they bob around you like playful puppies. An English girl showed us how to "set snares" for them, but we never succeeded in catching one. Once a porcupine ran by mistake into the cellar of the Irvine hotel and I will never forget the expression on my child's face when he saw the queer prickly animal. Often a badger hurried by us. We had had a fine badger skin given to us and I used it for a rug. It has a long, soft fur resembling wood martin, and many Eastern ladies wear them for furs. But the dampness of an Eastern climate is not good for such a delicate fur. Badgers run, mostly, where the cute gophers sit sunning themselves on their dirt houses, ready to dodge down and under at the slightest movement towards them of a human being or at the approach of an enemy among the animal tribes. The badger and gopher both live in these underground houses, lining their dens with grasses and they run all summer and sleep all winter. The gopher is really a ground squirrel, but is smaller than our Eastern tree squirrel. Many a delightful ride over the prairie my little boy and I had had just at sunset when we would see hundreds of these little animals, for that is the hour when they love best to be out sunning themselves in the last rays of the departing sun. The gopher sits perched on its hind legs to await developments as he sees us approaching. At dusk the crafty coyote creeps forth with a hanging, hungry look—a vague, grey,

gaunt figure. They are to me one of the most loathsome of animals, and never will I forget one late drive home from Irvine seeing the grim, pinched figure of a coyote standing just ahead of us on the trail. At our approach skulking silently away down an embankment, to the creek below. I don't know why, but a coyote or timber wolf always made me think of a detective, sneaking around, always searching, forever tracking up some fresh scent.

On this long drive we took over the plains as soon as the sun had set we would hear the coyote chorus commence. Never have I heard anything more fearful. The long discordant wails sounded like the complaints of "lost souls," and when the moon came up over the undulating land like a great silver dollar the noise was worse. For then they brayed and howled and barked and hollered past the power of description by tongue or pen.

At night we spread rugs on the ground and slept under the wagon. It was very still on the prairie and the stars shine very brightly in that far north, shine with a clear crystal radiance only seen in a northern sky. The air is so dry and clear that the stars twinkle till they fairly seem to talk. As a child I used to think they were the souls of our departed friends and now in such a dreary country they seemed like sympathetic companions as I looked up at them from our prairie couch and wondered how it was all going to end.

Now we would drive for miles and miles without seeing a house or a human being. In all our drive we passed four vehicles, half a dozen horsemen and not more than a dozen habitations. Great-eyed, wild-looking cattle with large horns would come and stare at us. The country became more desolate until finally we reached a locality where there was nothing but sand-hills, no sign of vegetation, and alkali everywhere! Cacti and alkali were all that met our eye, until it seemed as if we would die.

This was the "Barren Lands" or the "American Siberia." I never knew there was so much "left-over," useless land before.

Early Sunday morning our horses seemed to scent oats and civilization ahead, for they struck a quicker gait and rounding a huge sand-hill we saw in the distance—Milk River! It lies like a silver ribbon with hardly any perceptible current, cosmopolitan in its windings, in and out, first into Canada and then back into the United States. Its waters filled with treacherous quicksands. On Milk River at our left was another Mounted Police Barracks, but it was early Sunday morning and only a few red-coated early birds were seated out in front. A friendly sand-hill soon hid us worms from sight and brought to our view a large, handsome ranch house belonging to some syndicate. Our guide was very careful to ford in just the right place and we crossed Milk River safely. Now the country gradually became more normal and civi-

lized, and after many more miles of driving we reached the fine home of some English friends where we were very glad to take a bath and lie down for a rest before our good dinner, which was prepared entirely by Englishmen. It was an exceedingly sultry day in August, and although the ranch was a thrifty one there was a dreadful air of lonesomeness. I wondered how people raised in crowded England could exist in this prairie isolation, stagnation and desolation.

Sunday evening we drove over the American line in a terrific rain storm, but the thunder and lightning cleared the air and made us all feel better. When we stopped in front of the hotel my little boy said immediately, "We are back in the United States for everything looks better kept, mother." "Buster" had enjoyed the long drive, but he asked so many questions that the scout laughingly said, "Little boy, if you were an Indian, they would call you 'What? Mother, What?'"

We stayed at this American hotel all night and the next morning my child and I arose early to take a stage, for there were no railways near. Our kind guide and his wife had to hurry back to Irvine with the team for we had had the horses nearly a week already. As they bid us "good-bye," I, of course, felt altogether deserted. They said, "This is all we can do for you, we must get these horses back. You will have to shift for yourself now. Good-bye and good luck."

As we rode out of this little settlement, too small to be called a town, we suddenly saw in front of us mountains, or "buttes" as they are called. We were in Montana. The mountains looked exceedingly beautiful with the light of early morning shining upon them. Overtopping all the surrounding, rolling, hilly, rocky country these "buttes" with the morning sunlight upon them assumed all the various colors of precious stones. They looked like opalescent pyramids in the turquoise blue sky. It was no wonder we forgot our troubles for the moment and exclaimed with delight. Our horses trotted along through the rolling, hilly, rocky, novel-looking country with us in the queer old-fashioned stage. It was surprising to think a week ago we were in the foot hills of the Cascade Mountains and now we were east of the Rockies. Such a wonderful drive we had taken! The driver of the stage was named Gump, and he was as queer as if he had just dropped out of a Dickens' novel. We were the only passengers, but he did not take much notice of us; only at our exclamations of pleasure at the picturesque scenery, he volunteered information as to the names of the buttes. I never noticed him looking directly at me, but weeks later he gave a good description of me to Hewson L. Peeke, even to the ever-nervous turning of my head.

At noon we arrived at another inn, seemingly, located nowhere, but there were several commercial men at the dining-table so there must have been stores

somewhere. We had left the cattle and horse country for everything here seemed to be sheep ranches. The houses and out-buildings were larger and better kept and everything showed more prosperity and good living. After dinner we took another stage and drove until late in the afternoon when we saw the Great Northern Railway ahead of us. We entered the little village on the Great Northern Railway in the worst sand storm I have ever seen. It almost blinded us. Getting out of the stage I was at a loss to know what to do. We stayed for a few minutes at a little hotel near the depot and here again Mr. Peeke was able to procure a good description of me from the landlady who only saw me for a few minutes. What to do I did not know, but I decided to take the first train that came along and it happened to be an Eastern train. I bought a ticket to a place which was printed in larger letters than the other stations near it and far enough removed from where we were. Here I thought we could spend the night and try to make some plans for the future. It was a small city in Montana near the North Dakota line. I think the conductor on this Eastern train knew who I was for he said, looking at me very intently: "You don't live in Glasgow, do you?" I said, "No, I don't live in Glasgow." He said, slowly, with a very peculiar intonation which I shall never forget, "*I thought not.*" Later I saw him take out a note-book and compare us to something that was written or pasted within. Arriving at this

city of Glasgow, Montana, about ten o'clock in the evening, we found a good hotel and a very, very friendly, kind woman. My little boy fed, bathed and read to sleep, I sat up pondering what to do. Like an answer from Heaven came the thought of a law student of my father's who had settled in Seattle, Washington. He had also been my teacher when I was a girl of fourteen and I determined to write him and tell him how I was fixed and ask him what to do. Afterwards Hon. Chas. S. Gleason of Seattle, told me the letter he received was so worried he could not at first take in the situation. At this city, in the morning, I procured a girl's hat and coat, and while I was talking to the woman who sold me the hat I found she was the wife of the sheriff of that county so I got out of the store as quickly as I could. My little boy with his delicate features, fair complexion, light hair and blue eyes, could easily pass for a little girl of six years old. Mailing my letter to Mr. Gleason, I took a train for the West again, getting into a car which went to Butte by a southern road, branching off from the Great Northern Railway at Havre, Montana.

It was my intention to go to Helena and then try to get to Mr. Gleason in Seattle. Havre, Montana, is almost south of where I had been in Canada, and as the train neared this junction I became very nervous and ill, and I knew I would have to get to a hospital and under the care of a physician. Fatigue and anxiety had done their work and I felt I could not

hold out much longer, so I left the car at Fort Benton before I reached the destination to which I had bought a ticket.

I asked the cab-driver, "Is there a hospital in this town? If so, take me there as quickly as you can." It was indeed a Providence Hospital they took me to, and kind French nuns let me in and a splendid Mother Superior who had come out from Montreal. I fell. Afterwards they said all I repeated was: "Don't tell them where we are! Don't tell them where we are!"

I don't know how many days it was before I became conscious again. I only know the good Catholic priest took my beloved child and cared for him and taught him Latin and gave him rewards when he got his lessons correctly. There were many kind people who were good to him, and they had music and a phonograph so my boy was quite content. It was peaceful and the nuns praying by my door and the lovely music from the chapel seemed like a bit of Heaven to me. But what brought me to my senses was a most distressing scene I heard. A boy of twelve had been camping with boys of his own age and eating badly cooked food had brought on a serious stomach and bowel trouble. The boy died in the room directly over mine. They brought the mother to bid farewell to her only child and her piteous moans and cries awakened me. I knew then how mine had sounded two years ago:

"Don't take my boy from me! Don't take my boy from me, I cannot bear it, he is all I have. Oh, have mercy! for I cannot let him leave me."

CHAPTER V.

FLIGHT FROM FORT BENTON AND ON TOWARDS THE PACIFIC.

I wrote Mr. Gleason I was too ill to leave Fort Benton Providence Hospital alone and asked him to come and get me. Several letters passed between us before I could convince him that it was really necessary for him to come. Several times I thought of disguising myself in some way and attempting to go to the coast alone. But a disguise is so easily comprehended that I knew I would be apprehended, so I tried to wait patiently for Mr. Gleason. He was a busy lawyer and it was no easy task for him to get away. But fortunately, his mother was to visit Ohio, and so he wrote me that on a certain date he would bring her on as far as Montana and would on his return trip stop at Fort Benton and get us.

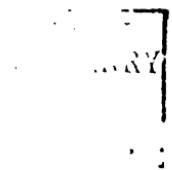
As soon as I was able to sit up in bed my boy's lessons were resumed. I don't think I have ever mislaid or lost any of his first pathetic attempts to write, spell and figure, and they are among my dearest treasures. The Mother Superior ordered her surrey, fine team of horses and driver, and took us for many pleasant drives. Later, we took many walks around the



Old Fort Benton, built 1846.



Ruins of Old Fort Benton.



quaint old town. Parkman's book, "The Oregon Trail," speaks frequently of Fort Benton. Situated on the Missouri River it was once a prosperous trading-post in the early days before the railway, when everything had to be carried by boat, and people had to travel by the slow route of a "prairie schooner." The Missouri River, brown and sluggish, flows through the town and the country is rolling but still prairie, and destitute of trees. The oldest houses here were all built of adobe which resembles the mortar of a barn-swallow's nest. We visited the old Fort of which part of the walls and one lookout tower were still standing. Back in the 'forties the stores were kept inside the Fort and thither the people fled for refuge from the Indians.

How different the Indians of to-day are was fully exemplified by a pretty scene we saw in the beautiful chapel of the hospital at Fort Benton. Father Parker called us in to see it and we remained throughout the service. Some Indians had brought their baby boy in from the reservation to be baptized and he was christened, "Alexander." Shortly after leaving Fort Benton I saw an account in the Seattle paper of an uprising among this same tribe of Indians and it was not quelled until the Catholic priest from Fort Benton, Father Parker, got there and quieted them.

My child spent his seventh birthday at the Fort Benton Providence Hospital. We found a toy store and purchased books and toys, and then I had to buy

a trunk to carry them in to Seattle. "Hugh," as he was now called, was getting along finely in his studies, but he missed his pony, "Buckskin."

The nurses, patients and sisters at the hospital made a great pet of him. One old man, by name, Richter, had a phonograph and used to give concerts every Sunday afternoon. I remember my boy made them all laugh heartily by saying one day, "Here comes Mr. Richter, with his 'Victor.' "

Time came for another move! Mr. Gleason came, but it took two days for me to get courage enough to get on the train for Helena, but once away my strength came back. Passing through "Great Falls," with its great falls of the Missouri which we saw in the moonlight from the car window, we reached Helena in the morning—Helena, the old mining town with, they say, its streets built over old mines. Helena seemed familiar to me because we never forget what we learn in youth so ready is a childish mind to take in impressions. Years ago a Jefferson, Ohio man, Judge Decius Wade, a nephew of Senator Ben. F. Wade, had been a chief-justice of the territory of Montana. They used to come to Jefferson, Ohio, in the summertime and as I played with his little girl, Clara Wade, I heard a great deal about Helena, for she often talked of her home in the West. We spent the morning in Helena, Montana, and had lunch there and then hurried on over the Northern Pacific Railway. Mr. Gleason said I was like an animal being hunted in the forest. He would

try to walk along the street with me and I would keep turning my head to look back, then hurry on, then look back, and so on. I had been too ill as yet to talk over my affairs and situation with him. And he did not know my story nor the circumstances, so he could not understand why I was so frightfully nervous and worried.

Leaving Helena by a queer crescent-shaped turn in the road, we passed through the rugged scenery of the Rocky Mountains,—red cliffs, huge boulders, and many mining schemes going on. Once my boy nudged me excitedly, for there were some real buffaloes in a park. One beautiful city we passed through was Missoula, nestled up among the hills; and a lot of pretty girls left the train here for the University of Montana is at Missoula.

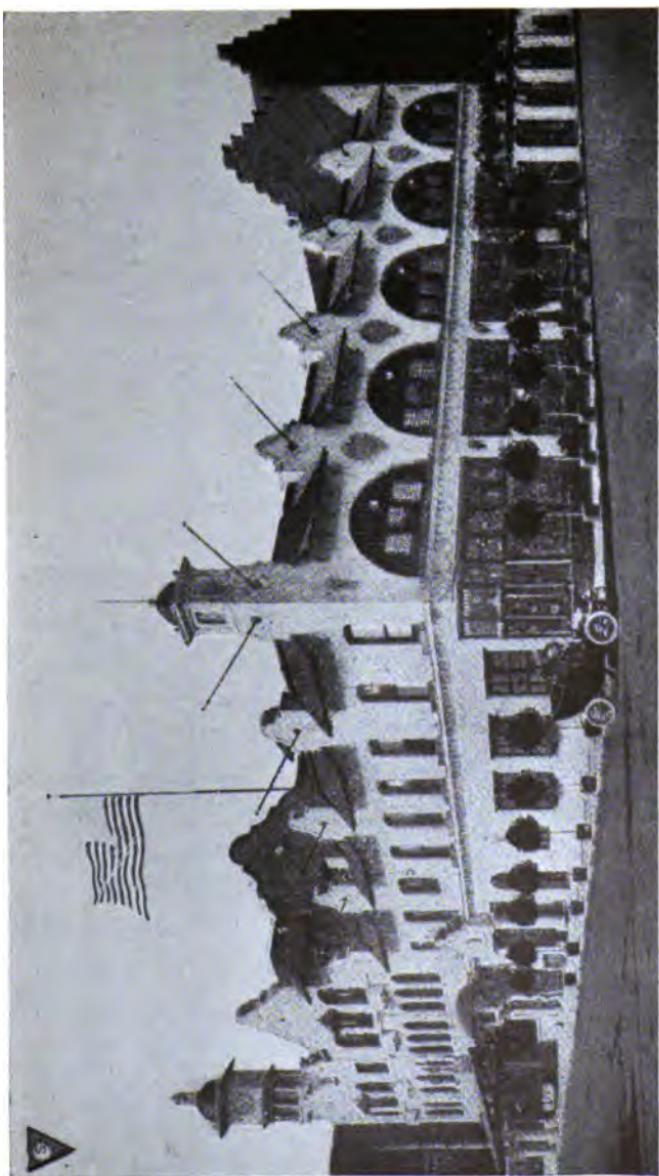
Much of the way we could see the new line of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway being built, with its many high bridges; and Mr. Gleason pointed it out to us as we sat on the observation car platform. He was much interested in the construction work and right-of-way, because he was one of the attorneys for the Railway.

We reached Spokane at sunset. The falls here at the splendidly built Spokane depot are very picturesque. We went up to a fine hotel of which I have forgotten the name. Spokane impressed me very strongly as being one of the finest cities in the Northwest; with its splendid buildings and fine hotels it

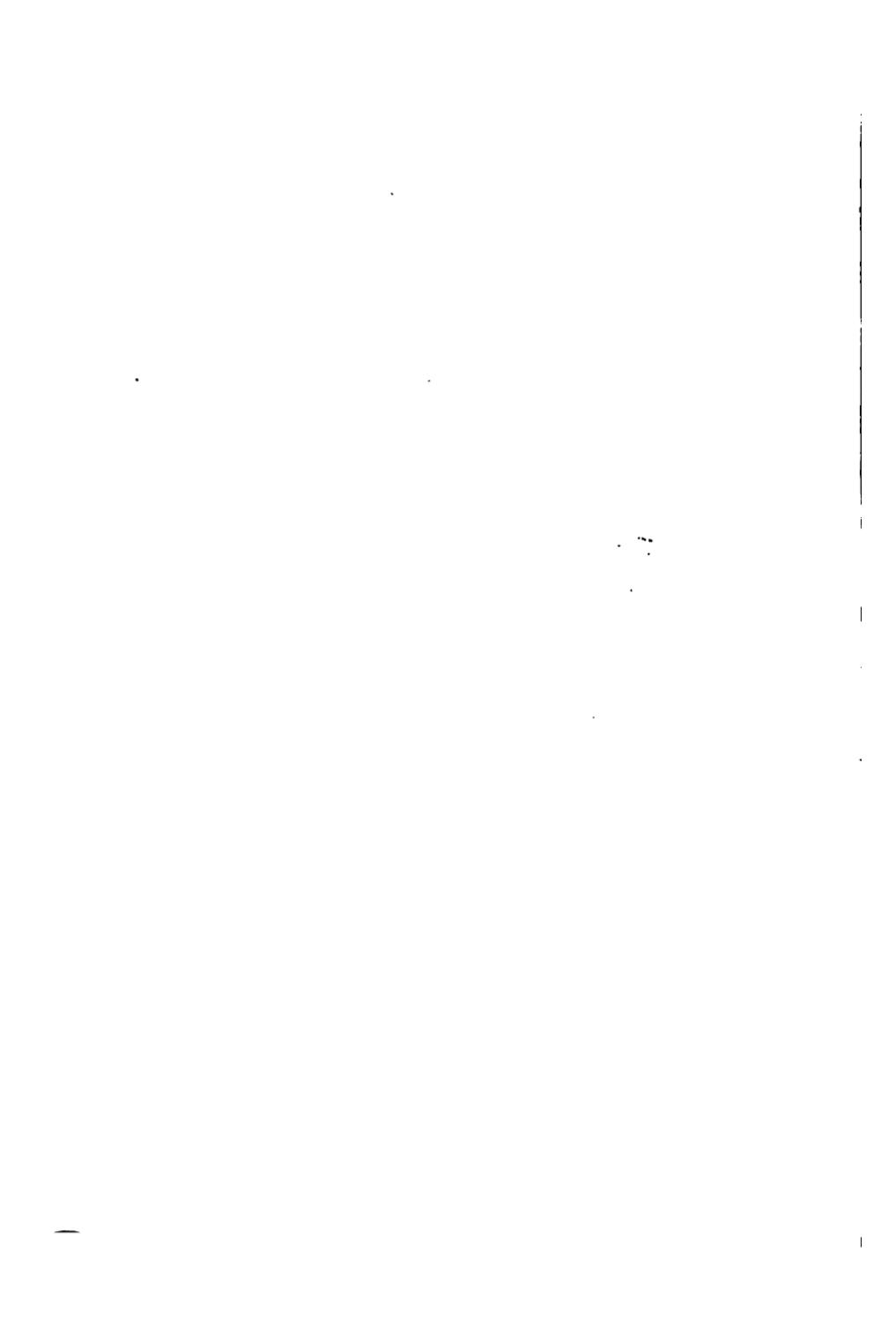
seemed to me, while I was stopping here, that I must be "back East" instead of pretty well on towards the Pacific Coast. We dined at the stunning Davenport Café where there are glass columns between the different rooms filled with water in which are gold fishes swimming around. One of the banqueting rooms had all the decorations in peacock blue. Processions of proud peacocks strutted proudly along the wall-paper, and every dot in each peacock feather was an electric light. This room was small and was probably only used for banquets to the few proud rich. The flowers all through this really beautiful café were magnificent, there being whole trees of American Beauty roses. Perhaps if I had just arrived from the Waldorf Astoria in New York I might not have been quite so impressed by its grandeur. But we had just arrived from the "Golden West Hotel" at Irvine, Assiniboia, Canada.

Mr. Peeke told Madame Frèchette in one of the interviews he had with her at Ottawa, that I mailed a letter at Spokane and that detectives got there *eight hours* after we left, but I know no more than that. I know that posters printed later said, "Left Spokane October 1, 1906."

We spent the morning of October 1st shopping in the Spokane stores, looking at many things but buying few. We had to have an umbrella, as the "rainy season" had now commenced. In front of one of the small shops I saw a case of umbrellas over which was



DAVENPORT'S CAFE AT SPOKANE, WASHINGTON.



the sign, "\$1.00 up!" and one of these I purchased after asking the clerk, "How much are they when they're down?"

Towards noon we left Spokane on the Great Northern Railway train, for I thought it was just as well not to stay too long on any one route. What mostly attracted our attention until we got to the Cascade Mountains were irrigation flumes, bringing water to the sage-brush lands which have since been reclaimed. The miles and miles of this uninteresting sage-brush land would have been monotonous if there had not been a pleasant party of people aboard. Wenatchee is reached and we get out to buy some of the famous red apples and watch, until the train starts, the steamers and boats on the river. The scenery along the Columbia River was fine and there was one little town called "Paradise" which looked so attractive I was tempted to get off there. Near "Plains" we saw many Indians riding into town on their Indian ponies and wearing their queer looking clothes, neither the wild Indian in his picturesque attire nor the fully civilized one in the white man's costume, but the uncouth middle man, half-civilized, half-wild. I was glad we had an opportunity to have a last glimpse of the Plains Indian, for the Coast Indian or "Siwash" Digger Indians are entirely different in appearance, stature and disposition. We were saying "good-bye" to the people of the plains, for gradually the scene is changing and we all hurry out on to the observation platform

to view the wonderful panorama. What tells us first that the scene is shifting are the little streams rushing alongside the track. That foaming green water is not the sluggish brown of a prairie stream but comes from above, where there are glaciers and glacial silt. We are climbing up into the green hills which yesterday were far away. The engine on our train begins to feel the ascent and puffs and pants until the next helpful round-house is reached. Valleys open up on both sides the track and cascades of the green water now appear constantly for they come from the Cascade Mountains. Up! Up! we climb, until the New World Switzerland is reached and we grow impatient because we can not look on "both sides of the track at once;" and as gorge succeeds gorge and height follows height, one can not help but give a fast express-train thought to the credit of the wonderful men engineers who have so conquered mountains and the awfulness in Nature; and also we breathe a prayer that God may guide aright those lesser ones in our engine up ahead who so seldom have one thought given them, but on whom the safety of our trip depends, in whose hands our very lives are held.

The setting sun now tints purple the bases of the hills and the green, running waters, it decks with gold the luxuriant sides of the mountains and reddens and illuminates the snowy peaks; the twilight deepens, and the shadows come on the deep verdure all around,

and still we sit and watch the ever-changing scene in silence. Even the inquisitive little boy upon my lap is quiet, only when he begs:

“Don’t go inside, mother, just a little longer out here until it gets quite dark.”

The quick transition from the heat of the prairies makes us shiver, for now the train is speeding through dripping fir woods and wading through giant ferns shrouded in fog and now we are driven in; for the porter comes out and says:

“Missus, you *must* come in, the tunnel is here.”

Yes, it is thrilling going up the mountains until that fearfully long tunnel is reached that takes twenty minutes to go through and so disagreeable then, for the coal smoke nearly suffocated us. It was an anxious twenty minutes—but now they use electric engines which makes it quicker and much more pleasant. Down the western side of the mountains one sees continually the massive snow-sheds, through which the trains run in winter and are saved from the avalanches which are ruthlessly sweeping overhead. We pass through the “Horse-shoe” tunnel much to my boy’s delight and he drew it for months afterwards. We sat on the observation platform and saw our engine’s headlight blazing out of the western end of the tunnel, while we in the last car were just going into the tunnel. And so circuitous is the route here that at one place we saw three layers of track. It was something like the old “switch-back” route that was used over the Cas-

cade heights until a few years ago this tunnel was made through the mountains. The inn at Scenic Hot Springs appears from the train like a swiss châlet with its amphitheatre of mountains surrounding it.

Oh! What a change when one gets on the other side of the Cascade Mountains!

It was like a different continent. Sahara on the other side and a bit of England here. Only much more tropical than well-groomed England. Everything in the landscape looks so very, very green. Such a tangle of ferns and such massive, evergreen trees, firs, spruce, hemlocks and cedars. Surely if Emerson's lines are true, the people here must be a sturdy race. He wrote:

"Who liveth by the rugged pine,
Foundeth a heroic line."

Surely the fragrance of these fir woods is healthful and pleasant and the balsam is a salve for our wounds. The evergreen woods are always a comfort, for in winter they shelter one with their warm protection, and in summer they shield one with their cool isolation. Everything is so stupendous. The snow-capped mountains, the huge rivers hurrying along with all of the Western spirit of "get there as quickly as you can," the giant trees towering so long towards the high sky with all its lower branches shed, like youthful follies. They look like the "sky-scrapers" on lower Broadway, which, when built, their architects strip of all lower scaffolding and constructive ladders.

The giants of the forest here have drawn up their approach after them. So much scenery and so few habitations with people to enjoy it.

Darkness came on and we got off the train at Snohomish instead of going on to Seattle to which we had paid our fare; walking over the high bridge over the Snohomish River, Mr. Gleason took us up to the hospitable home of some friends of his to spend the night. The next morning my son had his lessons as usual, and I have thought so many times since how queer it was that I could either instruct him or that he would settle down to study when we were so unsettled, so weary, and in so much anxiety and fear. But I was determined he should not grow up ignorant and untaught and he was always patient and willing to learn from me, his mother.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY HIDDEN IN THE FOREST— ANOTHER WARNING.

The Northern Pacific Railway runs a line from Seattle through Snohomish, Machias and Hartford to connect at the border town of Sumas with the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was this road that we took from Snohomish to Seattle the morning after our arrival from Spokane. The train runs through the dense forests, around beautiful lakes, and crosses magnificent rivers. We got off the train at Ballard, a suburb, before reaching the Central Depot and took a street-car to Mr. Gleason's home. I protested, but I could not make my lawyer see that I was in the least bit of danger. I was very nervous and worried and the next day I told Mr. Gleason I could not stay another minute in the city. I did not know but any second some acquaintance would recognize me from a street-car. We could not stay shut up in a house. Western air is too bracing and health-restoring for that. One of Mr. Gleason's neighbors, an Internal Revenue Officer and his wife, took pity upon me and introduced me as the widow of their nephew, giving me their name. This Revenue Officer made many trips all around Seattle on official business bent. One morning he called for us with a buggy and fine team of horses and took us



SNOQUALMIE FALLS, WASHINGTON.

"No one can describe the beauty of a misty fall of water in those forests; like a bridal veil, with the heavy background of firs, spruce and cedars."



across Lake Washington. We crossed Seattle's most beautiful lake, Lake Washington, in a buggy on a ferry boat.

This lake is a picture never to be forgotten with snow-white Mt. Rainier overhead, dotted with pretty islands, thriving busy Seattle behind us. Reaching the quiet, deserted "boom-town" of Kirtland, we alighted from our vehicle and drove through the densest forest you ever saw across a slough to—well, the finest place ever—dear old Judge White's. He had been a chief-justice in the territory of Washington and is to-day one of the leading lawyers and one of the grand old men of the State of Washington. A veteran of the Civil War, going with a Southern Ohio regiment he had later taken up a "Soldier's Claim" in the wilderness of a Western forest. It was certainly a "Howling Wilderness" at that time, for the wild animals howled in the thick woods and the wind howled in the branches of the giant trees. The vast streams with their many cascades and falls howled so they could be heard many miles. Judge White's sister told me when her brother's "cedar-shake" hut was built, and they went out to live on it, they had to go through such dark, thick woods on foot, not even a horse could get through, that it was only by looking up and up, that they could at last get a faint glimpse of the sky overhead. Their supplies were packed on a man's back until a trail could be hacked. In that country the first hut of the pioneer

was not built of logs as was usual in the eastern part of the country, but of "cedar shakes." The frame is put up of logs and then these "cedar shakes" are nailed to that. A sharp pointed implement strips these "shakes" from the huge cedar trees, and without any other preparation, a house is constructed out of them. They look almost like a shingled house and are not a bit bad but rather picturesque, as the atmosphere gives the "shakes" a natural weather stain. Judge White's shack was built by a running mountain stream, and it made my mouth water to hear his sister tell of how they would catch the speckled mountain trout and cook them by their open fires. The woods were full of venison, and no game wardens, with their deputies, as alert as now. I came East with this sister of the Judge's last April to attend the D. A. R. Congress in Washington, D. C.; a Virginian by birth, she is a perfect type of the Grande Dames of the South, a splendid southern lady. But amongst her happiest memories are the days she spent in the Western Wilderness with her little boy, who is now a prominent Seattle lawyer and lately connected with the prosecuting attorney's office at Seattle. Mrs. Fulton was much attracted towards my little boy, because, she said, he looked and acted very much like her boy at that age, when she brought him from the East to Washington Territory.

Judge White did not marry until late in life, and then married the daughter of the founder of this little

town, Redmond, Washington. She owned property here and that is why they lived in this sequestered spot. The Judge went into Seattle by ferry across Lake Washington, or by train, a branch of the Northern Pacific Railway running right by his large, well-built house. There may be finer men in the world than Judge White, but there are few of them, and most people in Washington State would tell you so. His hair is very white, and wearing it rather long, gives him the appearance of a patriarch—his eyes so blue and piercing, they look right through one, a man of tremendous physique and mental capacity to correspond; his political speeches so forcible that they call him "War Horse Bill." He had three little daughters, who looked more like his grandchildren, and it was a pretty sight to see the white-haired old Southern-looking gentleman holding his fair-haired little girls upon his lap. I am sure that in Virginia, Judge White would have been called "General" White, and in any crowd he would look distinguished and apart from those around him. We spent an ideal month at Judge White's. It was fine for "Hugh," for he had so many children to play with for the White children's cousins, too, came often to the house. The children used to quarrel sometimes, and my little boy did not know what to make of it. One evening, I remember, they were playing school, and it ended in a big disagreement, and Hugh threw himself at my feet crying.

"Oh! Mother, they are quarreling, and all over nothing." The play world is not so much unlike the big, real world, after all.

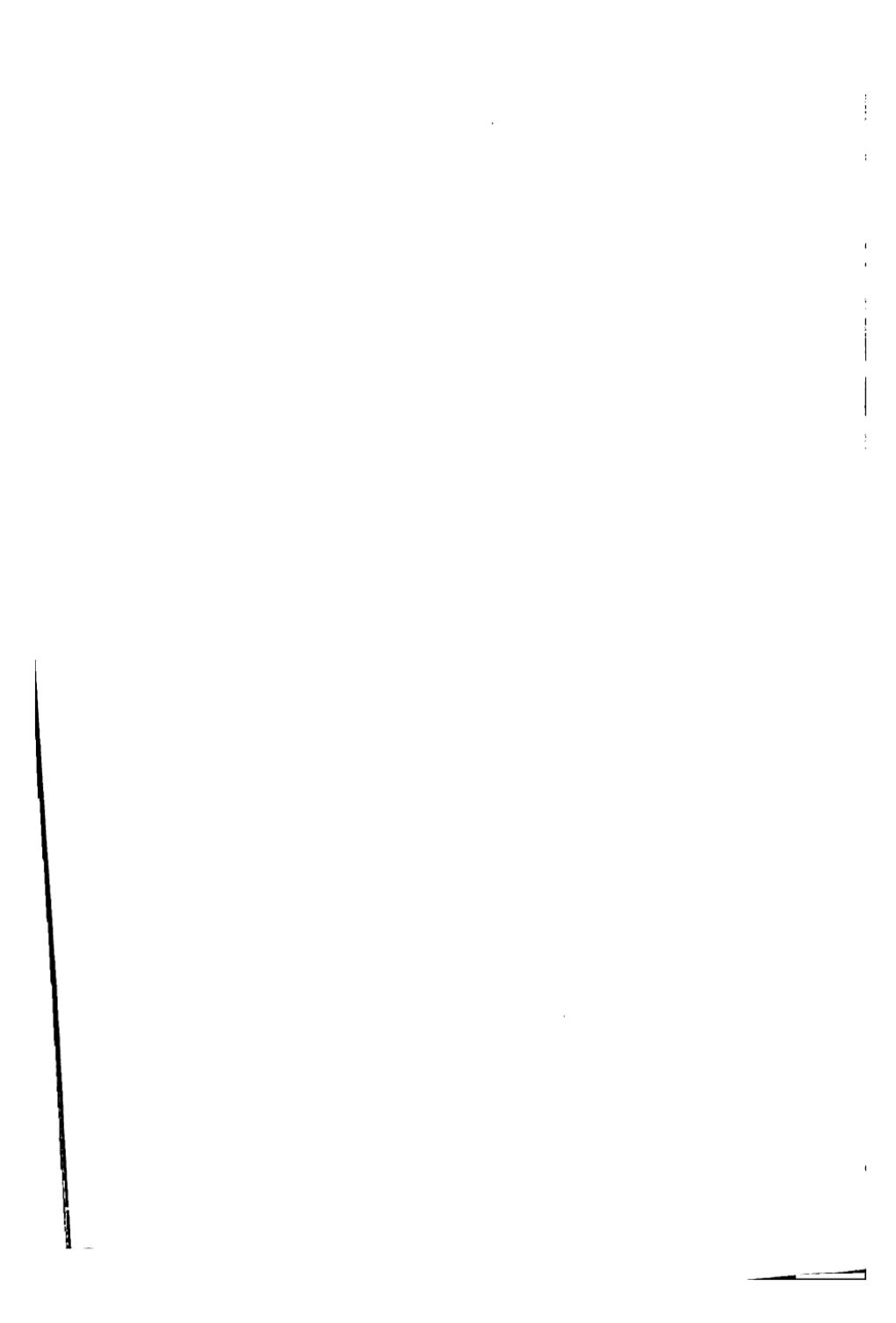
One pleasant trip we made while at Judge White's, was to some wonderful falls, higher than Niagara, but with only a narrow fall of water. The drive up was steep for we went way up into the foot-hills of the Cascade Mountains. We would drive through cavernous depths of forests, catching only a glimpse of the sky away above us. Then sometimes out to a clearing with a pleasant home and out-buildings and the inevitable cows and chickens—once in a while a pretty lake, with a busy little shingle mill and skid roads running back on which they brought the logs or shingle bolts. Many Indians passed us in their outlandish rigs. They had been up in the valley to pick hops, and were on their way back to their reservations, crossing wonderful rivers. So much scenery, but so few people to enjoy it, and those here too busy earning a livelihood to mind it.

Never shall I forget my little boy's expression as we suddenly caught sight of these falls through the dark woods. No one can describe the beauty of a misty fall of water in those forests, like a bridal veil, with the heavy background of firs, spruce and cedar. Of course, the forests there are evergreens, not hard wood like the Ohio woods, and the country is perpetually green. It was a relief after the terrible glare of the prairies and "Bad Lands" on the other side of the



MT. RAINIER, FROM SEATTLE, HEIGHT 14,526 FEET.

"This lake is a picture never to be forgotten with snow-white Mt. Rainier overhead."



mountains. So much rain here that the moisture is always dripping from the trees and the woods are full of great ferns that we would pay many dollars for in an Eastern green-house if we went to buy one. Often one sees ferns growing right out of the limbs of trees and out from fallen logs, parasites, perhaps, but nevertheless, a pretty sight. The moss is so heavy on the trees it looked like a smooth satin covering, a satin gown fit for any earthly queen. Crossing mountain brooks, which were tearing, leaping along, one knows their source is in the heights above, for their waters still carry some of the green color of the glacier—Mt. Rainier, towering above like a huge snow-drift in the sky.

What makes Snoqualmie Falls and the other falls in this legendary country doubly interesting are the Indian legends and beliefs attached especially to a great falls like Snoqualmie. Primitive people in every land deify the sun, the wind, great rivers, waterfalls and high mountains. No wonder that they thought a fall like Snoqualmie was only a veil of ghostly mist, caught up by the God of the Winds from the foam of the Pacific and dropped.

“Where the mountain wall is piled to heaven, and through the rift of vast rocks, against whose rugged feet beats the mad torrent with perpetual roar; where noonday is the twilight, and the wind comes burdened with the everlasting moan of forests and far off water falls.”

Never shall my little boy and I forget the day we picnicked at Snoqualmie Falls with Judge White's family.

Judge White's home was a very hospitable one and there were people going and coming all the time from Seattle, all of the prominent lawyers and politicians of the State; and I was afraid the day would come when some one would come that knew me or would recognize me. Judge White's nephew was assistant prosecuting attorney of King County, in Seattle. I felt as though we should be in a more quiet spot and farther removed from Seattle. If they ever traced us to the Fort Benton Providence Hospital they would surely find us, for Mr. Gleason had left word with the Mother Superior if any mail came for me to forward it to him at Seattle. To show what a controlling fate led me through these different epistles, I suddenly thought of the Governor Knapp family without any direct thing to recall them to my mind. Governor Knapp was Governor of Alaska when Benjamin Harrison was President. His wife's family were connections of my mother's family, the Winchesters. A daughter, Frances, had not gone up to Alaska with them, but had stayed in the East to finish her course at Wellesley College. On her way to Alaska the following summer, she had stopped to visit us at our cottage on Lake Erie, at Conneaut, Ohio. In the intervening years our correspondence had lagged, and finally ceased. Like a flash from Heaven the memory

of them came back to me. The next time I saw Mr. Gleason I asked him if he knew what had become of them. He laughed that peculiar laugh of his, why, of course, he knew them well. Frances Knapp's husband had a large mercantile business in a little town in the foot-hills of the Cascades. Incidentally and accidentally he looked after some interest in mines that Mr. Gleason had invested in up there. Governor Knapp had died in Seattle, for he never returned East to Vermont, and had left his family well provided for. Mr. Gleason brought Frances and her husband, Mr. Morgan, over to Judge White's to see me. They had no children and were very much interested in my little boy, and they insisted upon my coming up to their home the following week. I was always more or less nervous on a train, and it just about used me up to go on one, but there was nothing else to do. The kitten, Judge White's little girl, Martha, gave "Hugh" as a parting gift, kept us occupied trying to keep the conductor from knowing what was in our basket. It was queer. Judge White's home was on a spur of the Northern Pacific Railway, which did not lead to anywhere in particular, but had been merely built to keep control of the water frontage of Lake Washington and other lakes. We took this road up for a few miles to a junction point, then changed to another branch of the Northern Pacific Railway, which runs up to the Canadian border and connects at Sumas with the Canadian Pacific Railway. Then at another

junction point, we got out and took a railway that runs trains twice a week to mines up in the Cascade Mountains. This last junction point, Hartford, was near Lake Stevens and it was our town for getting supplies and part of our mail all the time we lived at Lake Stevens. After leaving Hartford, we began going very slowly in a caboose, hitched to a freight-train, up, up, into the Cascade Mountains very slowly, for the grade was steep, through the wildest scenery you ever saw, with magnificent mountain views, mountains on which are glaciers and perpetual snow. The number of tunnels on this road is amazing.

Frances met us at the station and it was like getting home for they were almost related to us. Her aunt married my mother's uncle. It was surprising to find such an ideal little city home as hers in so isolated a spot, situated on a plateau. All around the town, which was called "Granite Falls," were the foot-hills, green with only the green of so moist a climate. Behind the green hills far away, were the snow-clothed mountains, heaps on heaps of snow in the blue sky, for the day was a pleasant one, although the rainy season had now set in. Mt. Index, with its pointed, icy finger; White Horse, one great white heap; Monte Christo, and best of all, beloved Mt. Pilchuck very near, so one could see the trail to its very top-most snow. It stood towering over the little city like a gray guard, and was straight out in perspective from Fannie's front door. I was amazed to find such a

model town; its streets wide and well lighted, good side walks, and well constructed buildings, but Eastern men's brains with Western health and vim were at the head of its municipal departments. There was much business for the large stores in the town, for they supplied the many lumber camps in the region, and the Monte Christo mines, when they were in operation.

Frances' home was as complete as one in Cleveland, and how my little boy did enjoy their store. He sat on a high chair at the desk with Mr. Morgan, and thought he was the whole thing. They had a fine horse and we had some famous drives, and they had a dog, "Curly," who was quite the most important member of their family. I had an opportunity, the few days we were here, to buy all of the best school-books to go on with Laddie's education, and to get the clothing I needed for him. We had left our trunks at Irvine, and Howells Frèchette went there and got them and shipped them to his mother at Ottawa, together with the more valuable furs and keepsakes that had been given to me while in Canada. Among the gifts was a woven leather riding bridle with ornaments of braided horsehair, colored in different colors. It was very unique and worth a big price.

The convicts in the penitentiaries in Western Canada make bridles similar to these, but mine had been made by cowboys I knew, near Medicine Hat. I only brought a dress suit case over the mountains with me from Montana, and for one year had only one suit,

with several waists. The little trunk I had bought in Fort Benton was filled with Hugh's toys and books, and we carried it with us wherever we could.

Fannie and Mr. Morgan had invested in some property at Lake Stevens, and on Sunday they drove over to see it. My little boy and I did not go with them as we were tired. When they returned, they talked a long time about the beauties of Lake Stevens, and of Mr. Illman's beautiful ranch, and of his wonderful collie dogs, fine chickens, etc.

Little did we think at that moment of what a safe harbor Mr. Illman's ranch would be to us within a few hours. The next day Frances and her husband were called by telegram to Seattle to see about some property they owned there. Now, my letters came under cover, and one coming that day from Mr. Gleason addressed to Fannie's husband, I opened it. Inside was a telegram addressed to Mr. Gleason: "Havre, Montana—Tell Mrs. Brown, Peeke is on his way to Seattle. Very serious. Tell her to be careful."

182



\$200.00 de Recompense

LA RECOMPENSE ci-dessus sera décernée à la personne qui donnera quelque information conduisant à la découverte de **Curtis Brewer** cheveux bruns clairs, yeux bleus, qui, âge de six ans, a été soustrait de la maison paternelle à Cleveland, Ohio, en December, 1905 par Madame Annette Fitch Brewer, autrement nommée Madame Annie Brown ou Madame Hugh Rennie. La taille de cette personne est à peu près de 5 pieds 4 pouces; [REDACTED] ans et pese 140 livres; teint mat, os de la jons saillant, cheveux bruns foncés, dents remarquablement belles, petits pieds et petites mains; très nerveuse par la crainte continue d'une possible arrestation. Elle a quitté Spokane, Washington, en Octobre 1906. La récompense ci-dessus sera remise sur l'arrestation et la détention de Madame Brewer, jusqu'à mon arrivée dans la localité, indiquée ou sur toute trace conduisant à la découverte de l'enfant.

Toute indication concernant cette affaire sera tenue rigoureusement secrète.

THE ABOVE REWARD will be paid for any information leading to the recovery of **Curtis Brewer**, eight years old, light brown hair, blue eyes, six years old when abducted in December, 1905, from Cleveland, Ohio, by Mrs. Annette Fitch Brewer, alias Mrs. Annie Brown, alias Mrs. Hugh Rennie. She is about 5 feet, 4 inches tall, [REDACTED] weight 140 pounds, shallow complexion, grey eyes, high cheek bones, dark brown hair, teeth good and noticeable, small hands and feet, very nervous and afraid of arrest. Left Spokane Washington, October 1, 1906. The above reward will be paid for the arrest of Mrs. Brewer and her detention until I arrive, or for any information leading to recovery of boy.

Source of information will be kept confidential.

L. C. BREWER
SANDUSKY, OHIO. U. S. A.

MRS. BREWER AND HER BOY.

CHAPTER VII.

FLIGHT TO LAKE STEVENS—FINDS POSTER THERE—ANOTHER FLIGHT FOLLOWS.

With my friends in Seattle and no one to advise me, I felt utterly lost when the telegram came. Mr. Peeke was now in Seattle, 50 miles away. Something guided me, some unseen mind and hand, for without anything to bring it to my mind, came the thought of Lake Stevens and Mr. Illman's ranch. Fannie's brother-in-law, Mr. Wilson, got horses and a carriage, and bundling up our few possessions, we got in and hurriedly drove over there. Just pine woods and shingle mills until we reached Hartford, the junction point where the Monte Christo Railway going up to the mines in the Cascade Mountains, and the Northern Pacific Railway running up to Sumas, met.

The Canadian Pacific Railway runs cars over this branch line, having through sleepers from Seattle to the East. After reaching the little hamlet of Hartford, with its one church and two stores, we soon came in sight of beautiful Lake Stevens, lying like a blue mirror, with its frame of snow-capped mountains surrounding it.

At the end of the lake nearest to Hartford, is a large shingle mill, and a model town owned by W. J. Rucker. Mr. Rucker started life in a log-cabin in southern Ohio, and now lives in the handsomest house in Everett, Wash., and is one of the richest men in the State of Washington.

Next to the Rucker Mill stands the Illman ranch. When you open Mr. Illman's gate you are greeted by a multitude of fine collie dogs, jumping, barking, all sizes and colors. The Illman home is a fine one, with a slighty tower overlooking the lake; the place is highly improved, Mr. Illman being one of the early settlers of Snohomish County. Mrs. Illman came to the door, and when she found I was a connection of Fannie Knapp Morgan's, she very kindly took us in to board. I told her my boy had had a bronchial cough ever since he had the whooping cough, and I wanted to have him in the country for a while. It was past the supper hour, and while Mrs. Illman was re-setting the table for us, my boy and I sat in the living-room in front of the big brick fireplace, in which was crackling a bit of a savory Washington cedar log. As a child will, my boy began looking at some pictures on the table, and presently he exclaimed, "Why, mamma, this is Miss Carrie's house." I said, "Oh, no! it cannot be." "Yes, it's Miss Carrie's house." Turning the photograph over, I saw written on the back, "Cousin Carrie Bosworth's home in Sandusky,

Ohio." Miss Carrie Bosworth had been my child's kindergarten teacher in Sandusky, Ohio.

Truth is stranger than fiction. You could search the world over, and never find finer people than Mr. and Mrs. Illman. Mrs. Illman comes from a fine Philadelphia family, and was Annette Gage before her marriage to Mr. Harold Illman. Mr. Illman's grandfather came from England and started the first engraving house in the United States. On many old engravings, if you are fortunate enough to possess one, you will see the name "Illman." Our host, Mr. Harold Illman, was educated at Georgetown, near Washington, D. C., and went with a company from Philadelphia to fight in the Civil War.

Providence and luck were certainly with us in the places we found to live in. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan came the next day to see us. Every one was frightened to have us so near Seattle and they formed a plan for me to go to Bellingham friends, and from there to a little port on the Juan de Fuca Straits across from Victoria, B. C., but when Mr. Illman went up to the post-office that evening, he fancied he saw a man, resembling Mr. Peeke, and coming back he told us he thought we should change our plans, and he told me if I would wait a few days, he would make plans to send me to his sister's up in the Cascade Mountains. I did not know what to call Curtis so called him "Boy." Mrs. Illman said, "Is your little boy's

name Boyd?" and I answered, "yes;" so afterwards he was called Boyd.

The next evening Mr. Illman went to a political meeting in an adjoining town as he was running on one of the tickets for State Senator. Going into the office of a hotel what should confront him but a poster with my picture, my little boy's and a reward offered for my arrest. Mr. Illman waited until the clerk was off duty and tore the poster down. A few days later we started in a wagon with two horses for the sister's ranch in the Cascade Mountains. My boy was hidden in some hay in the wagon for we had to drive through towns in which the placard had been posted up. Mr. Illman carried along his phonograph and records, for his nephews and nieces in the mountains had never heard music on a phonograph.

It was raining, quietly, persistently and steadily, as it always rains in October in Washington State, so I was hidden under a huge umbrella. Such a drive! Misfortune met us at the very beginning for one of our horses lost a shoe, and it took part of the morning to repair that. Then, on again, down into the Pilchuck Valley, first we went with grey Mt. Pilchuck so seemingly near we could almost touch it—White Horse and Monte Christo white with the rain, which always freezes on its summit; Mt. Baker perpetually white and hoary, with its everlasting snow beyond—then up, up, up we went to the Cascade Mountains, through the dark woods which we saw partly cleared into farming



POSTER PICTURE OF ANNETTE FITCH
BREWER.



lands before we left that country. At one place the roadway went so alarmingly near the mountainside, I didn't see how we could stick on it—like a fly climbing on a ceiling. I was really frightened until we reached the top, and were once more gliding down through the wonderful Washington Forests. Such bridges we crossed over; by the wonderful leaping Snohomish, Sky Komish, Pilchuck, Sultan and other rivers which were tearing along from the summit of glaciers towards Puget Sound and the Pacific Ocean. We stopped twice, once for dinner, and once for supper. The latter we ate in Sultan, a town lying in the Sultan Basin of the Sultan River Valley, where gold is found, and where Eastern people own gold mines. The heirs of "Lydia Pinkham" of patent medicine fame, own one mine here. Then, on again! No one could ever have found us on this ranch.

From the time I went there in October until I left there the following February, I never once went even to the highway. We climbed up the hills again after leaving Sultan, for now we were in the mountains. Suddenly, we left the highway and entered deep woods over a rudely constructed plank road laid over fallen logs. We were now on Mr. Chase's land. Winding in and out, crossing over a mountain brook filled with speckled trout, we came to a clearing and on top of a hill saw a fine large house. Mr. Illman's sister, Mrs. Chase, lived here. Mr. Chase was a Maine man and had wandered all over the globe and he was a relative

of Chief-Judge Chase, of Ohio. By a queer coincidence, Kate Chase had been a dear friend of my mother's while attending the well-known girl's school, "Esther Institute," at Columbus, Ohio.

The poster seen by Mr. Illman, was one of several printed. This one said:

"\$200.00 REWARD.

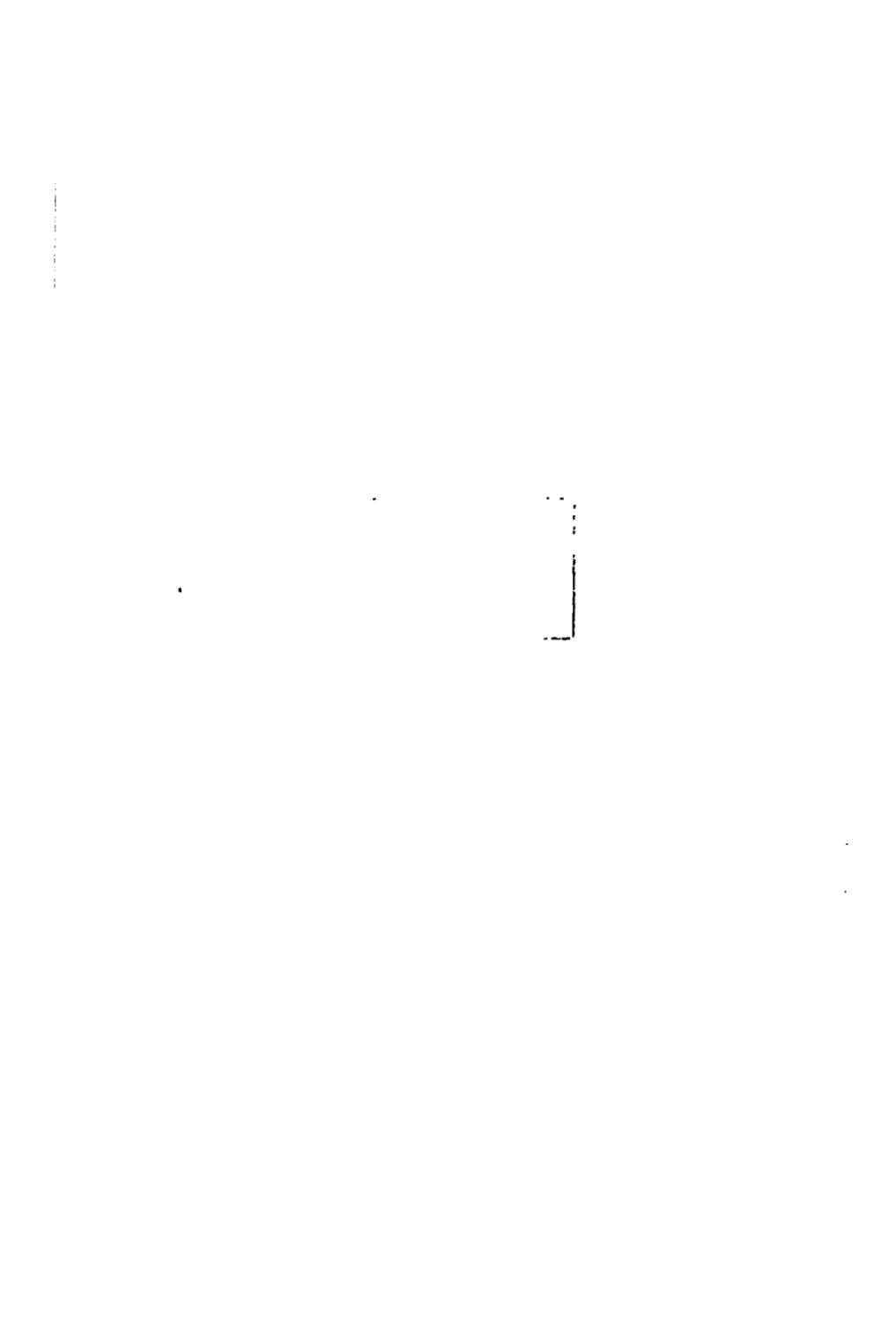
"The above reward will be paid for any information leading to the recovery of Curtis Brewer, eight years old, light-brown hair, blue eyes, six years old when abducted in December, 1905, from Cleveland, Ohio, by Mrs. Annette Fitch-Brewer *alias* Mrs. Annie Brown, *alias* Mrs. Hugh Rennie. She is about 5 feet 4 inches tall, weight 140 pounds, sallow complexion, gray eyes, high cheek-bones, dark brown hair, teeth good and noticeable, small hands and feet. Very nervous, and afraid of arrest. Left Spokane, Wash., Oct. 1, 1906. The above reward will be paid for the arrest of Mrs. Brewer and her detention until I arrive, or for any information leading to recovery of boy. Source of information will be kept confidential."

"\$200.00 DE RECOMPENSE.

"La Recompense ci—dessus sera deceruee a la personne qui donuera quelque information conduisant a la decouverte de Curtis Brewer cheveux bruns, clairs Yeux bleus, qui, age de six ans la ete sonstrait sw la maison paternelle a Cleveland, Ohio, en December,



“BUSTER BROWN,” SIX YEARS OLD, LIGHT
BROWN HAIR, BLUE EYES.



1905, par Madame Annette Fitch-Brewer, autrement nomme Madame Annie Brown ou Madame Hugh Rennie, La Taille de cette personne est a peu pres de 5 pieds 4 pouces: elle pese 140 livres; fruit mat, os do la jone saillant, cheveux bruns foncés, dents remarquablement belles, petite pieds et petites mains, tressé nerveuse par la crainte continue duee possible arrestation, elle a quitte Spokane, Washington, en Octobre 1906 La recompense ci-dessus sera reunise sur l'arrestation et la detention de Madame Brewer, puisqu'à mon arrivee dans la localite, indiquee ou surtout trace conduisant à la deconversion de l'enfant.

“Toute indication conceruauant cette efaire sera tenue rigoureusement secrete.”

You will notice that in these posted placards spread broadcast through the world I, Annette Fitch-Brewer, was not mentioned as being the mother of the boy, the woman who brought the little boy into the world and whose only child he is.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOLLOWED TO SEATTLE AND AGAIN LOST—HIDDEN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

All this time, my child had always had his lessons, but once safe within the Chase ranch, I taught him more thoroughly. Mrs. Chase's niece, a girl some older, was with us most of the time, and I taught the two children together. Shortly after our arrival, the fall floods and freshets began, and we were entirely shut off from the world. No mail reached us for weeks. Even Mr. Gleason did not know where we were; for I had not thought it best to keep him informed of our whereabouts after leaving Granite Falls.

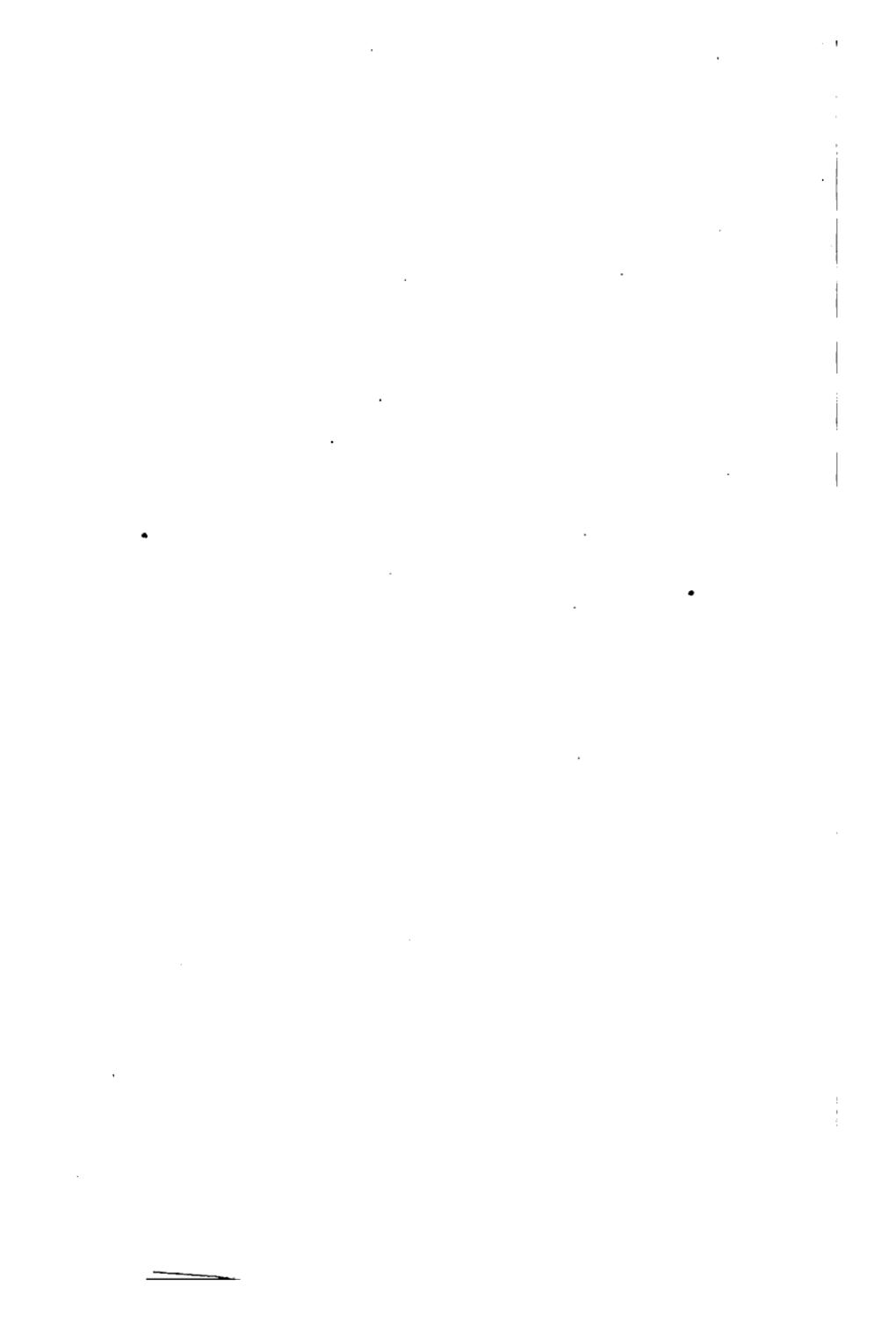
These fall floods in the Puget Sound country are said to be due to the fact that the de-forested mountains shed the rains much more quickly than was the case when the forests were in their primitive state—wooded slopes retain moisture much longer than bare hills. The disappearance of trees along all rivers in mountainous countries has been followed by floods more severe than were common when the trees were standing. This was the experience of the streams in the Appalachian Mountain system, and now the experience is being du-



Train load of logs.

**Scene in the Forests of
Washington.**

**"Thro the dark woods which we saw partly cleared into
farming lands before we left that country."**



plicated in the Cascade Mountains. Washington State floods have been increasing and each year they have been more frequent and severe. Along all the large rivers we had crossed on our way from Hartford to Sultan, we had seen immense logging operations being carried on. We saw logging roads zig-zagging up the sides of the hills and trees being cut where the mountain was so steep that the roots of one tree did not look to be far from the top of the tree immediately beneath it. Dikes are not of much assistance in these great river floods for the rivers are too swift for any but the most mammoth works to withstand them. It is a subject that conservation will have to take in hand, and they will have to go away back to the hills for the remedy. The timber on the water-sheds will have to be protected, re-foresting will have to be done, and loggers will have to be careful in the future not to strip the hills absolutely bare.

We saw from our window the mountain brook overflow its banks until the pasture was flooded and the small bridge and rail fence were afloat.

We saw a poor horse trying to cross the bridge, stumble and fall into the tearing torrent beneath.

We saw the Sky-Komish River, most treacherous at all times, gradually rising until we began to fear that it would even approach the hill on which stood the house we were so comfortably housed in.

We saw its waters engulf ranch buildings and we saw pig-styles, chicken-coops, animals, household goods

and farming implements go floating off towards Puget Sound. Every night it rained, and mostly through the day. Safely housed, my boy began the Second Reader while here.

Mr. Peeke was still in Seattle and he remained still for several weeks. Even Mr. Gleason did not know where we were. Mrs. Chase was a beautiful little lady with snow-white hair, blue eyes, and fine, delicate features. She looked quite a bit like the beloved President of my alma mater, Lake Erie College at Painesville, Ohio. She was just about Miss Evans' build and could easily have passed as her double. She had seen many hardships, for the early settlers along those stupendous rivers in Washington territory, had no easy task to live, and her early years had been spent among gentle folks in Philadelphia, and later in Eastern Canada. Some years Mrs. Chase had spent as Deputy in the County Clerk's office in Snohomish and had then taken up a homestead, which, being cleared, was the beautiful ranch we were now at. In the early days she had seen one beloved younger brother carried to his death in just such a flood as now surrounded us. Stepping from one log to another, to make a crossing, he had been carried into the flood beneath, and his body was never recovered.

Near Mrs. Chase, lived another brother, Mr. Will Illman, and with them the father, Mr. Wm. Illman, Sr., a wonderful old man nearing 90 years of age; born in England, he could remember both King George

and King William and lived in England while Queen Victoria was on the throne, and he was a resident of Sultan, Washington, while Edward VII was King.

The Illman family came to the United States back in 1820 and something, and founded the early engraving house of which later this Mr. Illman was the head. After my return to Ohio last year I was delighted to find that an ancient history of New York State I owned was illustrated by engravings of "Illman & Pilbrow," and I have been very glad to send it out to Washington to Mr. Illman; for early settlers can have few household goods, and the Illmans have few keepsakes of their early life. The author, Fred Balch, who went West on account of ill health, visited the Illmans at different times and wrote part of his book, "The Bridge of the Gods," at their ranch. Mrs. Chase showed me many appreciative letters from Mr. Balch which gave ample testimony that he received the same wonderful kindness and hospitality that was now being bestowed upon my little boy and I.

Mr. Illman had been a great traveler and sailor in his youth, going all around the world on a sea voyage, and his narratives of the South Sea Islands and foreign lands interested my little boy very much. I was glad to have my child know what a grandfather was like, for unfortunately both of his grandfathers had died before my child was born.

Grandpa Illman could also quote the best poetry and books by the page—even from the early English writers, whom we studied in English Literature, but long ago have forgotten. His memory was wonderful, and it was an education for my child of seven to be able to know and be with such a perfect type of a good, old English gentleman.

Here, too, I read constantly to my child, and the memory of one book, "The Bridge of the Gods," will remain with him forever, I think. I hope no later memories can erase the deep impression it made upon his youthful brain. Other favorites were: "Little Arthur's England" by Lady Callcott; "The Oz Books," "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," "Alice in Wonderland"; Langs' different colored Fairy Books, "The Sleepy King," "The Little Lame Prince," "Stories of Great Americans;" stories from American History, and many, many others. "Youth's Companion" came every week.

Our isolated life, during the flood, made it very necessary that "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson" should be re-read. The rainy days when we could not get out for a walk, my child played in the immense wood-shed, or ran on the long porch. The pure mountain air was life to him, and to me. And Oh! the drinking water from that mountain stream —no need of ice for that! Indoors my child amused himself with his lead soldiers, cutting pictures of autos and machinery from the magazines, drawing many

things, especially the "Horse-shoe Tunnel" in the Cascade Mountains which he never had forgotten. He had for pets some wonderful collie dogs, but alas, his favorite, "Jeanne," scented a cougar one day, and ran wildly off with the other dogs. They came back, but poor "Jeanne" never returned. Each dog had had a different side of the house to watch at night, and it was pathetic; for nights afterwards, Mrs. Chase would open the door leading out onto Jeannes' part of the porch to see if the faithful dog had returned, but she never found her there again.

At length, along in November, the sky cleared, the rains ceased, and Mr. Peeke had returned to Ohio. Then, what wonderful times my boy had going out into the woods with "Uncle Andrew Chase." He had an air-gun and Uncle Andrew was a fine shot with his rifle. In my living-room at Lake Stevens are many wings from birds brought down, and even some fur bearing animals did not escape them. You must know that we were now in an isolated nook of the Cascade Mountains. Great peaks looked down upon us from a near distance, and at night we were many times awakened by the thunderous roll of an avalanche; once we heard the shrill cry of a cougar, or mountain lion. Mt. Index, seen at a distance from the other side at Lake Stevens now pointed its snowy index finger right at us and we could see distinctly green glaciers coursing down its side. The Western pine forest, with its strong, healthy fragrance; its voices; its com-

forting protection; the mountains with their might and grandeur so very, very near us that we could almost touch them; the tearing torrents of rivers, so full of strength for good or evil, could not help but strongly impress the flexible mind of my dear little boy, and I trust no Eastern luxuries, nor artificialities will ever erase it from his mind. He saw life at the Chase ranch at its simplest and its best. Its healthful and vigorous influences soothed and mended us after a year of unquiet and distress.

The Chase house had been built from lumber made at a near-by mill from trees Auntie Chase selected and Uncle Andrew hewed down. The building had been done by Uncle Andrew alone, and every board lain and every nail driven had been a labor of love. What Eastern house can speak a story like that? Uncle Andrew had made and polished most of the furniture and improved it until it might have come from a Grand Rapids, Michigan, furniture house. A reproduction of an old secretary, I remember most distinctly, with a place for his wife to write. It would have been hard to haul in furniture to this queerly located ranch house, even if the Chases had had money enough with which to purchase it. Pathetically few books in the home-made shelves and fewer magazines and so few minutes of leisure, from the awful drudgery of ranch routine, in which to read them. I remember they took Bryan's paper, "Cosmopolitan," and a few others. I was touched by the chivalry and imprints of affection Uncle

Andrew had imparted all through the house he built in his old age for his brave wife. The delicately matched wainscoting in the dining-room, the tiny mantel for the household clock, the pantry shelves arranged so as to open either from the kitchen or the dining-room, the bath-room,—yes, a bath-room in this isolated mountain ranch house,—the wood-box handy to the modern kitchen range, and always filled. One of my boy's chief pleasures became to be the task of filling Auntie's wood-box, and the last thing he did when we left there was to see that it was full. It brings the tears to my eyes so I can not write, for I can see him now—his hands so full of wood he can hardly walk. The little, little boy with the big, big armful of wood: Did not that duty of helping an over-worked woman help to develop the character of that little boy? He was a little gentleman in those days, full of chivalry to help whenever he could. Oh! that a mother could longer keep an innocent child in just such scenes and surroundings as that! That Western grandeur of Nature taught him nothing but truth and to be helpful to others. It is in the air out there. Everything speaks of work and activity.

The one great excitement of the day when we were at the Chase ranch was to go away down to the highway to get the daily newspaper and the mail. In rubber boots, rain hat and coat, and holding tight to Uncle Andrew's hand my boy enjoyed the walk over the "Skid-Road" half a mile to the country road,

which I never dared approach from October until February, when we went away. Fortunately, there was a "Bon Marche" in Seattle, and I bought there, from a catalogue, the few luxuries and necessities my limited means would permit. Howells Frèchette had sent my trunks back to his mother at Ottawa from Irvine, Alberta, and for a year I had only the one brown suit with a few extra waists. But "Boyd Chase Hall" had everything he needed in the way of clothing, books and toys. I remember what a happy Hallowe'en we had at the Chase ranch. Auntie Chase was a wonderful cook, and we had one of her famous "Indian runner ducks" and pumpkin pie and candies and favors from the "Bon Marche." Then in the evening, with lights turned out and with only the crackling wood-fire as accompaniment, Uncle Andrew told us true stories of his life as a sailor. Born in Maine he had started out early in life aboard a ship to see the world. One story in particular he had to repeat many times to my inquisitive little boy, about the time in China when pirates captured their ship and Uncle Andrew saved his life by climbing up and hiding among the sails. Our Christmas there, too, was ideal. My little boy picked out his tree among the many, many ones in the second growth grove down by the river, and happily one morning out he went with small axe in hand to hew the Christmas tree down and bring it in. A large bow-window was just the place for it, and no one ever saw a prettier tree when it was trimmed and lighted

from the box that came up from the Santa Claus at the Seattle "Bon Marche." My little boy was always so afraid Santa Claus would not find us at the out-of-way places where we were forced to live. But never once did he forget us. He had a wonderful game board, a tiny desk and chair,—which ever afterwards we carried on our trips by wagon from place to place,—toys and books too many to relate, and a real Foxy Grandpa to enjoy it with us, for Grandpa Illman came over and spent the day with us. After our splendid dinner we made him tell us stories of earlier Christmas's back in "Merrie England."

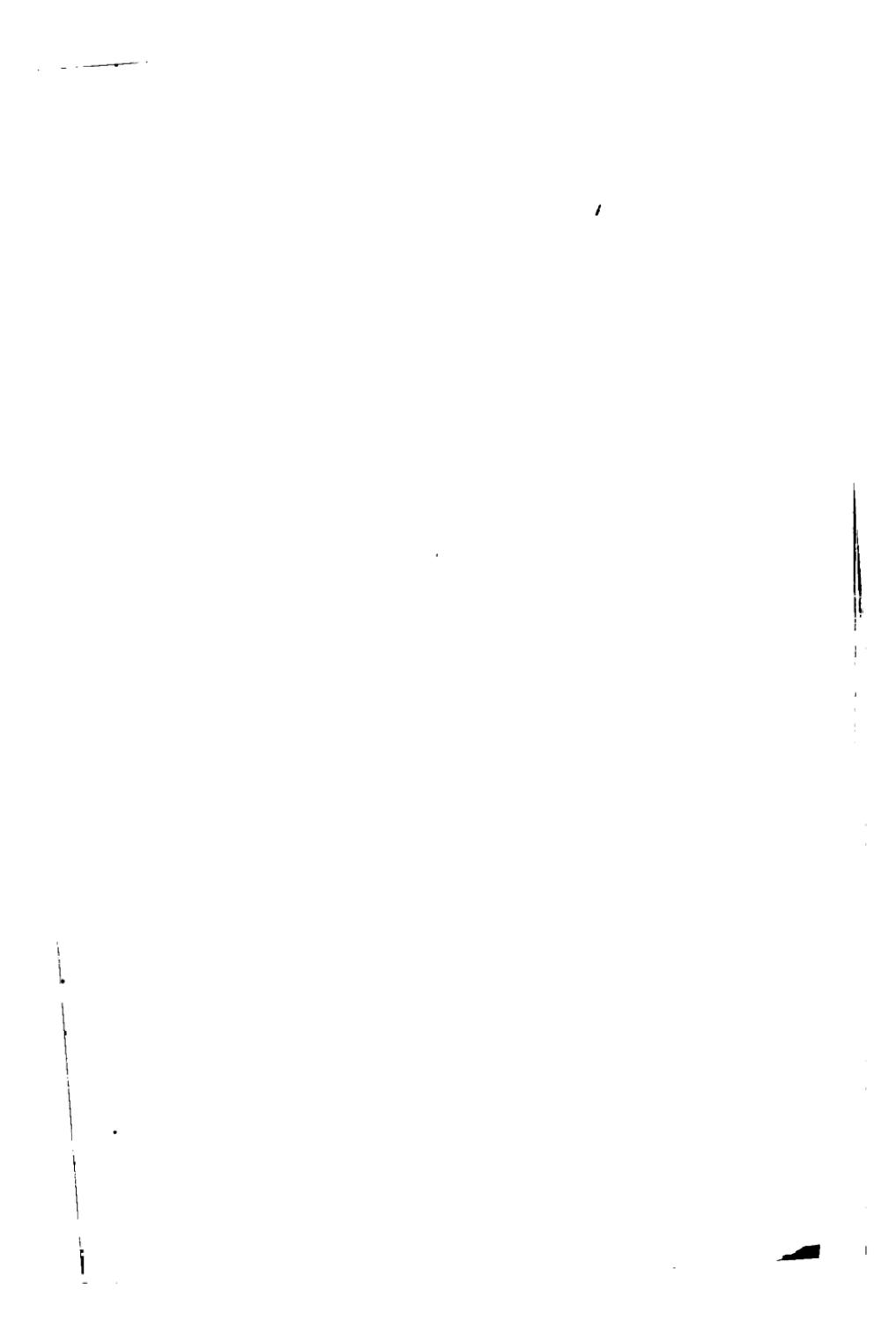
A story, "John Dough and the Cherub," had been running in the "Seattle Times." It had not told in the story whether the "Cherub" was a girl or a boy. A prize was offered for the best answer to the solution by a child. My boy got the second prize, and used the money he won to buy books. His answer was, "The Cherub was a girl because if it had been a boy he would have eaten the ginger-bread man at once whether it agreed with him or not."

Thus the days went on. New Year's, 1907, was no different from the rest, and we hardly knew the old year was gone and a new one had come in. I think it was the only New Year in my life when I had not heard the clanging of bells to usher the old out and the new in. The silence of a mountain is impressive. I think I thought more of what had been and what was

in store for us than ever before, and I hoped that it would be a " Happy Year " for my dear little boy.

You would not think a human being could live without church music, entertainment of any kind, as I did there, but when one has an interesting little child one needs nothing else.

New Year's week it snowed heavily, and Uncle Andrew had to shovel a path to the mountain brook and break the icy cover before he could fill the pail with our drinking water, and good Grandfather Illman shoveled a path from their house to ours so he could bring me the Toronto paper, as usual, when it came.





NO. 222. ON THE BANKS OF LAKE STEVENS.

ON THE BANKS OF LAKE STEVENS.

CHAPTER IX.

RETURN TO LAKE STEVENS AND THE ILLMAN RANCH.

New Year's week, relatives of Mrs. Chase and some friends from Everett, Washington, visited us, and such good times as we had. The Everett friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stone, were our good friends all the time we lived in Washington State. After their departure our life again resumed the even tenor of its sway. A quiet life, but never for one moment monotonous. My little boy progressed splendidly in his studies while we were at the Chase ranch. His writing improved and he also learned rapidly in arithmetic and geography. Reading and history never troubled him.

In the clear atmosphere of a mountain climate the stars are wonderfully bright and scintillating, and they always had a great interest for Boyd. The dog-star, Sirius, was, I remember, especially bright about Christmas time from our bed-room window, and many a night we spent some time looking out and talking of the stars. I sent to the Book Supply Company in Chicago, and got a child's astronomy and he was interested in every word of it, talked of the stars, and looked at them every night after I had read the book

to him. Our sky was limited; for there we were in a safe little harbor, hemmed in on all sides by gigantic snow-covered mountains. We had to lean way out of the window and look straight up at the little sky directly overhead to see any stars at all. We could not look out very far, so it is no wonder my child's gaze went upwards so much of the time during our stay at the Chase ranch.

Indians, the half-civilized Siwash, lived very near us at this time. Unlike the Indian of the Prairies, the Siwash resembles very strongly the Japanese and Chinese nations, and are a living example of the theory that the Indians came from the continent across the Pacific Ocean. Indian neighbors used to come over to the Chase ranch once in a while and jabber away. Uncle Andrew knew a lot of Siwash phrases, which sounded very funny to us.

Mrs. Chase purchased some wool, spun and dyed by an Indian woman, one day, and knit several pairs of socks for my boy to wear in his little rubber boots. He was very, very fond of this lovely little Auntie Chase, and used to hold her ball of yarn while she was knitting.

I can not tell you why fate ordained that we should leave the Chase ranch. I know we were all sorry, but Mrs. Chase received a telegram telling her to come at once to California as her sister was dying. Again, good Mr. Illman came for us, and we drove from the Chase ranch to Lake Stevens, but it was down, down,

down, this time instead of up, up, up, and several times we had to change our route, as rivers were high and highways flooded. It always seemed like home to get back to the fine Illman ranch, with sweet Mrs. Illman, and the pleasant company seated around her hospitable board. We visited here for a few days. It was about St. Valentine's day, because I remember my child had his valentines here. No matter where we were, I never let a holiday go by unnoticed, and he always had as much, and as pretty things as he ever had back in Ohio.

We drove over to Granite Falls to see Cousin Fannie Knapp Morgan. Mr. Morgan had pneumonia and was very ill, so we only stayed there a few days and went from there to a friend's ranch to stay a few weeks. We had quite an experience getting out there for the rivers were very high from the melting mountain snow. We drove out in a high lumber wagon, but the waters came into the box of our wagon, as we were fording the Pilchuck River; the driver turned to me and said:

“ Shall we go on? ”

As we were about in the middle of the roaring, tearing flood, I thought we might as well go on as to turn back, so I nodded and said, “ Go on. ”

From the Pilchuck River on we went through dense woods, with the largest trees we had, as yet, seen. They seemed to be set in regular lines, and were like the columns in some vast, vaulted amphitheatre. They were the Douglas spruce mostly, but some cedars, firs

and hemlocks. Their boughs overlapped each other three hundred or more feet above our heads. These giant trees had been well nourished by the foggy, wet shade beneath them. We had come from the Giant Mountains to this wood of giants and the velvety moss covering the ground and roots was like some lustrous carpet running to the doorway of a king.

We were guests of English people in this ranch, reached by crossing the seething, boiling waters of the big Pilchuck, but we only stayed a few weeks for the house was damp, and I was afraid my little boy would be ill. While here I learned my mother, with other relatives, had gone to Europe.

We returned to Granite Falls, and from there again to the Illman ranch at Lake Stevens. This was in May, 1907.

We spent an exceedingly pleasant summer at Mrs. Illman's. It was almost like a summer resort, for Mr. Illman had a "Chautauqua Beach" and a boat-house with boats, and such a happy life we had there. I was constantly with my child and he had his lessons even through the summer time, for the air there is so bracing, the summer months bring no torpid weather and weariness with them.

The climate is ideal for in winter the Japan current keeps the weather mild, and in summer the snow-capped mountains keep it cool. Even during the summer months, as soon as the sun goes down it becomes cold and one needs heavy blankets there at night all

the year around. Many a time while driving into Everett after dark, in August, I was compelled to wear a fur-lined coat. We used to take delightful walks along the shores of this beautiful lake, and one day I saw an ideal little place, the "Lake Stevens' Bungalow," and I wished I could have it for my own. Little did I dream it would be mine within a few weeks.

There are many, many lakes in northern Washington State, and wonderfully pretty lakes, Lake Stevens being prettier than most of them. There is a theory that they are the craters of extinct volcanoes, which in course of time filled up with fresh water and thus became lakes.

Lake Stevens is from a mile to two miles in width and about three miles long, and covers one thousand acres—one long arm or bay extended down one end of the lake, with first the "Chautauqua Beach," Mr. Illman's fine ranch and Mr. Rucker's mill at the end. On the opposite bank from Mr. Illman's home were houses built by Mr. Rucker for his employees, some of them fine houses costing not less than \$2,500.00. Lake Stevens is very deep in some places; in fact, there are some places that have never been sounded. Of course each lake has Indian legends connected with it, and some think the Indians knew a passageway from Lake Stevens by which they could enter a river, and from the river to Puget Sound, and then to the ocean. But I never went that way and so I do not know. But the lake itself is fresh water, and as pure

and fresh as Lake Erie, but Oh! so cold, even in the summer time, for it is fed by numberless small streams, entering from the hills above—just the place for trout and the lake is filled with them—seven varieties. The first year we were at Lake Stevens the County Game Warden placed 30,000 rainbow trout in the lake and the last year we were there some of them were caught that weighed two and one-half pounds. Last year 40,000 rainbow trout were placed in Lake Stevens by the County Game Warden and the Superintendent of the State Hatchery at Startup. The little trout were placed in various parts of the lake in shallow water, where the little fish would be protected from the ravaging mature trout.

In the woods around the lake grew wild berries of different kinds and many a pleasant picnic party we had, rowing across the lake from Mr. Illman's ranch and staying all day to pick berries, and stopping only because our supply of baskets gave out. The under-brush in these woods is mostly made up of berry bushes, of wild blackberry, mostly. It was hard work climbing over the fallen logs to get them and they grew so thickly interlaced that one was often deceived in the lay of the land. One of the ladies in our party had quite a fall, and a sprained ankle, from stepping on vines which she supposed were growing over a flat surface of ground, but they hid a little ravine, and consequently she fell. The salmon berry is a very attractive berry, which grows in dense tangles. The

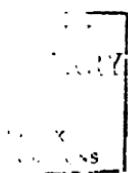


SCENES AT LAKE STEVENS, NEAR EVERETT, WASH.



LAKE STEVENS SCENES.

"The lake itself is fresh water, and as pure and fresh as Lake Erie, but oh! so cold, even in the summer time."



flowers are like wild roses and the berries, an inch or so in diameter, are beautiful varied colors,—yellow, pink, black, red and purple. They looked stunning heaped in a glass dish: I was enthusiastic to make jelly of the salmon berry for I thought the different colors would be so pretty,—so I carefully sorted them, and cooked each color separately. What was my disappointment to have them come out just jelly colored—one is often deceived that way. The first time I made jelly of white grapes I thought the color would be lighter, too, but it was also just jelly colored.

Of all the many, many people who were coming constantly to the Illman ranch, not one ever knew or recognized me. Everett, a city of 30,000, was only six miles away, but as far as I knew there were only two families there who came from Ashtabula County, Ohio. Just as my funds were almost exhausted and I was wondering what I could do, some money came to me by will from an uncle of my father's who had died in 1884, but whose estate had been left to his wife during her lifetime. She died in 1906, and the estate could not be settled up without my signature. There were only two people in the world who knew where we were,—Hon. Chas. Gleason, of Seattle, and Madame Frèchette, of Ottawa, Canada. Through them papers were sent for me to sign and later the money was sent to me. I could not put money in a bank under an assumed name, and I carried the money around for several weeks in a chamois bag around my

neck. I was afraid I would lose it, and I thought the best thing to do would be to invest in some real estate, as land around Lake Stevens was sure to increase in value and would be a safe investment. I was looking one day at a place that was only partly cleared, but which had rather an attractive cottage on it. Next to this place was a very attractive place called the "Lake Stevens' Bungalow," which was owned and had been highly improved by the County Game Warden of Snohomish County. As I was looking at the partly cleared property the Game Warden came over and asked me why I didn't buy his place, so I went over to look at it. It was an attractive, home-like, snug little place. The bungalow, itself, was built on a hill which sloped down to the lake and was covered with fine fruit trees, the only twenty-year-old orchard on the lake. Back of the bungalow the ground went abruptly up, and this hill was covered with small fruits, raspberries, blackberries, currants and gooseberries. At the top of the hill the land was level and ran back a mile or more. In the center was a cleared pasture lot with running water through it and on one side of it, separated by a picturesque worm-rail fence, was the wood lot. On the other side was the second growth evergreen grove, and under its thick shade it was always as dark and cool as a cellar. The Game Warden's wife was a thrifty English woman. I took a great fancy to her at once. She was one of the finest women I ever met, and cooked and kept house just

like the best anywhere. Perhaps it was the beautiful, home-like touches she had given to the place that made me want to buy it. I have sometimes thought the soul of the house went out with her. Her failing health made it necessary for them to get to Everett to be near a doctor, and in fact, she only lived six months after moving into town. She was most kind to me, and left the house so I could go right in and live. Every room was not completely furnished, but sufficiently so that we could live comfortably. She was a lady who loved flowers, and she left me all of her beautiful roses, and other flowers. The roses bloom out of doors in that climate until Christmas time, and one of my roses, a pink one, had roses on it equal to those we pay high prices for in a greenhouse in Ohio. In the garden were hollyhocks, sweet lavender, English violets, peonies, fleur-de-lis, baby's breath, myrtle, sweet-william, English daisies and other old-time favorites of mine.

Mrs. Davies moved out on Labor Day, 1907, and I moved in. In fact, I went up in the morning and was there when she went away. I was afraid when I saw her go away that she would never live to come back to visit me, and she never did, although she laughingly said, "I'll come out in June, when the cherries are ripe."

When Fannie Morgan's brother-in-law, Mr. Wilson, took us from Granite Falls over to Mr. Illman's ranch, he thought, to be in perfect safety, we should change our name again. I was so worried and my

stock of names was so exhausted, I could not think of any new ones, so I left it to him to choose. When we went in he introduced me to Mrs. Illman as "Mrs. McIntyre." How he happened to think of that name, I do not know, but it was rather a joke afterwards, for when the Jefferson people heard it, they thought I had taken it from a queer old character who used to live in Jefferson. He and his wife kept the hotel in Jefferson at one time.

Granite Falls and Hartford are only eight miles apart, but no one ever found out that Mrs. McIntyre and Mrs. Bushnell were the same person and "Hugh Bushnell" and "Boyd McIntyre" were the same little boy.

With the bungalow property, came a little live-stock,—several cows, lots of chickens and ducks and "Buck," a cayuse, who rivaled Don Quixote's "Rozinante" in looks and disposition. Many a good laugh we had at poor Buck's expense. He was truly a clown among horses.

For company we had a pretty school girl, who helped me with the work out of school hours, two German boys to help with the stock and get down the fire-wood, and also a sister of theirs was with us most of the time that first year; and their mother, when I needed extra help. A friend of Boyd's stayed with us nearly all winter and went to school. He just came and stayed and would not go home. He was several years older than Boyd, and consequently my child



LAKE WASHINGTON.
"Suddenly we reached a clearing from which a wide view of beautiful Lake Washington
was spread out before us."

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looked up to him in the pathetic "hero worship" a younger boy so often pays to an unappreciative older boy. There was not much in the way of good healthy fun that Willie and Boyd left undone.

The Game Warden had built a boat-house on the lake, and in it were twelve boats and four canoes, as many fishermen came here in the early spring and late fall to fish. These boats I bought with the place, and they brought me in a good revenue, for the canoes rented for 25 cents per hour, and the boats for \$1.00 per day. My chickens proved to be winners for they were "Rhode Island Reds," and many came to me to buy stock and eggs. I sold settings of eggs for \$2.00 per setting, and my pullets brought \$2.50 apiece. The roosters I sold from \$3.00 to \$5.00 apiece. The stock Mrs. Davies had was of the best and I improved it, for I sent to Tacoma and got fresh stock, and a friend gave me a trio from De Graff in the East. Until I went to the bungalow I hardly knew one chicken from another, although I could remember my father kept fine chickens, for he always enjoyed a little farming on the side from his law practice. But I assure you my taste for poultry raising was acquired by dire necessity, not bred in the bone. I knew absolutely nothing about them, but Mrs. Davies had left a cupboard filled with poultry journals. These I read diligently—then learned it all from sad experience. At first I nearly tired myself out running to get the egg every time a hen cackled. Then I wondered why I did not get any

eggs, until one day in the woods I stumbled across nests with dozens of eggs in them. The mystery was solved. I did not have to take the splendid fruit from the place to market for people came right to the place to buy it. The apples sold from \$2.00 to \$5.00 a box. They never seem to have any baskets out there. Everything goes by and in boxes. Other fruits on the place were prunes, which at first interested me because I had never before seen any but the dried prunes which we used to see frequently on the table at boarding-school. The fresh prune is a very different proposition. Like a plum on the tree, it makes a preserve quite different, and in a class by itself. Of a gorgeous plum color, they really possess medicinal qualities, and I think our preserved prunes and prune jelly and butter saved us from many an illness. Then there were seven kinds of plums. The large white egg plum, the exquisite peach plum, the small white plum, looking like an olive, the well known small round plum, the damson plum, the green gage, and the wild plum on which the fruit was very small, but which made most delicious jelly. There were four kinds of cherries, three varieties of pears, wonderful himalaya and ever-green blackberries and many varieties of apples; from the early Astrachan to the late Gravenstein, Wolfriver and Baldwin. Some of the Gravensteins that first year were as large as my little boy's head. Of course, an orchard is a great care, and the Washington State laws, concerning the care of orchards, are very

stringent, but I learned to spray my orchard myself, and could get a man from Snohomish to prune for me. So take it altogether the bungalow seemed like a comfortable home for us after our two years of wandering and living in other people's houses.

Next to the bungalow property was a pretty grove of woods owned by a man named Coon, so we always called them "Coon's Woods." Here blue herons had their nests. In the daytime, we would see one blue heron standing on a log in the lake with his long beak down near the water, waiting for a fish to appear. At the slightest approach, it would spread its long wings and fly hurriedly, but solemnly, back to its mate in Coon's Woods, where they had built a solitary domain, which none of us were ever able to find.

Lake Stevens is pliant and adaptable. It can make the wild seem more wild, or it can adapt itself to culture and art. This blue heron looked like art work I could remember seeing when I was a child on screens and other pieces of furniture. At one time I think there was quite a craze for painting and embroidering cranes. It was only by consulting Boyd's natural history that I discovered this was a blue heron at Lake Stevens, and not a crane. Wonderful ferns grow in Coon's Woods—some of the fronds of the larger varieties growing ten feet high. The showy Boston fern that we pay large prices for in the East grows wild here. More delicate ones like the Maiden Hair fern, and others, grew in the damp places and among

the rocks by the Indian spring. I dug some up and put them in jardinières on a bench in my dining-room, and one day some women from a sawmill across the lake, came to call upon me, and when I left the room for a moment I heard one of them say to the other one in a very top-lofty tone, "And she has *ferns* in her dining-room." They would, doubtless, never have allowed such weeds in their houses, for her tone certainly implied that she placed burdocks and Boston ferns in the same class.

Beyond Coon's Woods there was no dwelling for quite a distance at first, but later we had most charming neighbors. A prominent business man of Everett, whose health had failed, invested in some property there and built a fine modern home with a windmill to supply water and everything complete. His wife was a lovely Philadelphia girl whose maiden name carried me back to the days when I drew books from the Sunday-school library, for it was "Elsie Dinsmore."





BOYD'S AUTO.
He began to build an auto for himself.

CHAPTER X.

BOYD'S AUTO.

I remember once reading in "Lorna Doone" this paragraph:

"And I, for my part, can never conceive how people who live in towns and cities, where neither lambs nor birds are (except in some shop-window), nor growing corn, nor meadow grass, nor even so much as a stick to cut, or a stile to climb and sit down upon. How these poor folks get through their lives without being utterly weary of them and dying from pure indolence, is a thing God only knows if His mercy allows Him to think of it."

Of course, it's all in the disposition, but that is the way it looks to me. There I was on that isolated ranch, nearly a quarter of a mile from a neighbor on one side of me, and a deep woods between; the beautiful lake in front of me, with its very deep, cold water. Back of the cleared pasture, nothing but a tangle of cleared land for aways and then woods, woods, woods of dense growth of pine, cedar and fir, some maples with very large leaves and a few alders and oaks. On the remaining side, there was a house about a quarter of a mile away, but no one lived in it.

Beyond that, and on the six miles of road between me and Everett, the houses were then few and scattering, and could be counted on my ten fingers. But when we left there in April, 1910, we could look back and feel ourselves pioneers for we had seen woods cut, slashed, and burned, land cleared, and houses built, until now there are only a few stretches of the deep, unfathomable western woods left between Lake Stevens and Everett, and next year they say the trolley is to come.

For three and a half years I never went into a town but six times in daylight. I never heard any music except on our own phonograph. I never went to church, to an entertainment of any kind, nor on a train nor street-car once in all this time. My child had every advantage he would have had in Ohio. I had none. On Sunday I taught him and the neighbors' children the usual Sunday-school lesson. Never a circus came to Everett, but some kind friend took my boy in with the other children. Birthday parties I gave for him on every birthday, with birthday gifts galore. He had his boats on the lake, and enough toys and books for any little boy. When the Alaska-Yukon Exposition was given on the beautiful grounds of the Washington State University in Seattle my boy was there for over a week. In fact he went down twice, and by a queer coincidence was on the grounds the day Mr. Peeke, his father, and the other members of their household were at the exposition.

One truly puts their foot on the treadmill when they buy a ranch. That's just what it used to make me think of—a treadmill—I could not stop. As soon as I would, there would be a duty right in front of me to perform, and on, on, on I would go. Only twice during the day could I leave for one moment the routine of ranch work, outside and inside. That was when I taught my little boy, and, needless to say, these were the happiest moments of my days. It must be always interesting to watch a bright child's mind slowly, but steadily, develop, and how much more so when it is your own beloved child. The reason Boyd passed along so quickly in his studies was because I heard them regularly twice a day, and he had to recite every lesson every day. I am afraid I was a hard task mistress, but I was anxious for him to be in his right grades. He had a desk and a blackboard, and I have every page of his work saved, which any one may see who wishes.

The companionship which every child craves was supplied at night when his friend "Will" came home from school. Though older than Boyd, they were congenial playmates. They had a fine hunting dog, "Duke," whom they both worshiped, and poor Duke was always kept between two fires,—whether to go to school with Willie or stay at home with Boyd. But just as sure as he would follow Willie to school, he would run away after recess to Boyd, and come panting through Coon's Woods, dripping wet from the run

through the woods; or if he stayed home with Boyd, at noon away he would go to the school a mile away to walk home with Will at night.

If there was ever a moment in the day that I thought I could have to myself, there would be some household duty confronting me,—a large pan of dishes to wash, bread to knead, or the chickens would be crowding and begging around the porch door, telling me it was time to feed them, and gather the eggs. Boyd and I must go get Buck down and fed and get ready to deliver the milk at night, for we had a milk route. Or, most distressing of all, the cows had not come home. You must know that there are no fences in that country, and the cows roam where they will all the year round, for it is green all the year round on the other side of the Cascade Mountains,—the western side towards the setting sun. So it is much more economical to let your cattle and horses roam at will, trusting to their sagacity and honesty to come home at night, but a cow is a most perverse animal. Never had I planned to go into Everett after 6 o'clock in the evening, but the cows had not come home. Around the deserted lumber camps in the deep, deep woods grew luxuriant grass and clover and they knew where to find it, but it took us a long time to find them. The first night I was on the Lake Stevens' property, Mrs. Davies' pet cow, "Martha," did not come down and she did not come the next day, nor until I had sent in town for the Game Warden, and he tracked her to clover and

grass higher than her knees. I've always thought Martha knew that Mrs. Davies had gone and new tenants had come on. Never will I forget the anxious moments I stood at sundown waiting for the faint tinkle of the cow-bells to get happily stronger and nearer, and then see them lazily stopping at the top of the hill, chewing their cud, and aggravatingly looking as if they might turn back any moment. I bought beautiful sweet swiss cow-bells at first, in my neophyte days as a ranchwoman, but soon replaced them with the largest, ugliest-sounding ones I could find. Old Martha could hardly carry along the huge one I tied around her neck. Often I would be confused by the tinkle of the cow-bells at Stitch's ranch across the lake, for the echo on Lake Stevens was very strong and I would be deceived into thinking my cows were right on top of the hill, and not until milking time came would I find they were not there. Then every one must start forth with lanterns for the milk must be delivered. After dark the pesky cows would lie down and never tinkle a bell, and if you have never walked through Washington State's half-cleared woods you don't know what hard walking is. The feats of the "mountaineers" are as nothing compared to it. Logs lie over one another, thorny blackberry bushes torment you, and you just wish you were dead until you find those cows. I would not be the only one so bothered, for very often neighbors would come up or telephone up

to know if " 'we' had seen their cow, she had not come down." I remember one evening we had guests at dinner, and Mrs. Taylor telephoned up to ask if we had seen her cow. I turned to Boyd and said, "Have you seen Lily?" and he answered, "Yes, I saw her going down the road about a half hour ago." Afterwards, how they all laughed because they supposed of course I referred to some charming young lady.

Yes, we had everything named, and many were our pets. The cows were "Martha," "Babe," "Greely," so called from the man who sold her to us. "Babe's" mother was "Lady," the prettiest fawn-colored, large-eyed Jersey cow I have ever seen. Disaster, sooner or later, seemed to attack most of our dogs, and so we had many of them, for a dog is essential on a ranch, and especially so to us, for their bark always warned us when visitors were coming. First of all, "Duke," then "Bruce," a beautiful collie pup I paid a large price for, and some one poisoned "Jennie," the smartest little dog, and her two sons, "White Tige" and "Black Bob," "Sons of Battle;" "Fritz," who followed us out from Everett one night; "Nigger" given to us in the Snoqualmie Valley, but who was a fowl killer, and so we had to take him in to Everett the day of the circus and lose him. There were others, all loved and not forgotten,—"Spitter," the prettiest cat you ever saw, and Boyd's especial pet and favorite.

"Buck," the horse, who would cure any fit of the blues, and "Gypsy," Boyd's black pony. Even our chickens were named.

Rhode Island Reds are difficult to breed to perfection, and therefore there was always some distinguishing trait which enabled us to give almost every one a nickname.

As I have said before, it was Labor Day, 1907, when we took up our residence on the Lake Stevens' property, and labor day it was from then on till the end of the story. Never will I forget how beautiful everything was, especially the apple trees, with the red, ripe apples on their boughs, and lying at their feet. I had only been there a few hours when some one came to buy some apples. I looked at the money in my hand as if I ought to return it, but I soon learned that you are not respected in that country unless you make all the money you can, and it's a grievous "faux pas" to give anything away. Everyone out there intends to make money, and get rich if they can, and there is no free hospitality, such as you find in the South. You pay for everything you get out West, and some pay by rich experience, but from the first I seemed to be lucky and fortunate.

The fishing season was on and my boats rented well from the start. I sold a lot of apples and late blackberries, milk, eggs and chickens, and our living cost us almost nothing. About all I had to buy was oil, sugar, and fresh meat. Our fire-wood was cut right on the

place. In the heating stove over the light wood, we always laid slabs of bark stripped from the trees, which made a fire almost as steady and hot as coke or coal. After a month or more of beautiful, bright weather, when we enjoyed the drives, boating, and trips to Everett, and the smaller towns of "Hartford," "Snohomish," "Machias," "Granite Falls" and "Rucker's Mill," the rainy season set in, but we were safely housed. No one minds that rain out there, anyway. I know when I first went there, I amused everyone by saying, "The rain is not as wet here as it is in the East." It does not seem so wet for it comes down more gently, like a heavy fog. People seldom carry umbrellas, but dress for the wet weather. It was my great delight to go out in a raincoat, rubber boots, bare-headed, for I love to feel the rain upon my head. But when it rained very hard, I put on Boyd's rubber helmet. I expect I am one of the very few people in the world who love rainy weather. Too many sunny days keep one buoyed up too much on false hopes. One needs the rainy days to relax in, and think and work.

The chickens needed lots of extra care in the rainy season, and in the early fall I had to break up lots of broody hens who were determined they would set, even though the weather was so inclement. Eggs rose to 40 cents, 50 cents,—yes, 60 cents a dozen—and, of course, hens must be coaxed to lay for they never lay willingly when eggs are that high. But shortly before

Thanksgiving found my brood happily through moulting and laying eggs, which I sold in the stores for 5 cents apiece. One does not need the goose that lays the golden egg in that country of sawmills, where the demand for eggs so far surpasses the supply.

We packed two barrels of Wolf River and Baldwin apples for our own use, wrapping each apple in a square of newspaper, and in April the Wolf Rivers came out with their color as beautiful and as perfect as when we packed them in October. Then I sold all the rest of the apples, or made cider, for which I got a big price by supplying families in Everett.

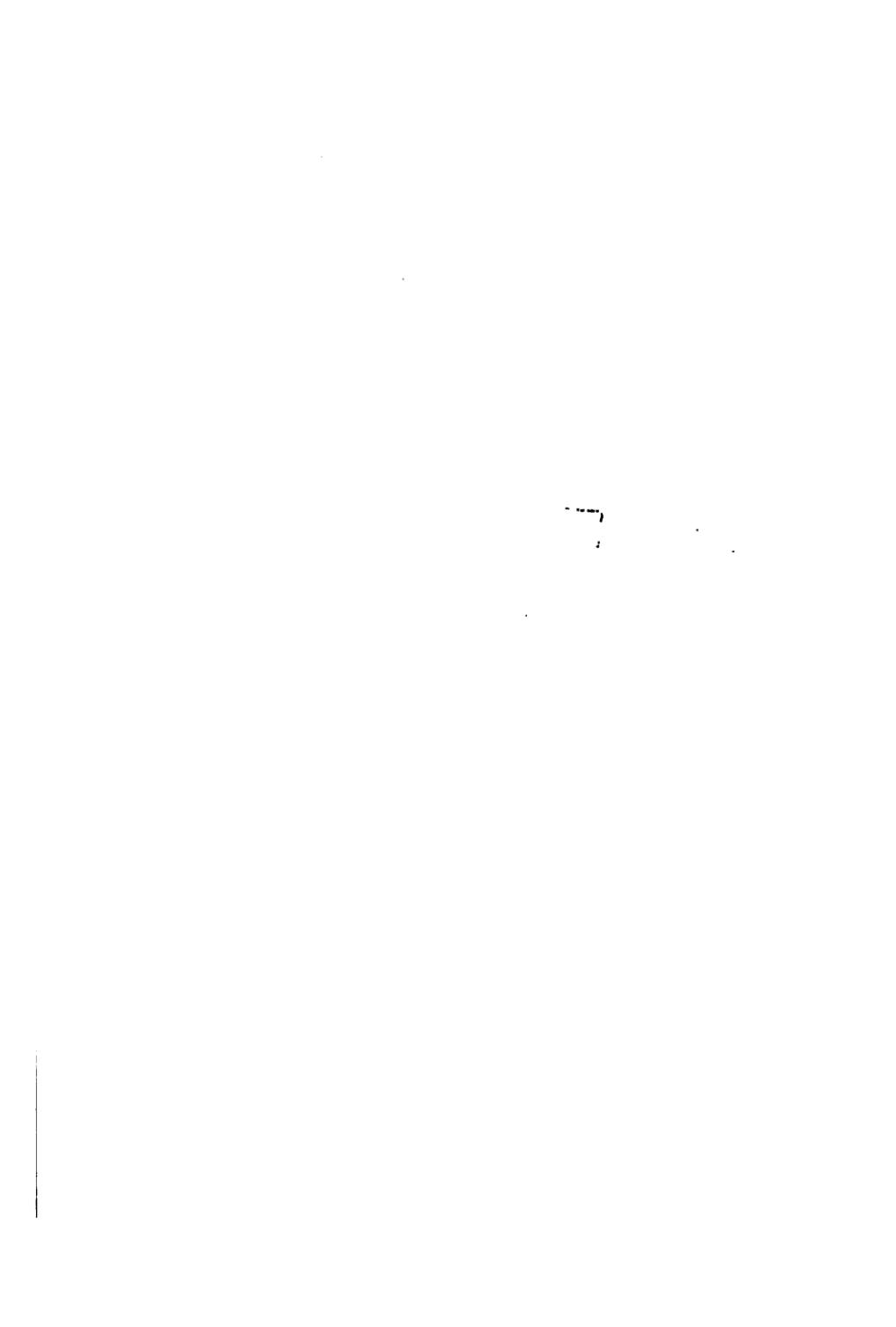
I can not recall all the names of the books I read to Boyd that winter. He liked biographies of famous men, and the story of LaFayette's life and Napoleon's stormy career were his favorites. But his favorite book, and which I had to re-read until I knew almost every word of it, was Parkman's "Oregon Trail." A geology attracted him for a while and I read "The Virginians" aloud to him and some short foreign sketches of Irving, which I enjoyed as much as he did. Irving's "American Sketch Book" he knew almost by heart, and he was never tired of "Rip Van Winkle;" Cooper's "Indian Stories," "Tales from Shakespeare," Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales," Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Nicholas Nickleby" were other stories read. He was never tired of lying on the floor and laughing at the outlandish performances of "Don Quixote," "Rozmante," and "Sancho

Panza." His favorite attitude when I was reading to him was to lie on the polished floor, his head on a pillow and his arms around beloved Duke. "Youth's Companion" came to him every week, and Madame Frèchette sent me "Harper's Bazar."

An auto stage from Granite Falls to Everett passed our home twice a day, and once it broke down in front of our place, and Boyd was very much interested in seeing the man fix it. He studied every part of it carefully, or must have done so, for he began to build an auto for himself. He took sawhorses for the foundation, and a real buggy top, well worn and shabby, made the tonneau. My wash bench made the front and on top of it was a coffee barrel, which looked much like the long front part of an auto. Lard pails with candles in them made the lights. Piece by piece he found junk until he had in counterfeit every part of the auto. Going into Everett we had to pass the "Summer Iron Works," and here he often found a piece of iron that was just what he wanted. He had the spark plug, but he could not get the noise, and, fortunately, the gasoline smell was lacking. He had Willie under the engine "chooing" like an auto until Willie rebelled, and then he took the inside of an old phonograph and, by letting her go, got just the right effect. I can not tell you how many people came to see that auto, and how much interest it aroused. It certainly was very clever and showed some mechanical genius to have been evolved by a lad of eight years.



BOYD WATCHING THE AUTOS GO BY.



I was kept so busy, I happily had little time to think, but, of course, I had some dreadfully blue days, when I seemed unable to go on. My mother and other of my near relatives were at this time living in Paris, France. Every one at the Lake and in Everett were most kind to us, but there was this tragedy in our lives which I could not forget. It seemed like a deep gulf between me and those who tried to be my friends. Sometimes, I could almost see a hand outstretched to help me, but I never dared to grasp it, and call out I never would, save in some time of deep distress, when I would throw myself on a log in "Coon's Woods" and ask God to help me through. My misfortune and sorrows had made me ajar with the world and I did not dare to let any one approach us. Sometimes the infinite shivering solitude of the whole thing would come over me and I cried for my child's sake—never for my own. I found out afterwards that nearly every one realized there was something tragic in our lives, something they did not know, and would not ask me. The Chief of Police of Everett came out to Lake Stevens once in a while to hunt and fish, and he told a friend of mine, "I knew Mrs. McIntyre was not a ranchwoman the first time I ever saw her." Very few questioned me and even when friendly inquiries would be made my voice would fail to answer, and the effort they might have made to help me vanished like the mists over Lake Stevens, which I saw every morning when I went out early to open the chicken-house door and liberate the eager chickens within.

CHAPTER XI.

DETECTIVES SEARCHING THE COUNTRY—SOME INTERESTING LETTERS.

Only God knows how I worked on that ranch, worked to try and make the income, at least, as much as the outgoing expenses,—worked to try and keep us decently clothed and fed, and my little boy properly taught and raised. Worked until my hands bled from the toil and exposure, and, when in April, 1910, they took us so roughly from our Lake Stevens' ranch, strangers in Everett crossed the street to give me their sympathy; and on the way back to Ohio, after my child had been put in my charge by the Everett Judge to be delivered over in Sandusky, people on the train expressed their sympathy to me, and for my child. My hands were bandaged as they were bruised from the outside toil I was compelled to do while working for my child at Lake Stevens. Many a time I had to be trusted for the sack of flour needed to make bread, for all I had in the world I put into that ranch, but the merchants were always good to me and trusted me just as if I had a bank account and was drawing money under a real name.



MRS. BREWER'S BOY AND HER SISTER'S BOY.
"My boy is a blonde with very blue eyes; my sister's boy is a most decided brunette,
with the darkest hair and eyes."



The fact that we were compelled to live under an assumed name worried me more than anything else, but, of course, I could not even call my child "Curtis," but to keep his real name in remembrance, I had him write it when he did his writing exercises. Also I hung in our dining-room a large picture of an Indian head by a famous artist. The artist's name, "Curtis," was printed in large letters under the picture, and so his real name was constantly in sight of my child. Then alone in the house my child and I often talked of Ohio and Sandusky, but Boyd never asked me to take him back. Once in a great while he would say: "Mother, I should never have learned to ride my pony if this great trouble had not come upon us."

It is not my intention to write anything save what my little boy and I experienced. What happened and was done in the East, I had nothing to do with. Of course, rumors and anonymous letters galore reached me. I knew they had taken my only child absolutely from me, had refused to allow me to assign my alimony, had entered my sister's home, and demanded my boy, and that a New York attorney and officials of the New York Central Railway had urged my sister to sue for damages for the treatment she had received. The "New York Journal" of May 29, 1906, said:

"Deputy-Sheriff Lawrence and Pinkerton detectives, who, in a five months' search for Mrs. Brewer and her five-year-old son, Curtis, whom she kidnapped,

trailed her sister to her home in White Plains, where they were discomfited last night; they declared to-day that they were on the right trail now, and would find the real Mrs. Brewer. The Deputy-Sheriff and the Pinkertons went last night to the sister's home. She is much like her sister, and has a boy about the same age who resembles Curtis Brewer. (N. B.—My boy is a blonde with very blue eyes—my sister's boy a most decided brunette, with the darkest hair and eyes.)

"When the officers were admitted to her house, Deputy-Sheriff Lawrence produced his writ of habeas corpus, issued by Justice J. Keogh, calling for the production of Curtis Brewer, and was about to serve it upon the sister when they were told of their mistake by the sister, who showed them the door and said, 'Good-day, gentlemen.' One burly policeman, watching the sister's home the night before, had taken refuge from the rain under the porch and got rheumatism." Now, he will cross to the other side of the street rather than to hear my sister ask: "How is your rheumatism?" The "New York Journal" contained pictures of my boy and myself with this announcement:

"TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD."

"Two hundred dollars reward will be paid for the arrest and holding till my arrival of Mrs. Annette Fitch-Brewer, medium height, weight 130 pounds, sallow complexion, large mouth, good teeth, high cheek-



"MY BOY AND MY SISTER'S BOY WHEN 12
YEARS OLD."

17:

bones, dark hair, gray eyes, small hands and feet, who abducted Curtis Brewer, six years old, dark hair, blue eyes, from Cleveland, Ohio, December 27, 1905.

“ \$50.00 reward will be paid for news of her whereabouts without arrest, source of information kept confidential.

“ PINKERTON NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY,
New York City.”

One persistent sleuth went often to a brother's house, but he could not frighten my sister-in-law. He would draw my picture out of his pocket and say, “ And here's her picture.” My sister-in-law with the wit of a Patrick Henry, to whom she is said to be related, would say, “ Is that Annette? Why, I think Annette is much better looking than that and I never saw her wear clothes like that.” She little knew how nearly she hit the nail on the head. That picture taken in the opera cloak, large hat and boa, were not my clothes. It was a photo taken by Mr. Bishop at the time of the play “ The New Dominion.” I took the part of the widow in the play, which our Dramatic Club, “ The Joe Jefferson ” Club, gave for charity in the Sandusky Opera House. One can not take part in a play in one's own clothes, they must be heavily disguised, so a well known society woman of Sandusky loaned me those gorgeous clothes. They should have asked her permission before they exhibited her clothes all over the world.

What my relatives endured, is as Kipling says, "Quite another story," and I have neither time nor inclination to dwell upon it. My last visit in New York, in the fall of 1905, had been at the home of a cousin in New York. His wife was a beautiful Kentucky girl. A man followed her until she turned one day and stamped her foot and said, "I'd like to know what you are following me for. If you don't stop it, I'll tell my husband."

A very kind and respected man and his wife took charge of my mother's home in Jefferson, and a man walked up and down in front of her house until she went out and said to him, "I want to know what you are doing here. You make me nervous and if you don't leave this minute I'll call my husband." The man disappeared and never came back.

I have the correspondence between the lawyer on the other side and Madame Frèchette and Chas. Gleason, and I must say that poor, sweet, refined Madame Frèchette could not understand the way the lawyer on the other side wrote to her. But I will say that after Mr. Peeke met Madame Frèchette in her home at Ottawa, and Mr. Gleason in Seattle, his manner towards them and me changed remarkably, and very apparently. October 25, 1906, he gave an affidavit before Justice Lewis in Seattle, which is one of my most treasured keepsakes I have to give my little boy. In it he says that in all his wanderings and

going to places where I had been, he found the child had been treated with kindness, had been instructed by Mrs. Brewer, "as far as the circumstances would allow," and was convinced by what he had heard that Mrs. Brewer's dominating motive in taking away the child was her great motherly affection for the child. "The affiant is convinced and believes that the said Annette F. Brewer has a deep and abiding affection for said child and that the dominating motive in her removing the child from the custody of the Common Pleas Court of Erie County, Ohio, was her affection for said child and the affiant believes she has no intention of contempt for the authority of this Court. That the strain in which the said Annette F. Brewer has been under for the last ten months has in affiant's opinion, and from the evidence that has come to his knowledge, affected the health of Mrs. A. F. Brewer.

"In affiant's opinion, there can be no substantial benefit to anybody by punishing her for contempt of Court, which in affiant's opinion is more technical than otherwise."

(Signed) HEWSON PEEKE.

After the visits at New York, Turks' Island, and in Alberta and Montana, Mr. Peeke reached Seattle and met Mr. Gleason; and when he found that Mr. Gleason's position and reputation in Seattle made it impossible for him to even bring habeas corpus proceedings against him in Seattle, of course there was an attempt made to come to some agreement, but all the

agreements were that the poor little boy must go into a school. Would you put a delicate child of seven, eight, or nine years of age in a school when he was well, and you could teach him yourself, and when you were receiving letters with such extracts in them as this:

“ The time will never come that Mrs. Annette Fitch-Brewer can take up her residence in Sandusky. She could come at intervals to visit the child, or for some temporary purpose, but that would be all, and that would be not because of Mr. Brewer or myself, because I do not care, but because the Court would not tolerate it, and, in the second place, I feel that a very brief experiment with the public opinion of this town would convince Mrs. Brewer it would not be best for her to live here permanently. I trust you will pardon the frank statement, that, *she would find it lonesome.*”

(Signed) H. L. PEEKE.

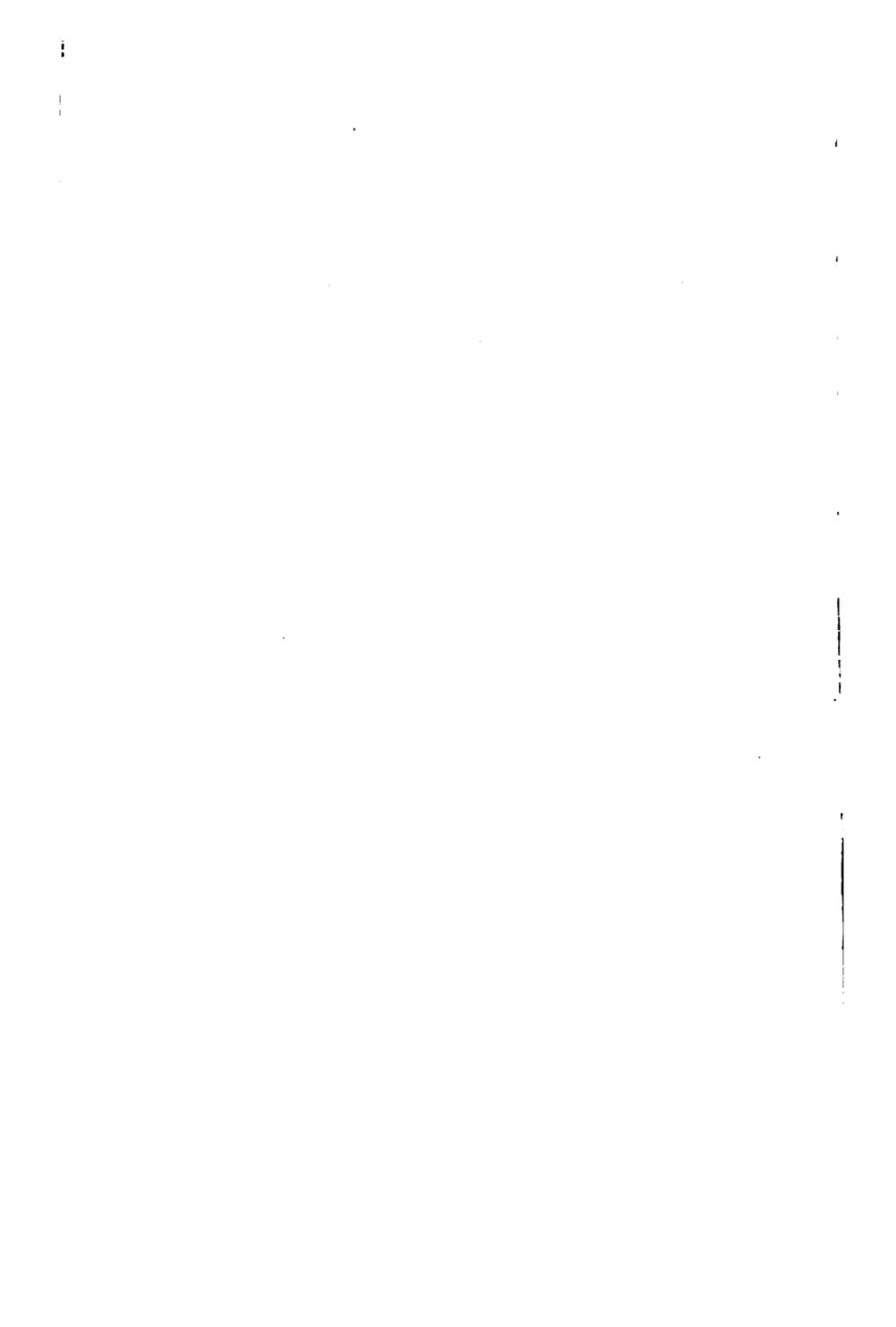
In February, 1908, a letter was sent to Madame Fréchette that Mr. Brewer was to adopt another boy.

“ In my opinion, one month from to-day will see a boy in I. C. Brewer’s home. The boy under consideration is but two months older than his son and of good family, and your guess is as good as mine as to which boy it will be. The aunt of the boy under consideration has just died, and we will very shortly be compelled to fish or cut bait.”

(Signed) H. L. PEEKE.



MRS. BREWER AS A RANCH WOMAN.



In a letter to my brother, Mr. Peeke speaks of there being "three warrants out against her."

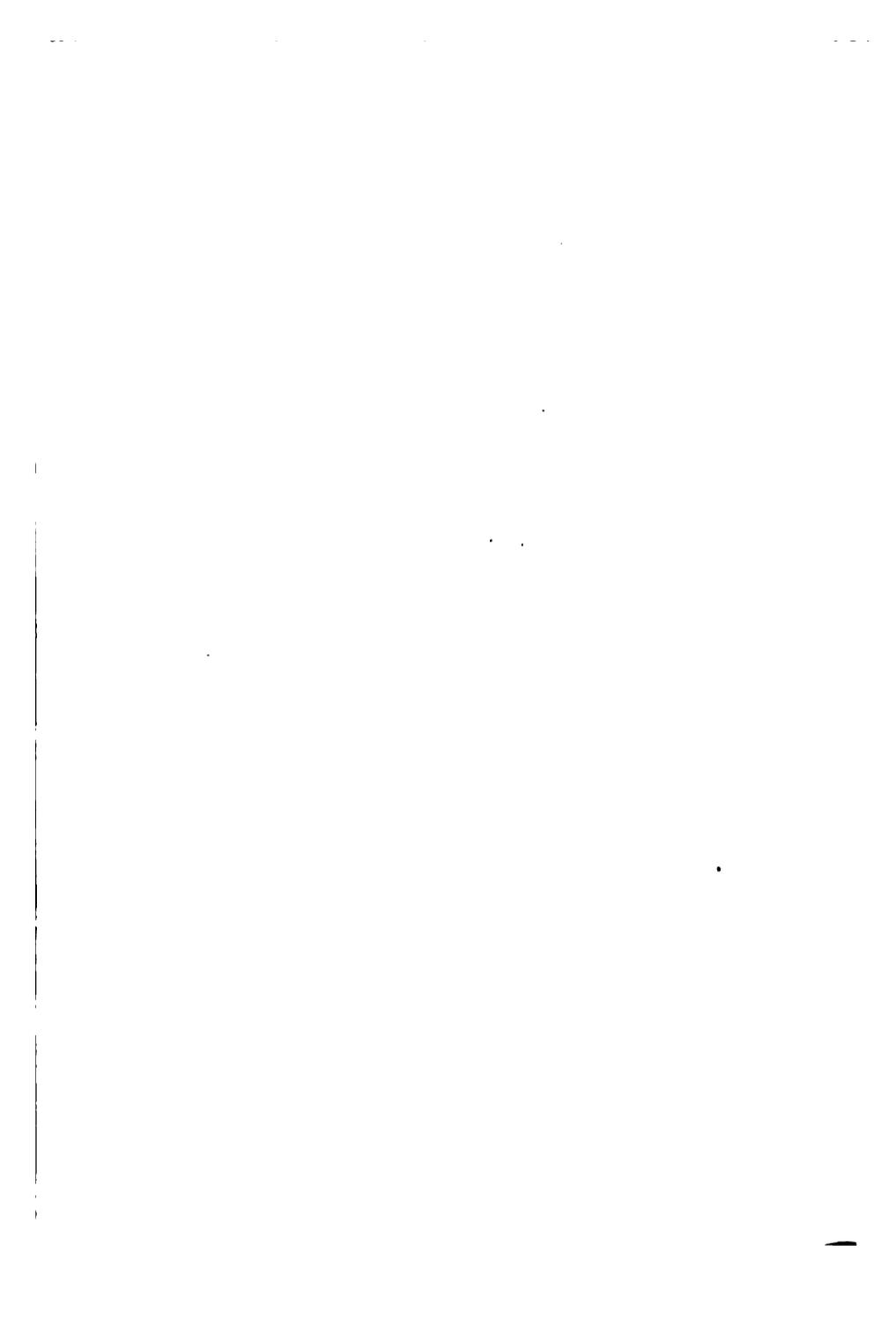
Of course, I wanted to go home, but I could not feel that an agreement signed merely by the parties had any weight and so I asked that the Court should put its seal and signature to it.

"Sept. 7, 1907.

"It seems that Mrs. Brewer is now demanding that Judge Reed sign the contract. It is needless for me to point out to you the absurdity of this position. I am inclined to allow Mrs. Brewer to continue to roam in maiden meditation, fancy free, if that is the alternative." (Signed) H. L. PEEKE.

This was just at the time I was moving up to the Lake Stevens' ranch, and I assure you I was not "roaming in maiden meditation, fancy free," for I was a very busy ranchwoman. To be sure the 130 pounds had been increased somewhat by the bracing Puget air, and wholesome country food, my hair was no grayer than my eyes, which were always hazel. I had never been accused of having "high cheek-bones," but, anyway, now the contour of my face was decidedly round, and the longer I stayed away from Ohio, the rounder it got. The sallow complexion had been replaced by the healthy red glow of the Pacific Coast. Fortunately, my teeth were still good, and I did not fear the description on the posters as much as I had. I grew

calm, and no one can help but sleep soundly under the shadow of the Puget Sound Mountains. The minute the sun disappeared into Lake Stevens the chill of the mountain snows is felt, and even in August one must have heavy blankets over them at night, and be warmly clothed when driving after the sun has set.



THE SNOHOMISH RIVER, NEAR
EVERETT, WASHINGTON.

M. T. BAKER
FROM LAKE
STEVENS



"Right here is
the broad Sno-
homish River
nearing its mouth
where it enters
the salt waters of
Puget Sound."

"This mountain is plainly seen from the
hill on my ranch at Lake Stevens."

CHAPTER XII.

DAILY LIFE ON OUR FAR-WESTERN RANCH.

The fishing in Lake Stevens is good in April at the beginning of the season and again in October near the end of the fishing season. The last spring we were there 40,000 rainbow trout were placed in Lake Stevens by the County Game Warden. The "fry" were taken from the Hatchery at Startup to Lake Stevens in an auto truck owned by a storage company. The baby trout were placed in various parts of the lake in shallow water, where they would be somewhat protected from the ravaging mature trout. Several years previous 30,000 rainbows had been placed in the lake and some of them now weigh two and a half pounds. 10,000 eastern brook trout have also been placed in Lake Stevens.

Of course, in mid-summer fishermen go to the mountains and fish in the running streams in which that country abounds. As soon as the fishing season was over my boats had to be taken out of the water and put in the boat-house. My boat-house was the original one built twenty years ago when the "homestead" was taken up. Among my boats was a "Siwash canoe" dug out of a

log by a Siwash Indian no one knows how many years ago and a "dug-out" hollowed from an immense log by a pioneer on this Lake Stevens' "homestead."

My boat-house was useful but not very ornamental, being built of cedar "shakes." In that Western country the pioneers built first a cedar "shake" instead of a log house as in New England, the South, and "Middle West."

I had often wondered how they stripped those cedar strips off and it was explained to me one day for I found the old implement they peeled the "shakes" off with in an out-building on my place. It is called a "frow" and peels the cedar bark off in large slices or slabs and they make a very decent covering for a roof or the side of a house.

Once in a while we drove in to Everett to see Mrs. Davies. She always liked to hear about everything on the place and I generally took her in some of the fine apples she loved so well. Everett is rather queerly situated. From our ranch that first year we drove through dark woods several miles, turning more westward all the time, for when we started the road had gone nearly south.

A steep hill brings us to the road turning towards "Snohomish" which was at first the county seat instead of Everett. From this point a magnificent view of the Olympic Mountains across Puget Sound could be seen and at night the lights of Everett, shining like a thousand glowworms, can be seen at this turn of the

highway. Along one side of the road ran a slough that emptied into the Snohomish River and the water of which was, of course, influenced by the tides. Further on we came to a road branching off towards Everett and here we turned, for the road we had been on went on to another town called "Marysville." Right here some wonderful work had been done in clearing by donkey engines. It was considered so fine a piece of work that articles and pictures concerning it were published in a leading Pacific Coast magazine.

The huge stumps were pulled up by the donkey engines and piled in tremendous stacks and then burned. We went by one night when one of these titanic brush heaps was burning and it was rather an appalling sight. The soil on these cleared lowlands was very rich and garden truck is now raised there by Italians who carry their vegetables into the Everett market. But in spite of the "dikes" built this land would always overflow and sometimes there were weeks when we would be shut off from Everett. One fall it became so serious there was danger of our groceries giving out as no freight could get in by railroad and no one could drive into Everett from Lake Stevens.

There was a high bridge over the slough just after we turned off the Marysville road and then we entered a most peculiar stretch of road. It was through a marsh and a plank road had been built. As fast as one layer of planks would wear out another layer would be laid right on top of them so the road was now quite

a bit above the marshy ground. Then another slough called "Dead Water Slough" was reached with a bridge running over it. Then a branch of the Northern Pacific Railway was crossed over a most dangerous crooked grade crossing.

Then one came to a long, long bridge built anew of wood every few years or so and leading down past the "Summer Iron Works" where steamboats are repaired and large engines built. Right here is the broad Snohomish River nearing its mouth where it enters the salt waters of Puget Sound. The old bridge used to be directly in front of the Summer Iron Works but there is now a magnificent new bridge the approaches to which alone cost \$50,000 and leading into the "Riverside" of Everett. You must know that Everett is almost an island. The sound is on one side and the Snohomish River winds around so that the city is almost entirely surrounded by water.

Between the Marysville road and the Summer Iron Works there was not one house and I was always scared to death to travel over this part of the road for murdered bodies had been found more than once at "Dead Water Slough," but Saturday evening was the great time for all the country people to go in town and so we generally had lots of company along the way, but I knew if anything attacked us we never could escape with our horse, "Buck." He was faithful, but oh, so slow. Going in town it was down hill all the

way so it was not so bad, but some of the drives home were fearful and you could always count upon our being the last ones home.

Everett is a well laid out town of magnificent distances. The extremely wide main avenue, "Hewitt Avenue," extends from Puget Sound to the Snohomish River. The town on the Sound is called "Bayside" and the town towards the river is called "Riverside," these two parts of Everett being joined by a viaduct over the railroad tracks. It rather amused me at first to hear the people talking about "Bayside" and "Riverside." At night these Western cities make a great deal of the electric lighting and I don't think I ever saw at an exposition or on Broadway, the night I walked down after election when the returns were being thrown out and pictures of different politicians and political war-cries and advertising signs all in electricity, anything more beautiful than Hewitt Ave., when it is lighted up at night. Arches of electric lights were thrown across the street, and, of course, there were electrical signs galore. You can imagine how pretty it looked to us after our dark, dismal drive along "Dead Water Slough." In times of high water my little boy and I have often driven through water higher than the hubs of our wagon. Boats were tied to the telephone poles and boys would row people in over the ditch at the roadside for 10 or 15 cents per ride. It always made me laugh for we would be floundering through water but when we met another vehicle everyone would

bow and smile pleasantly as if there was nothing at all the matter. We certainly do adapt ourselves readily to circumstances. The third year we were at Lake Stevens an enterprising real estate company came, platted the land leading from "Dead Water Slough," surveyed nice wide avenues and named them nice names, like "Euclid," "Cherry," etc., and sold the lots. Every lot sold had a sign "sold" sticking on it and Boyd used to say, "it should be 'stung,' mother."

We knew what was coming. Sure enough the flood of 1909 was the worst one we had had and the water rose and rose until it had reached the second story of the nice new bungalows, and boats were tied in front instead of a horse and buggy. Something had to be done so last year they did most wonderful work along this road. Deep ditches were dug, dikes constructed, more bridging was built, the chocolate-colored mud was scraped off and several different kinds of rock were put on the road. Finally a stone crusher was rolled over and now they have the finest road one can imagine. When I was back there last Fall this work was going on and I was glad I had as peaceful an animal as "Buck" for the more spirited animals were always afraid of that huge stone crusher and autos could not run until the road was finished.

Of course it seems rather peculiar to an Eastern person to live in a country where there is not much history running back of the Civil War, but it always made me applaud the West when I saw how rapidly they make

history and how much of it they do make after they once start. Everett is only a trifle over twenty years old. So many, many people can remember when it was the primeval forest.

An Ohio man, Clarence Olin, from Windsor in my home county, Ashtabula, was one who helped to clear the town site. They laid the streets out in wide, western widths, but they have not been disappointed for Everett has grown to fulfill their happiest anticipations.

Snohomish, eight miles from Everett, is a much older town and looks quaintly, like a bit of New England. The county seat was formerly here and the story runs that the feud over the county seat became so lively that Snohomish men guarded the court-house, but in spite of that the records were obtained and carried to Everett and a most sightly court-house built there. This was told to me by Mrs. Chase who was in the county clerk's office when it happened. Perhaps they deserved then the fate which met them two years ago when Everett had a most disastrous fire. In fact the city was full of "firebugs" and fires were started in several different sections of the city at one time. A spark from a fire-engine-house and livery-stable burning on an opposite corner lighted on the beautiful court-house and in spite of its being brick it was completely gutted.

There was then some talk of removing the court-house back to Snohomish but Everett won out and now they have a new building built of cement in the mission style so prevalent in California. But Snohomish has

at last "got even." In 1910 Everett went "dry" but Snohomish stayed "wet." I happened to be driving into Everett the day after election and I was much provoked because a long string of huge vans held us up at the bridge and it was almost one hour before I could go across. When I got in town I was told that it was the saloons moving over to Snohomish. They had truly taken up their "bars" and walked. So now there is a boom on in Snohomish and the shingle men and employees of lumber camps and mills go to Snohomish Saturdays to spend their wages instead of to Everett. There must be a question in socialism mixed up in that somewhere. I know when I started West a year ago Clarence Darrow, of Chicago, had been to Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Everett and so forth, "just the night before," lecturing in favor of the saloons. I wanted to catch up with him because I wanted to talk with him, but he was ahead of me all the way. He is another prominent American who came out of our little corner in Northeastern Ohio—"Benighted Ashtabula."





BOYD UNDER WATER SWIMMING.

"The canoe was carved out of a log many years ago by a Siwash Indian."

CHAPTER XIII.

“THE COUNTRY ROUND APPEARETH STRAIGHT—A FLOWER-GARDEN SMILING.”

As I stated before, Lake Stevens is about three miles long and differs in width. Where we were it is about one mile to the opposite shore. In the deep bay in the center it is fully three miles from shore to shore and in the bay running by Mr. Illman's it was scarcely a half-mile across. Next to Mr. Illman's was the large lumber mill of the first capacity built at the north-eastern end of the lake. As the owner of this mill is an Ohio man it might interest you to hear a little of what an Ohio man has done out in Washington. Raised in the southern part of the Buckeye State the story goes that he and his brother went to the Coast. They happened to be at a hotel—the door between their room and the next was not quite closed. They overheard railroad men talking of a new railway to go through where Everett now stands. They went right over there and took up a homestead on the town site of Everett. You can guess the rest. They are among the millionaires in Washington to-day. Their settlement around the mill at Lake Stevens is a “model town.” They

have their own stores, a brick bank, meat market, and houses are built for the mill employees, costing at least \$1,000, the better ones for the officials of the mill, very attractive bungalows, costing at least \$2,500. The "bunk-houses" are fitted up with bath-rooms, reading-rooms, etc., for the men and they go to a clean "cook-house" to get their meals where the owners of the mill who started life in a log hut frequently sit down and eat a meal with the laborers. When the owners of this mill had prospered to such an extent that they could, they sent back to Ohio for their mother and she had every comfort and luxury until she died. They built her a mansion on a high hill overlooking the town of Everett. Puget Sound with its picturesque islands in front and at one side the snowy Olympics; and on the other, white Mt. Baker, Monte Christo, White Horse and gray Mt. Pilchuck. When this mother died a few years ago these sons built a memorial to her which cost over \$150,000. They sent to quarries above Lake Stevens and got huge blocks of granite, one came down each time on a flat car. "They say" there is not another such mausoleum save in Egypt. Over the door of the tomb is a bronze figure of the mother in her favorite rocking chair with her knitting in her hand and underneath are carved the words "A perfect mother."

A good physician is employed by the mill owners and has his office and drug store next to the mill. There are also several churches at this settlement and

a finely built modern schoolhouse with the best of teachers. It was this school my child attended for a short time and the one from which he was taken by a deputy-sheriff, Mrs. Sterling and Mr. Peeke in the spring of 1910.

I did quite a bit of trading at the Lake Stevens Trading Company's store, and by a queer coincidence a man clerking in the store had lived in Unionville and had worked at my brother Winchester's country place at Unionville, Ohio. In some casual conversation while buying groceries I had discovered this and it rather worried me for I am said to resemble my brother, but I did most of my ordering by telephone and, anyway, when I went anywhere I was heavily veiled with a most convenient auto veil, but it was a relief once in a while to hear this man talk of Ohio scenes so familiar once to me.

In the summer of 1909 a Mr. Harper of Harpersfield came to visit this man, and just before he took the train for Ohio he came up to my ranch to see if he could get some trout. I was making a bed in the bedroom back of the living-room, so most fortunately, when I heard a man coming up on the porch I called out, "What's wanted?" He answered, "I am visiting Mr. J—and am returning to Ohio to-night and I wondered if I could get some trout." I said, without letting him see me, "Are you from Ohio?" And when he answered: "I am Mr. Harper, of Harpersfield, Ohio," you may rest content I was right glad I

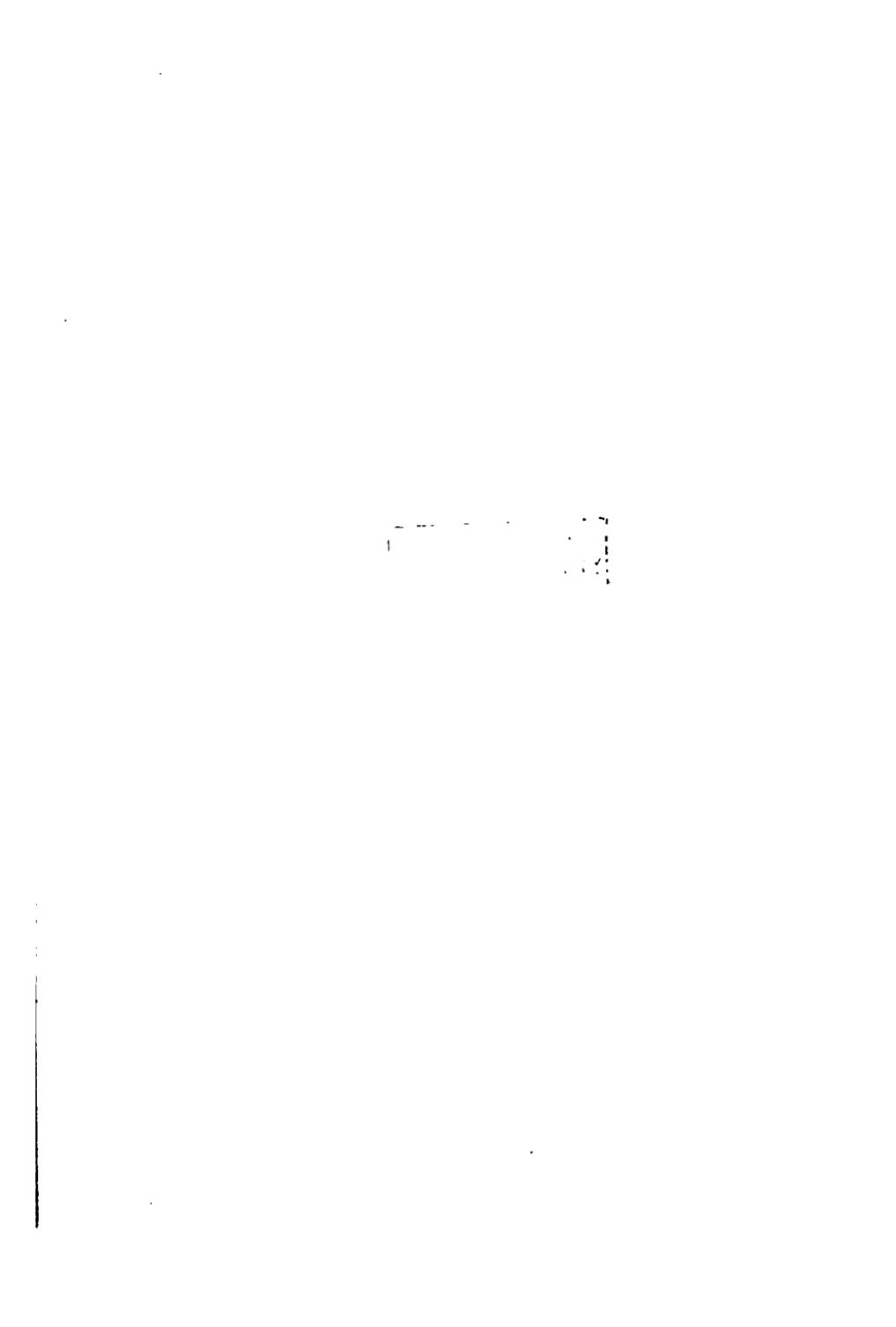
had not allowed him to see my face. We carried on quite a conversation about Ohio and the East—he on the porch, I behind the door in the bed-room. The Harper family and my mother's family—the Winchesters—had been friends for several generations. The Harper home, "Shandy Hall," at Harpersfield, Ohio, is one of the oldest on the Western Reserve and is historic. It was one of my greatest delights when a child to go there to call upon Miss Ellen Harper, a most charming lady. In the early days many illustrious people were entertained at this house and to-day it is filled with rare old heirlooms and is still kept in the Harper family, who hold reunions there every summer. The banqueting hall has scenic wall-paper which was brought on horseback over the trail from Buffalo. This especial Mr. Harper had done carpentry work and other work for my brother and would most certainly have recognized me.

Christmas is great fun in an evergreen country where you can go right out in the front yard and pick a fine Christmas tree. I think the tree "Boyd" and his friend William picked for our Christmas, 1907, was as large as they could possibly get under our humble roof, and, of course, they expected me to cover it. I did pretty well with the help of "Sears and Roebuck," in Chicago, and the "Bon Marche," in Seattle, and, "Boyd" can tell you that he had a fine Christmas that year. The day itself was gloomy and rainy, but inside we made as much Christmas cheer as possible.

RUCKER BROTHERS' MILL.



The Settlement around the mill at Lake Stevens is a
model town.



The beautiful "Oregon grape," which grows along the roadsides, made wonderfully pretty wreaths and decorations. About all I got that day was the dinner, but it was a good one, and nearly everything on the table came from our place. The fowl, the potatoes, the vegetables, the splendid apples, the jelly, etc., and the bread and pies I had made myself, so I had some reason for being proud over it.

Early in January I began setting hens as fast as they got broody, for early broilers bring fancy prices on the coast. I suppose everybody has their own notions about raising chickens. I certainly invented many devices I used with broody hens, setting hens and little chickens. After vain attempts at carrying setting hens after dark to a nice, roomy, clean place to "set" I gave up and let the "critters" stay in the spot they had chosen. It was generally a barrel in the wood-house, under the porch, under a pile of boughs in "Coon's Woods," or in the hay in the barn. It was always the chickens hatched in "Coon's Woods" that came out the strongest and best. How proud the old hen looked as she came from the woods with her fine brood of chicks following. She would look up at me as if she would say: "I got ahead of you this time," but I awaited her with a nice wire-covered coop inside of which I had placed some tempting grains. As soon as she was safely in I shut the door and then I had her! There is said to be a great deal of money in hens, but the serious question is how to get it out. I

solved it by never spending a cent on them unless I was obliged to. I bought no incubators nor brooders, and instead of sending away each year for expensive settings of eggs I bought each fall, when chickens were cheap, a few fowls from a flock entirely foreign to my own. I sold lots of eggs for settings at a good price. Fortunately, I had a flock of "Indian Runner Ducks" and as their eggs are fine for cooking, I used them entirely in our home during the setting season. I suppose it will shock my cultured relatives and friends, but I was so proud of my first brood of little chicks that I kept them in cotton in a box by the living-room stove until the next brood came on, and when one died, or in fact any live-stock on my place died, I would sit down and cry and then "Boyd" would say: "Oh, mother, crying over a chicken!" But he was just as bad. I remember one rooster in the flock had been hatched very late in the fall and he was undersized, so "Boyd" nicknamed him "Runty," and he was his especial pet. You might be sure when "Boyd" fed the flock this poor little fowl had the biggest handful of grain each time, but I did not see any use of having him spoil the looks of my flock so one day I put him in a barrel preparatory to having him killed. Presently I saw "Boyd" go and lift up the cover of the barrel and say "Poor little devil." Then he sat down and began to cry. Of course, I went immediately and liberated poor "Runty," and as far as I know he is still happily digging up worms in "Coon's Woods." In fact it was

a serious question of sentiment to solve whenever I had to kill or sell a fowl on the place, and someone's heart had to be broken every time one went. The rooster with the ill-shaped leg could not be killed because that one had broken its leg once and Charlie had set its leg in splinters and cured it, and it must not be killed because every time Charlie fed the chickens it flew up and lighted on his shoulders—so it went. So, finally, whenever I got an order for chickens I went out after dark and grabbed the first thing that came along and got it started off the next morning before daylight. About the only thing I had to guard against out there in raising fowls was the dampness, but I overcame that by keeping the young ones carefully housed. Everything else is ideal for it is green all the year and they can run and forage all winter long.

Ordinary February out there is an ideal month, more like May in the Great Lakes country. There is no marked contrast in the seasons as here. It is just the rainy season, when it rains all the time, and the other season when it doesn't. There is perhaps not so much splendor in the autumn, but what red and golden there is in occasional oaks and maples is shown to great advantage with a massive background of evergreen. Again the spring there does not burst so suddenly into bloom as in Ohio, a few warm days causing the vegetation in a short time to burst out in the East.

In Washington State, as Coleridge says, "and the Spring comes slowly up this way," the advance of

vegetation is less abrupt. In February the pussy willow comes, then gradually its followers come slowly, giving one time to dwell upon each opening beauty. I found them all in "Coon's Woods," or in my wood-lot or in my second growth grove up on the hill shadowing my "cleared pasture lot."

" Fled now the sullen murmurs of the North,
The splendid raiment of the Spring peeps forth,
His universal green and the clear sky
Delight still more and more the gazing eye.

" The spring's already at the gate
With looks my care beguiling.
The country round appeareth straight,
A flower garden smiling."

But there was little time for me to dally with poetry or Nature, for I was too busy. There were a thousand duties to perform, the house to be cleaned, hundreds of little chickens shrilly calling me to feed them five times a day, the boats must be put into the water, repaired and repainted for the spring trade, which commenced foolishly enough with the fishing season on the first of April.

One day I was busy bossing some men who were regrading a new driveway up the hill to the bungalow for me, as the grade was too steep for poor Buck, when the telephone rang. It was Mr. Illman and he wished to warn me that there had been a very suspicious inquiry from a certain office in Everett: "What is the name of the widow who has bought the Davies' Place?"

JK
ARY



BICYCLE TREE—13 FEET, 9 INCHES AT BASE.
"It is hollowed out so a bicycle can ride right through it.
We stopped there and fed our tired horses and
ate our lunch."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE SHADOWS OF A STARLESS NIGHT AND A BLACK WILDERNESS. —OUR UNDERGROUND RAIL- ROAD.

I was not frightened this time. You see I was getting accustomed to it, but a sort of cold, dark, despair settled over me. I moved slowly and tried to reason it out. This warning was different. The others had been certainty, here there was a doubt. There had only been the question asked, and so I was uncertain what to do; but finally decided I had better get to my friends and seek advice. So "Boyd" and I hitched up our steed and slowly wended our way towards the little village northeast of us. Ordinarily it was a drive we took with pleasure as it was through exceedingly pretty scenery. The railroad was near the trail most of the way. They are always having "cave-ins" in the tunnels on this road. Lately the road has been closed for eighteen months on account of some such trouble. A slide of earth from the hills caused one of the tunnels to cave in its roof, filling the tunnel entirely. You may judge from this the difficulties in getting into the town to which we were driving. As we went

through the dark groves of evergreens I thought again and again one could have no more faithful friends to hide us and our secret than these trees of dark shadows, trees of mystery and fate. The afternoon was yet young but not a ray of sunlight penetrated the pine woods. We were hidden, and drove along in silence without one searchlight beam striking us from the sun we knew was shining in the outer world. We needed no better guard than these lofty pines of silence. The Goddess of Silence, if there be one, must have her altar in an evergreen glade. Silence above, silence below, silence all around. Even our horses' feet and the four wheels of our carriage sounded as noiselessly over the carpet of pine needles as a white-garbed sister of mercy walking in her rubber-soled shoes. The evergreen tree can keep a secret all the year through for who can tell when she is shedding her leaves? Always dressed in green, we never know exactly when she changes the new for the old. Always green when the maples, birches, and oaks near her are fantastic in their autumnal garb of orange, yellow and red, a colored scenery with the permanent live green of the evergreens as a background and border. And so as we drove along through the forests that April day I was not afraid. Although Mother Nature was on the alert on every hand with lively hints and fresh suggestions, I was not fearful for I thought the pine trees were our friends,—they were silent and would not tell our secret though enemies might be in pursuit quite close behind

us. Arriving at Granite Falls we talked matters over with Fanny and her husband. We wanted to stay there so much. Never had Fanny's house looked more homelike and inviting. When the Knapps were in Alaska the Indians used to bring many, many gifts to the Governor's house in Sitka and Fanny had a large share of them. She had built a place for them in her upper hall and they were always very interesting to my child and myself. Such beautiful basketry and fine bead work. One card case presented to her was the finest piece of work of this kind that I had ever seen. There was even some carved wood from the historic Russian Castle at Sitka, robes of sealskins and many interesting curios too numerous to mention. Fanny and another Wellesley graduate wrote a most interesting book about Alaskan Indians. They used to invite the natives to the Governor's house and would interview them. At first they tried treating them like white people, but they found they could never glean much information from them unless they allowed them to sit right down on a rug on the floor.

After thinking it over calmly and in every light, Fanny and her husband thought it was best for me to stay away from Lake Stevens for a while. Just the inquiry was suspicious under the circumstances. But there was so much uncertainty we felt quite undecided what to do or which way to turn. We could not stay in Granite Falls because we were hemmed right in there, and there would be no way to get out if we were

discovered. How we dreaded to leave our kind friends, but there was nothing else to do. So, after a splendid dinner, taking with us a lunch and borrowing warm wraps, we bid farewell to the comfortable home and its occupants and started out shortly after dusk. Again we drove, leaving Buck at the stable and getting a fresh team. Neither the driver nor we knew any trail very well except the one that ran directly to Hartford, but we did not want to go that way for it might be watched. There was another route which led towards Seattle, but it was a frightfully rough road and hilly, and crossed over a dangerously rapid mountain river with poor bridges, but we decided to try it. The night was very dark. There was no moon and we had no lantern. We staggered blindly around until after midnight, vainly trying to get on the right trail. We got into people's farmyards, we ran plumb into a gate that opened on to a railway track. We found skid roads and donkey engine roads galore, but we could not find that road to Seattle! Finally, near midnight, we saw a white ranch house in the darkness and we made inquiries there. We were one-half mile from the mill on Lake Stevens. We had staggered since darkness in a circle and had come right back to the point we had started from. We were so sort of mad and tired by this time that we grew reckless, and decided to go right by our home on Lake Stevens and take the Snohomish Road through Machias, and then out of Snohomish over the Snohomish River toward

Maltby and King County. But it was hard to go by our home resting up there on the hillside so peacefully, and the soothing murmurs of Lake Stevens' waters so near us on the other side of the roadway. It was very hard. It was our home, the only real home we had ever had, the only inch of ground I had ever owned, and that was not all paid for. Boyd cried because he wanted his dog "Duke." I cried because it was my home. The driver cried because he heard the sobbing of a woman and a child. "Black despair, the shadow of a starless night, was thrown over the world in which I moved alone."

My child cried himself to sleep and covering him warmly in my arms I held him. We reached the village of Snohomish safely. Its quiet, shady streets were deserted save for the one lone night-watchman with his dark lantern. The striking of our horses' hoofs were heard distinctly penetrating the silence like a sharp hammer stroke, and when we crossed the bridge over the Snohomish River the noise of our buggy and horses sounded like thunder to me. I was afraid we would awaken the inhabitants for miles around. Beyond Snohomish there is a huge tree called the "bicycle tree." It is hollowed out so a bicycler can ride right through it. We stopped there and fed our tired horses and ate our lunch. It was so dark and cold. We wished there was a moon; even clouds covered our good friends, the stars. Then on again! by the

route of the "Underground Railway" towards Seattle, fifty miles away! Isn't it too bad we didn't have an auto?

Fortunately, my beloved child fell asleep again in my arms and I was glad that he did not stay awake to realize the uncertainties of our way. Near the railroad track farther on we got on the wrong trail again and brought up at a lumber camp. We could not see anything, but we could hear some water tearing along beneath us. We yelled at a house to see if we could get some directions and a gruff voice within said: "Go back to the railroad track and cross at the building and follow along the right side of the track." Then a baby began to cry and I was glad for I knew there must be a mother there and so I was not so frightened.

We found the building and by getting out and feeling along the trail we found some ruts, so we hoped we were on the right side of the track. For many miles now this rough trail led through the deep woods. I could not see any road or sky or stars or anything. The journey being so monotonous and we necessarily being obliged to let the horses take their own way, trusting to a horse's sagacity to bring us out all right, the driver dropped his whip and went to sleep. I then had to hold both the reins and my sleeping boy. I did not want to become drowsy, so I sat and thought, and thought, and thought.

I remembered stories of the "Underground Railway" in Ohio when my Grandfather Winchester and

my Great-grandfather Hubbard had been among those who assisted black refugees to escape. Especially I remembered one time when Milton Clark visited us at our home in Jefferson, Ohio. He was the original of "George Harris" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and used to tell Mrs. Stowe stories which she afterwards wove into her book. He came up from the South just before the Civil War to lecture, and while in Madison, Ohio, the slave masters from Kentucky came to get him. My Grandfather Winchester and others would not let him go back to Kentucky without a fight, and started with him for Jefferson—the slave masters being in a separate rig. Clark had on a very peculiar coat and as darkness drew on my grandfather changed coats with him. They then hurried on and at a convenient turn in the road Clark jumped out and hid under a bridge. The slave masters still seeing the peculiar coat, followed that, and never knew their mistake until they reached Jefferson, when Milton Clark was safely hidden away at a station of the "Underground Railway." This particular station is a picturesque brick mansion and is still standing, and the wooden bridge under which he hid is not far distant. This man, Milton Clark, visited us in Jefferson when I was a little girl. It was the first time he had been back to Ohio since the event occurred. Of course the slave masters never caught him and he was not taken back to Kentucky, for he made his way to Boston where he was given work. For many years he was a guard at

the sub-treasury in Boston and was called the "Watch-dog of the Treasury." Milton Clark, or "Geo. Harris" as Mrs. Stowe called him in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," showed us after these many years the exact spot in Madison where he was caught and the slave masters tied him, and I remember how excited he was when he explained, "There is the spot." He pointed out the bridge under which he hid and the brick house where he was afterwards taken and secreted. Of course it made a great impression upon our childish minds. It seemed queer to think that here I was trying to escape, but I had two to think of instead of only one. Where should I go? I did not know. I thought of those lines from Milton: "The world was all before them, where to choose their place of rest, and Providence their guide. They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow, through Eden took their solitary way."

But at last the blessed dawn appeared, although it took it long to penetrate the dark woods through which we were driving southwestward. We knew there must be stations along the track so we followed that, in hopes we could find a village and get some breakfast. Our horses fed and our breakfast eaten we started on again, but the trail was so indistinct we got lost again, for we followed up the wrong side of the track and landed at a ranchman's gate! So back we turned and retraced our steps, undoing what we had

just done, which is at all times a disagreeable task, and more so now as our horses were getting weary and we were tired and hungry. Back to Woodinville! By this time it was school-time and we saw many happy children with their lunch pails going to the district schools. A huge, white cross had attracted Boyd's bright eye. Its black letters said upon it:

“KING COUNTY.”

It was on the line between Snohomish and King County. We reached a small town which is situated on this southern marshy end of Lake Washington. Small steamers run between here and Seattle! From here on the drive was ideal—a veritable park, but much more beautiful than any laid out by man, for this was Nature and God's own handiwork. The day was bright and beautiful. It was spring and Washington's state flower, the rhododendron, was all in bloom and took my memory back to the mountain laurel of Virginia that I had seen in 1891 when we drove over Cheat Mountain and into picturesque scenery in West Virginia.

We drove through acres and acres of tangled wilderness, wading through the waving ferns. The dense undergrowth of vines and ferns and the damp, moist air were almost tropical. Standing towering above them were the giants of the Western Forest, firs, cedars and spruces. Cedars attain a height of 40 feet and are often over 10 feet in diameter. The Douglas

spruce towers several hundred feet and with its many companions makes a forest, dark, close and almost inaccessible.

I grew to know the different varieties of evergreen trees by the bark. On the cedar the bark is cinnamon colored, on the spruce the bark is thick and very furrowed, the fir has a smooth silver covering and the pine is clad in a thick bark like a warrior's armour.

Suddenly we reached a clearing from which a wide view of beautiful Lake Washington was spread out before us. The early morning breezes were the scene-shifters, quickly the mists disappeared and over the hills beyond the lake loomed up Mt. Rainier, 15,000 feet above the sea! But so like the billowy clouds surrounding it, it is at first difficult to distinguish it. It is always summer and winter, a drift of pure white snow. Boyd said it looked like the white part of a dessert I often made called "Floating Island."

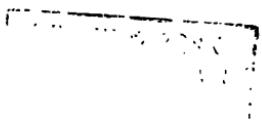
The sudden appearance of this noble mountain out from the lowering mists was as startling and wonderful a sight as anything I have ever seen in Nature. It excited my surprise, how much more that of the little child who sat upon my lap. The grandeurs of Pacific Coast scenery are so many and so wonderful that one is almost satiated by them. You can not stand Wagner or Beethoven symphonies all the time, neither can you read Milton, Dante, or Browning for steady diet.

At this clearing there was a small shingle mill with a well-kept store and other buildings. Here, as it was nearing noon, we got lunch and fed and watered our tired horses. Then all being refreshed we started on. The horses, at a quicker gait, trotted through more woods and then we found a better highway which, winding around hills and going up and down them, at length brought us into sight of Seattle!

There it was—a city on a thousand hills, but the hills at this time were being rapidly lowered by wonderful, gigantic water-power, a city with many wonderful lakes and with a most stupendous harbor on Puget Sound, a city that had not been disheartened by its fearful fire, but rebuilt and now since the more frightful recent disaster at San Francisco, was making wonderful growth in every way. There it was—but it was the most dangerous city for me to enter, for I had been well posted and advertised within all of its limits.

We did not know just which part of the city this highway entered; but with only hope to guide us we trotted along. Nearing the city we passed many chicken ranches and the sight of chickens, even though of a different shade from my own bright ones, made me homesick for Lake Stevens. A steep hill brought us to the funniest little lake you ever saw. It was not much larger than a huge bowl—the “Giant’s Green Finger-bowl” we called it. Street-cars ran around the queer little thing and stores were numerous where

the street-car line terminated. Entering a drug store I found a telephone booth and quickly called Charles Gleason's law office. No answer. Then his home. "Mr. Gleason is east of the mountains and we don't know when he will return."





Battleship Nebraska,
built in Seattle.



Steamship Minnesota, Seattle
Oriental Line.

S. S. Princess Victoria
between Vancouver
and Victoria.

CHAPTER XV.

IN HIDING IN A STRANGE CITY—SEATTLE THE BEAUTIFUL.

Mr. Gleason was out of town, but the Revenue Officer was not. He came out and got us lodgings with a very respectable woman on a business street near the little lake. Boyd went with the driver to the livery-stable and stopped in a store and bought himself some books and toys as we had not been able to bring anything with us. Then the driver hurried back to Granite Falls with the horses and to take "Buck" back to his native heath at Lake Stevens. My child and I were left alone in the large city.

We had relatives and friends there, but we did not dare go near them or call upon them. "Discretion is the better part of valor." It was a most peculiar situation and you may be assured I was quite a bit harassed and worried. The woman we were with had the same surname as my Grandfather Fitch's mother. She only let out rooms and did not serve meals. We slipped over to a restaurant and got something to eat in the middle of the afternoon and bought provisions to lunch on in our room. My boy had his lessons and then while I read to him some sketches from early American History

he played on the floor with some toys. I was sitting in front of the window and every little while I would glance up and look out.

The street-car station was right across the street from us. Suddenly I saw Seattle's chief of police and a well-known dark-haired city sleuth get off a car. It did not need the wide band on the blue pantaloons and the official hat to tell me who it was, for I took Seattle's daily paper. I kept on reading. They walked up the street. I withdrew from the window a little, but kept on reading. They entered the drug store from which I had telephoned. Still I kept on reading, but dared not glance at my beloved child. Scared—I never was more scared in my life. I thought my hour had come, but *still I kept on reading*. After some minutes which seemed like hours I saw the chief alone board a downtown car. I glanced up at the corner above the building where we were and saw the dark sleuth on guard. I was not very comfortable, but *still I kept on reading*.

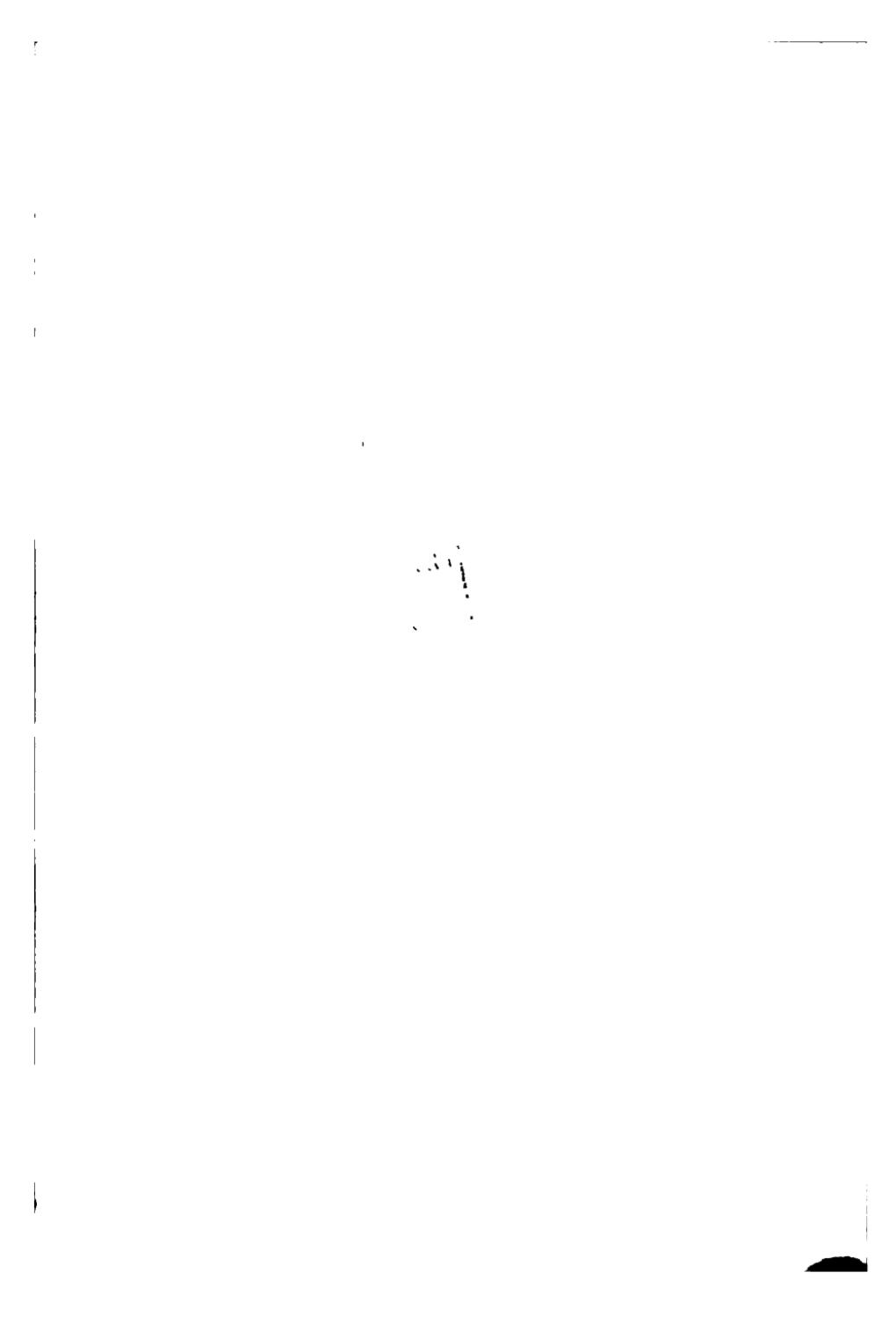
We ate our supper in our room and in the evening the kind lady of the house invited us into her rooms to spend the evening. We slept that night pretty well, for I had had no rest the night before and in spite of circumstances tired nature will sometimes assert herself don't you know. Very, very early the next morning I looked out and the street was deserted, so we slipped across and got our breakfast. Just as we came out of the restaurant door I saw the back of the aforesaid dark sleuth going up the street.

I was terribly frightened and decided not to go back to our room. I turned an abrupt corner quickly and got a horse and buggy at a convenient livery. Then we drove all the morning and saw quite a bit of the wonderful city. We enjoyed crossing over the long bridge over Lake Union, another of Seattle's famous lakes. Every little while I would go into a drug store and telephone and see if I could get Charley Gleason. Finally about noon I got him and I told him we would wait for him with the horse and buggy at a certain corner. My! how glad I was when I saw him coming up the street! He stopped in front of us and smiled that peculiar, quizzical smile of his while I explained the situation to him. Naturally he was as nonplussed as the rest of us and at a loss to know what was best to do. I thought it would not hurt us anyway to stay a few days and see if anything happened, but I wished to change my boarding place.

There is a splendid University in Seattle, with most magnificent grounds. I knew nice people always lived in the vicinity of such a school and let out rooms, or took as boarders, the students and their friends. I suggested that we go over there. You see there was another thing that worried me. I was not very well gowned. I looked a heap sight better than most of the "ranch women" I saw driving into town, for they had mud on their clothes and looked unkempt while I never allowed myself to look that way although many told me it would help me as a disguise. My clothes were

of the vintage of 1905, the style of sleeves and the cut of the skirt slightly *outre*, and would attract attention in a city. Seattle ladies are very well dressed and very stylish and they have such fresh bright color. So we drove towards the University. Mr. Gleason let us out at a friendly corner drug store and while he was taking the horse back to the livery-stable and getting our luggage and paying Mrs. Hinckley I was looking up desirable places in the vicinity where we could board. It was a splendid part of the city quite far out, so it seemed almost like the country. You know it is always desirable to be under the wing of a fine school. To see the interesting students go by was entertainment in itself and their lively interest in everything made one wake up and be enthusiastic.

We found an ideal place to board. Just a quiet home with a fine mother and only a few boarders. Splendid meals. The lady kept no maid and so I helped her with the work as I always helped every woman I stayed with who had no maid. More women in the West go without hired help than they do in the East for good help is difficult to find. Nearly every man and woman out there is independent. The Japanese make excellent servants, but there was so much talk at his time of a war on the Coast between Japan and the United States that many were afraid to have a Japanese around. It was a real home we were in and we did enjoy it so much. After hearing my little boy's lessons we would slip out and take walks.





Machinery Hall,
A. Y. P. Exposition.



HOUSE-BOAT ON LAKE WASHINGTON.

“Then, too, just down the street a
gorgeous ‘Alaska, Yukon, Pacific
Exposition’ was being built.”

We walked through the wonderful campus of the University. My child had never seen a large school or university and, of course, it was exceedingly interesting to him and to me because he liked it. The flowers and trees in those beautiful grounds were manifold and everything was marked with both the common and botanical name. The observatory was another object which made his eyes look round with wonder. As I have told you before he was always very much interested in the stars.

Then a little way around the corner from us was Ravenna Park with its gigantic trees. One could almost believe these trees have stood there since the world was made and time began. The grove had been left in all its natural grandeur. There was a ravine and a swiftly running stream. This grove of Giants is famous. The trees are named for noted characters and soldiers of Fortune and each tree so named had the printed name on its body. Nearly every man of political fame, great artists and musicians, all who come to Seattle always wish to visit this famous spot. I never went there but I wished Bryant could have visited that grove. I don't know as he *could* have written anything finer than "The groves were God's first temples," etc., but if he needed any inspiration he could have found it amid the vaults of Ravenna Park.

Then, too, just down the street a gorgeous "Alaska, Yukon, Pacific" exposition was being built. Never did a dream-city ever have a fairer setting. On the grounds

of the University you know and some of the buildings were permanently built and afterwards given to the school. A clever landscape gardener had so arranged the grounds that the view of Mt. Rainier was spectacular as you caught sight of it. The main avenue, with its cascades of white water in the center, ended at Lake Washington and above towered that white snowy mass. They may hew down the noble trees, take water power from Snoqualmie, remove Egypt's pyramids, but never, never can man remove that sightly mountain from Seattle's sky.

At the time we were there few of the exposition buildings had been completed. The administration building with its offices, etc., was completed, the Machinery Hall, and they were just working on the Agricultural Building. These were the only visits I made to this exposition. We were interested in the moulded designs of fruits, flowers, etc., which were lying on the ground ready to be placed on the agricultural building but like all artificial objects "distance lends enchantment to the view" and they must have looked much better in their proper places as high up as they could get them. Many, many men were running around like busy ants getting the grounds in shape. The cement basins and canals for the waterways were already built and it added to Boyd's later enjoyment of this wonderful exposition to have seen it then in its rude shape. To be allowed to go behind the scenes as it were. I don't suppose any exposition has ever surpassed

this one in its floral effects and landscape gardening, for they had more natural effects to begin with. While we were there we saw them plant many flowers and shrubs.

We were on the outskirts of the city so we often rambled out into the country. Boyd asked me one day why we did not go into the "*inskirts*" of Seattle, but I told him better not. We never went into a street-car all the time we were there.

As usual when we had become acquainted and were beginning to feel at home the time came to make another move. From my window I saw the dark sleuth go by and I realized I had not yet escaped from his patrol. You who say that I was over-anxious must remember the Seattle detectives were carrying my picture. Several had taken my photo from their pockets and said to Charley Gleason, "Here is her picture."

CHAPTER XVI.

STILL HIDING IN SEATTLE—SEATTLE AND MT. RAINIER.

The next time Mr. Gleason brought me out some letters I told him I thought we had better be moving on to pastures fresh and green, but he was very busy and said he could not come out again until Sunday which was several days ahead and in the meantime we must be as patient as possible. We were happy and comfortable, but of course we would have had a much more interesting time if we could have gone about a little.

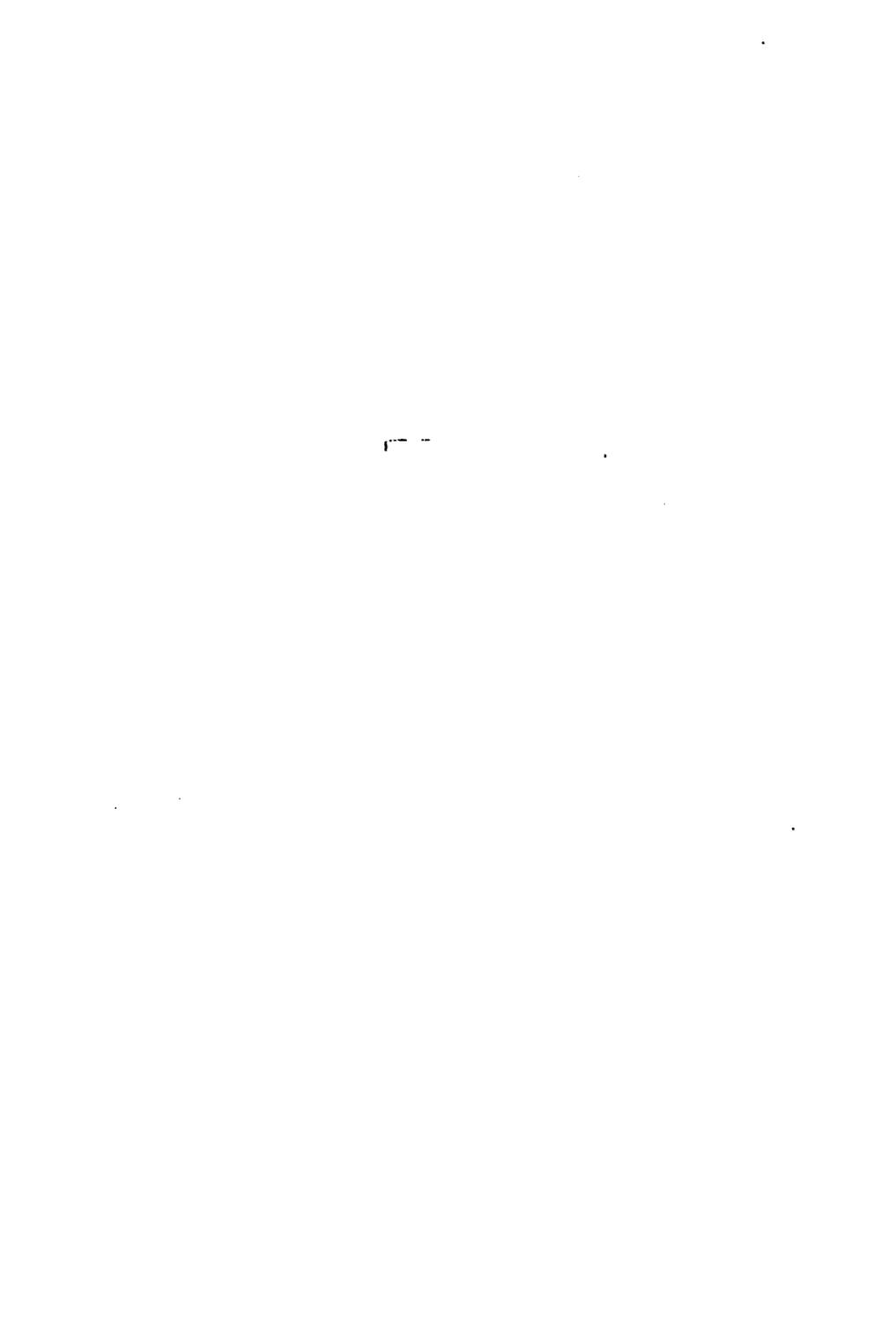
There are so many fine trips to be taken around Seattle; both by land and by water. Puget Sound, "the inland sea," with its islands, its inlets, and its canals and bays. I don't wonder the Scandinavians flock to this country by the thousands for it must make them think of their own country. Puget Sound's bays and inlets are like their fjords only much more pronounceable.

I would like so much to have taken Boyd to Bremerton to see the warships and the navy yards. I would like so much to have taken the longer water trip to the quaint English city of Victoria. I had letters of introduction to many people of importance here. Retired



M.T. RAINIER FROM PARADISE PARK, WASH.

M.T. RAINIER.
"The trip to Mt. Rainier is very popular, especially with autos."



government officials and Canadians who have made their money, love to go to Victoria to end their days in quietness and happiness. It is a wonderfully interesting city, so very like England in climate, with splendid parliament buildings and an English naval station.

When Madame Frèchette visited me at Irvine, Alberta, she had been to Victoria to visit prominent people there who were friends of hers. One day with the lady of the family she took a boat for Seattle. On the boat, as people will, she talked to a gentleman seated next to her. Soon their conversation drifted to Ohio and the gentleman mentioned he had lived in Madison, Ohio. Madame Frèchette spoke of my brother's family and then he said: "Isn't it queer about the disappearance of the sister Annette?" Madame Frèchette expressed surprise and he related to her the story of my going away, little dreaming the lady to whom he was talking was the friend to whom I had gone. You can imagine how Madame Frèchette felt to have the story she knew so well told to her there on that Puget Sound steamer. And who do you think the gentleman was? Mr. Will Couch, late correspondent for the "Cleveland Plain Dealer." I don't believe Madame Frèchette told him she was to visit me the following week in Irvine, Alberta.

You writers and poets of the East, well written out, who cannot find new plots nor romances, go to the un-sequestered spots, the out-of-the-way places along Puget Sound and you will find enough to keep you busy

for a while. There are stories there well worth writing. The dark firs and hemlock, spruce and cedars hide many a tale of woe with a real live hero or heroine. I heard a Seattle man once say laughingly: "We never think of asking what a person's real name is out here," or sometimes we will say jokingly: "By the way what was your name in the East?"

Take one of the smaller boats that run to the islands or to the hamlets of the countryside on the Sound. Every dock or floating platform is a station and at every one the citizens are down to meet the "daily boat." A *bona fide* ranch woman, unkempt and worn, is put off on a float and is marooned there until the row boat from her home comes for her. There in that awful wooded wilderness, is a "shake" hut somewhere, and the eager hungry look of the people speaks strongly enough of the privations in their life.

These crooked, narrow inways and bays of Puget Sound have scenery and a charm all their own, winding in and out, weaving around and about, capes, headlands and peninsulas, all so heavily wooded it is only once in a while that one can catch a glimpse of the Olympics to the west and the Cascades to the east—a very pageant and panorama of mountains, but Mt. Rainier is always alone. This is the main wonder of this king of mountains. It creates awe because of its icy isolation. The Indians have a legend that this mountain was once God. I can readily understand the

reason why. Because it stands there, awful and alone! They called it "The Mountain that was God."

By Washington people this mountain is called by two names. Seattle people still call it by the name given it by Vancouver, "Mt. Rainier." As there is some rivalry between the cities of Seattle and Tacoma I suppose Seattle would rather call it by any other name than Mt. Tacoma, which is the Indian name for the mountain. I believe the real Indian word was "Tahoma" meaning "The Great Snow." Bryan, lecturing in the West a few years ago, congratulated the people of Seattle and Tacoma on their two beautiful mountains, Mt. Rainier and Mt. Tacoma. To me there is no comparison between the Indian name and the name of an English admiral. Even Rainier is not absolutely correct, for the real name of the English admiral was Regnier not Rainier.

The trip to Mt. Rainier (you must remember I am still in Seattle) is very popular, especially with autos. On the southern slope of the mountain is an open valley called "Paradise Valley." The Indians called this valley "The Land of Peace." By the Coureurs de Bois of the Hudson Bay Company it was called the "Big Brule;" for you must know this mighty mountain of snow, this God, grew angry years ago and terrible flames of fire shot forth and down the mountain's sides. The forests below were set on fire and burned, leaving a valley which in course of time has become a Paradise of waving grasses and beauti-

ful wild flowers: Anemones, Wild Phlox, Senecio, Velerian or "Mountain Heliotrope," Indian Pipe, White Heather, the "Avalanche Lily" Asters, Hellebore, Lupines, Squaw Grass or Mountain Lily are among the flowers found and Spirea, Mountain Ash and Wild Currant are shrubs found growing in this Garden of Eden in an altitude from 5,000 to 8,500 feet. The Squaw Grass or Mountain Lily is used by the Indians in making baskets. The "Avalanche Lily" grows right up from the snow. It is sometimes called "adder-tongue" and I think is related to the yellow variety we find in the Ohio woods. Remember these pretty flowers grow on the upper slopes of Mt. Rainier above the forests, and need no care save to be guarded from man's *mis-care*. No words can tell the colors of that wonderful floral zone, planted by Nature between the dark woods and the white, icy snow of Mt. Rainier's peak. It is one of Nature's wonderlands and an artist must reproduce with the most vivid oils the colors to be seen there. Why is it that Alpine gardens always show the most vivid coloring? Is it to relieve the eye from the glacial glare and the snow-blindness in the heights just above?

"Conservation" is doing much towards preserving the natural beauties of the park around Mt. Rainier and the time will come when this great recreation ground will be known all over the states. A splendid government road has been constructed part way up the mountain I think it is the only road that reaches a glacier. I

don't believe any other locality in this world brings a person to so full a realization of what a wonderful artist and sculptor the God who made our world is as this "Rainier National Park."

In "Vancouver's Voyages" in 1792 he tells us that he saw "a very remarkable high round mountain, covered with snow, apparently at the southern extremity of the distant snowy range."

True to the saying: "I saw it first, it's mine," he then and there names aforesaid "round snowy mountain" after his English friend, Rear-Admiral Rainier. Mt. Kulshan he renames Mt. Baker and "Whulge" becomes Puget because there was a Mr. Puget with Vancouver on this English expedition. Back to the Indian names, I say! It seems a joke to name a sightly United States mountain after an English admiral who in 1778 with two British ships chased one poor little American privateer named "Polly" and after an engagement of three hours' duration compelled "Polly" to surrender.

Being a loyal "Daughter of the American Revolution" I would rather have had this beautiful peak named "Polly" than Rainier after the English admiral who forced the American privateer "Polly" to surrender in 1778. And still more curious one of the Seattle "D. A. R." Chapters is called "Rainier."

Theodore Winthrop of the old New England family, and who perished in the first battle of the Civil War, saw this mountain in 1853. In his book "The Canoe and the Saddle" he says: "I was suddenly aware of a

vast white shadow in the water. What cloud piled massive on the horizon, could cast an image so sharp in outline, so full of vigorous detail or surface? No cloud, but a cloud compeller. It was a giant mountain dome of snow. Kingly and alone stood this majesty, without any visible consort, though far to the north and the south its brethren and sisters dominated their realms. Of all the peaks from California to Fraser's River, this one before me was royalist." Later this same author in this same book prophetically says: "Studying the light and the majesty of Tacoma there passed from it and entered into my being a thought and image of solemn beauty, which I could thenceforth evoke whenever in the world I must have peace or die." A few years later when he died fighting for peace on the first battlefield of the Civil War, I wonder if he did see this Kingly Tacoma with its ermine robe as his spirit left the world's battlefield to ascend to its peace with its God.

The "Mountaineers' Club" of Seattle, the "Mazama Club" of Portland and the "Sierra Club" of California are clubs formed for the purposes of taking long walks and making ascents of mountains. All through the year they have "hikes" usually once a week and during the summer take a camping vacation amidst mountain scenery. They have made some wonderful ascents up Mt. Rainier. Representatives of European and American Alpine clubs have also been attracted towards this wonderful glacial mountain and



HIKES OF THE MOUNTAINEERS.

the story of their ascents has been printed and published. Mr. Gleason is a member of the Mountaineers' Club in Seattle.

I would like to have taken my boy over to "Moclips" and let him have a glimpse of the Pacific Ocean.

Here there is a fine walk to be taken along a magnificent beach. Soon you come to a natural stone arch. At low tide you can walk beneath this arch, but when the tide is high you must wade or swim. Near here there is a Quenafelt Indian Reservation. For years tepees in this locality have been decorated with blue chinaware, the real stuff right from China, the kind our great-grandmothers used. It was a mystery where these Indians got these pretty wares, but I think it has been discovered that years ago a steamer was wrecked off shore and this salvage floated to the beach over towards Moclips. At Moclips, of course, one has the "Olympia Mountains" to the east instead of to the west.

Yes, there are many fine trips to be taken around Seattle both by land and by water. But we did not take them. No, we did not take them.

CHAPTER XVII.

HAPPY VALLEY.

“ There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet as that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.”

Sunday came at last. A beautiful bright day. In a climate where there is so much rain when the sun does shine everything looks so clean and shining: like a clean garment hung out to dry. And the sky above was the indigo. It was a pure, white and lovely Sabbath Day.

“ How still the morning of the hallow'd day! Mute is the voice of rural labor, hushed the plough boy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.”

Mr. Gleason came for us in a surrey with two fine horses and bringing a friend with him that I had not seen in many, many long years. We did not know where we were going, but “ we were on our way.”

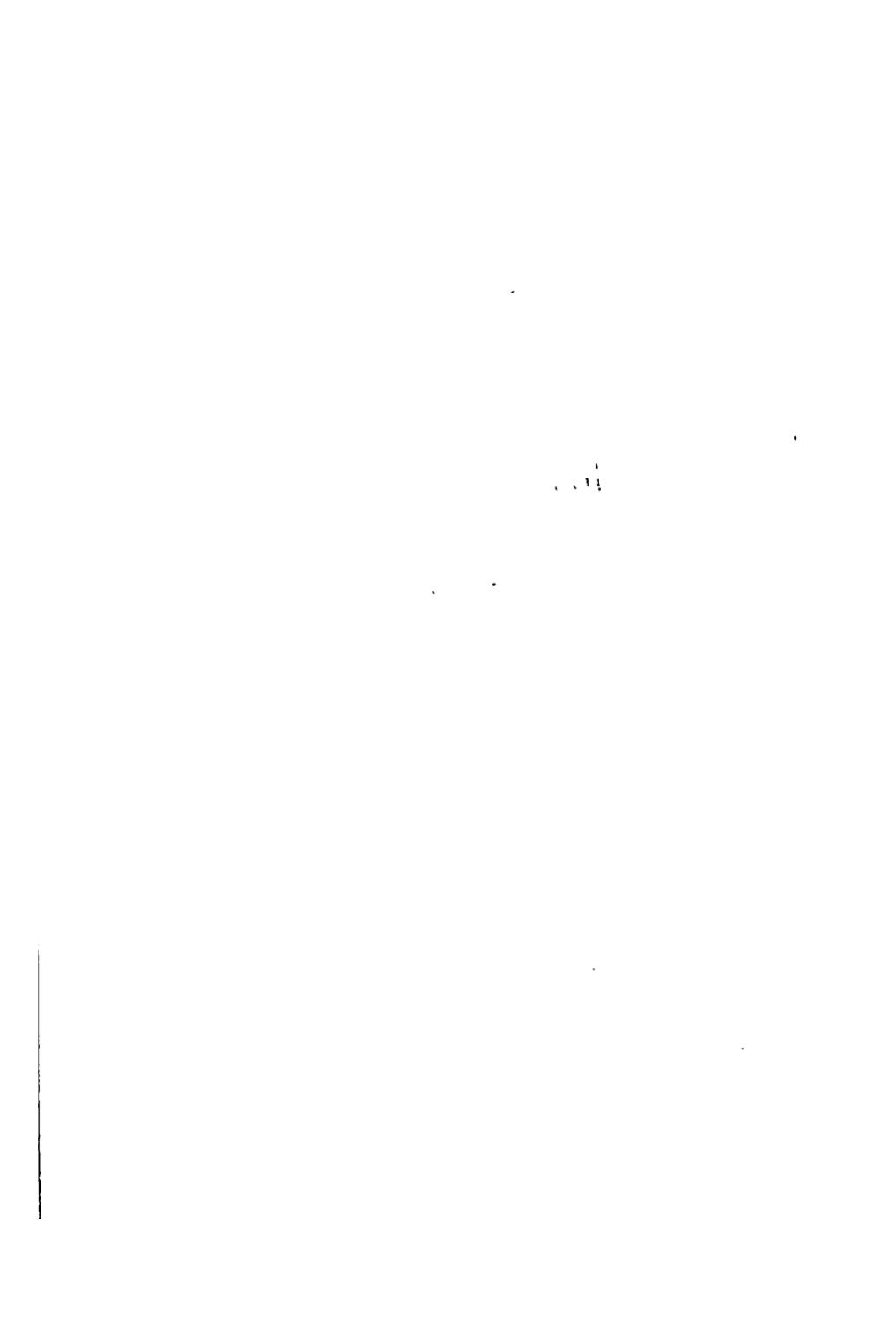
To leave Seattle in almost any direction by land you must go down hills, up hills, past partly cleared ranches and then across lakes, past sloughs and into the wooded wilderness again. Suddenly while driving through a primeval grove another surrey with horses approached us. Four stalwart looking men were looking at us and one motioned us to stop! My heart was in my mouth,

THE BURNT AUTO.



HAPPY VALLEY.

" His \$10,000 Mercedes Auto was burning up just down the road, so Fate lead us down the other road towards 'Happy Valley.' "



but they were only commissioners and road committee men who were out for the sake of "good roads" and seeing two voters in our surrey they stopped to find out what our views were. We were more anxious to try the good roads just then than we were to talk about them, so we did not let them detain us long. About noon we passed a village where a fire had been raging all night. Nearly all the business portion of the village was destroyed and distracted looking people were searching for their valuables amid the ruins. Seeing no chance here for a mid-day meal we sped on to the next town where we found a comfortable hotel and a good Sunday dinner. There was also a long distance 'phone here and I called up "Lake Stevens" and found out everything was all right at the "Bungalow." Then on we went again. We stopped at several places where I thought maybe I could get board, but none of them were exactly right so we did not linger. Towards dusk we were stopped at a crossroads by a large fine-looking man who was standing in the road and who held up his hand with a gesture of command. Again I was afraid, but, poor man, he only wanted to warn us. His \$10,000 Mercedes auto was burning up just down the road and he did not want us to pass it for he feared it was going to explode any minute. So Fate led us down the other road towards "Happy Valley."

Fancy, if you will, a fertile plateau with a deep trouty brook flowing through it, on both sides precipitous foot-hills covered with the dark, green woods, now

prettily spotted with blossoms of the dogwood, flowering currant and rhododendron. The carpet beneath dotted with a decoration of dainty wild flowers such as trilliums, anemones and spring beauties. Up on the headlands beyond these foot-hills, on one side a mighty river with an Indian name was roaring along, on the other side a placid lake so like our own Lake Stevens. Through this valley runs a good highway for the autos love to journey there and where the autos go you'll find good highways—generally. A white, white church, a white schoolhouse, many white houses as far as you can see for the hills enclose this "Happy Valley" all around and from a distance you can not readily see where the white roadway makes its exit through an archway of green into less happy regions beyond. A veritable Arcady we had found because the red Mercedes was afire and we could not go the other way. In front of the best white house we stopped and Mr. Gleason went in to interview his friends and see if they would board a woman with her child. It was just the kind of a house that as a child I was forever drawing on my slate.

An upright painted white with a round window looking like an eye near the roof, then two windows lower down and on the first floor a window and a door. No porch nor bay windows of any kind, but a bay hedge led from door to gate and down its friendly walk we went, for they *would* take a woman and her child. I don't feel that it is quite right

to enter the sacred precincts of people's homes and then write them up, for "a man's house is his castle," but I know my hostesses and hosts will pardon me. Many, many cruel, unjust, and untrue things have been said of where I was and wandered those four and a half long and weary years, so in sort of a challenge I sit here many miles away from your friendly, hospitable firesides and boards and bid you tell these Ohio folks who and of what sort you were that harbored a grief-stricken woman and her child. Yes, but though the miles may separate I still can feel the warmth your firesides gave us, the comfort and good cheer received from those seated by their side. Oh, good people, who took in a stranger woman and her little child and treated us with rarer kindness than ever I have received from friends in my life. Tell them what you saw while we were there, for they say it was revenge not love that made me go away. "She did not love her boy." Can you tell any different? You who saw us in our sorrow—tell them here that I did love my child and taught him "as far as the circumstances would allow" and cared for him and loved him. Yes, I loved him *more* than any mother ever loved before. You can tell them that and as all you, my hostesses and hosts, were people of honesty and truth they must believe you.

Yes, they took in a mother and her child although our clothes were poor and out of style and we were nervous and sick from grief and anxiety.

While the kind little lady was brewing our Sunday

tea we talked with our host and before we had conversed very long we discovered that he knew Captain Brown in Sandusky who died there last year after sailing on the Great Lakes for many years. We were not giving much data concerning ourselves so we found out quite a bit about our host while his wife was making the tea. He had lived for years on the Great Lakes and had been always on the police patrol between the United States and Canada, then sergeant and chief of police in a large western city, and going to Seattle in the early days had made his money in a short time and so was able to buy this beautiful ranch and live the life of the landed gentry in this happy vale.

But tea is ready in this spotless house, white within and out, and I must say "Au Revoir" to you while we are drinking it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SIMPLE LIFE—ITS CONTRASTS FROM LIFE IN THE CITY.

Of course "Happy Valley" was a local name given to this pretty spot by the people living there. "A local habitation and a name." Being constantly used in course of time it began to be the real name of the place. And to-day in the telephone directory you will find "Happy Valley" and letters are directed there. In all my travels I have never found another such community. They had built a private telephone line of their own, connecting, of course, with the main line at the nearest town. I had had some experience with these "party lines." Usually when your number rings 3 long—2 short—clickety, click, clickety, click, down goes the other receivers on the line and you take the message as quickly as can be and "hang up" or you call central and ask for a certain number, clickety, click, clickety, click, down goes the dozen receivers and you give your message or grocery order hurriedly and "hang up." Next day you hear what you ordered for dinner or the message you took, only greatly exaggerated and more of it. And there is always some one on the line who will call 3 long—2 short and say "Have

you heard the news about so and so? Yes it's true," and then she will go on and tell you a lot more true things until finally you hear a gruff masculine voice saying to central "Can't you shut that woman off?" He might have said "Can't you shut her up?"

Yes, these are some of the joys of a party line in some localities, but in "Happy Valley" it was different. If the telephone rang it was some neighbor asking for some help with their ranch work or asking if they could not help our host with his spraying or his spring plowing, or in the evening word came frequently, "Please put a record on the phonograph." And you might be sure that while we were enjoying "What Am I Going To Do When The Rent Comes Round," or "Bad News" or "What Happened To The Dog" or Sousa's marches or a dozen others, at the other end of the party telephone was an eager group of the children all trying to put the receiver to their ears so they could hear the music. These were the joys of a party line in "Happy Valley."

While in "Happy Valley" my little boy could well say my

" Daily Teachers had been Woods and Rills.
The Silence that is in the starry sky.
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

We found the prettiest place to study in across from the house on the mossy hillside. It was just the opposite here from the way we were located at Lake

Stevens. There we went on the hill and the land sloped down to the lake. Here the hill rose abruptly right in front of the house. On top were deep woods and then the high hill descended to the shores of a beautiful inland lake. Across from our study-nook were high hills again, descending on the other side to the shores of a mighty river. "Happy Valley" may some time have been a deep inland lake, which in course of time drained off and left its banks on the four sides. We spent most of our days on this pretty bank for all the time we were in "Happy Valley" the weather was bright and sunshiny. A tiny stream ran down from a spring above and joined the trouty brook just below the roadway. We walked every day along it gathering wild flowers and stopping at an old mill which greatly amused Boyd, for the wheels and some machinery were still in it and it had greatly amused his inventive brain. I don't think it was a mill either. Certainly not a shingle mill or a saw mill. I think it was a creamery, where they made cheese and butter.

A stage to somewhere rolled by every day and peering out from among the friendly shrubs we used to watch it. The "R. F. D." man, too, came every day and once in a while an auto would whiz by, but as yet it was too early in the season for many of them to pass us by.

I am glad my child had this short term of lessons learned near to Nature's heart. Quite soon enough does the world wean away the child from the ingen-

uousness, simplicity and naïveté of real childhood, and as I watched Boyd making an imaginary plaything out of rude things wherever we happened to be I knew a child could have no better teachers than Nature and its flowers, its songs of birds, its little beasts whose tracks, whose fairy footsteps we often found, and sometimes saw the wee creature itself flitting through the woods. His sense of the marvelous was very strong, his love for flowers always great. I remember when he was a tiny boy and we lived on Wayne Street in Sandusky, he used to run to me with his arms filled with common yellow dandelions from "the other" lady's lawn. The yellow dandelions common no longer for the tiny hand of a little boy had idealized them.

Charles Wagner in his book "The Simple Life" has this paragraph: "Let us bring up our children simply. I had almost said rudely. Let us entice them to exercise that gives them endurance—even to privations. Let them belong to those who are better trained to fatigue and the earth for a bed than to the comforts of the table and couches of luxury. So we shall make men of them, independent and staunch, who may be counted on, who will not sell themselves for pottage and who shall have withal the faculty of being happy."

Boyd was very inventive and ingenuous and was always busy. He used to work like a beaver on Wayne Street piling small dolls' trunks on to a little dray because he was the drayman who passed our door every day. But he was not an imaginative dreamer who had

an imaginary playmate. If he had no toys he would make things out of a box of matches, sticks or anything that was handy, but he wanted a real live boy to enjoy everything with him and when he could not get one he kept me reading to him, forever and constantly. And even then he was always busy with his tablet and drawing crayons drawing the mountains and the Horseshoe Tunnel, the rivers and other sights he had seen.

One day we grew impatient and thought we would take a long walk and see if we could find a post-office where we could mail a letter. There must be towns over the hills by that lake, but we were not quite courageous enough to dare to cross the hill. We walked down the road leading towards the lake which we could not see as yet but whose fresh waters we could already smell. A turn in the road suddenly brought the lake into view and Boyd in blue overalls and blue blouse sped by me at the sight. It was so like Lake Stevens. We did not know which way to go when we got to the lake, but as we sat on its shores we saw a little school boy coming along and we asked him. Turning and looking back he said, "Do you see that red cow down the road? You just follow her. She belongs next to the post-office."

It was a long walk and I asked the postmaster if there were not a shorter way through the woods and he said the school children *did* have a short cut through the woods over the hills to the Happy Valley school-

house, but he did not know whether we could find it or not. We found a pretty little school girl and asked her and she said she would guide us to the stile and then we could easily find our way. She chattered along and finally I asked her what her name was. She answered "Annie Brewer." Boyd put his hand over his mouth and began to laugh running on ahead of us. Life was not a laughing matter to me or perhaps I too might have laughed.

After the stile had been reached there were no more junction points nor intricacies in the route so our kind little guide with the once familiar name bid us adieu.

I have taken many pretty walks, but this was the prettiest one I ever took in my life. You see you went right up the hill into the thickest of woods. Turning to look back we could see for a while the blue lake mirrored at our feet. Like all Washington State woods the way was difficult for huge logs like ramparts blockaded us every little while, but the path was made by little scholars and it turned and twirled easily taking always the easiest direction and circumventing every obstacle in the way. At the top of the hill a stream had to be forded, but even here stepping stones had been placed and as they were gauged to children's steps were easily jumped by us. The number of wild flowers blooming in this wood was amazing and we picked them until we could carry no more. The ferns growing from the living trunks and on the fallen trees were beautiful and

the fresh, bright leaves of the Oregon Grape were fit to garnish a king's drawing-room. Maidenhair ferns grew in abundance along the stream and all through the woods the heavier species of ferns were pushing their fronds through the marshy earth. Everything along this woodland path spoke of the school children. Here I saw a tablet leaf on which was some rude attempt at "riting or 'rithmetic," there the cover of a lunch pail which some careless boy had probably dropped or some rude boy had thrown at his companion's head. Once I found a dainty ribbon for the hair and carefully placed it on a friendly log, hoping the little owner would find it the next morning when she treaded this path to school. Surely no bird nor denizen of the forest would want that ribbon, but how they must have enjoyed the school children's path, for all along were bits of bread and butter, cake, pies and fruit from the lunch pail which carried home at night was much lighter than when mother packed it in the morning.

The descent was easy and running along, singing as we went, we soon found ourselves on the highway leading to the best white house.

Evenings, the day's work being over, our host would tell us stories of his life in the Revenue Service on the Great Lakes between the U. S. and Canada. Counterfeiting was very common in those days, the money being made in one country and carried over into the other country to be "passed" and our host had as-

sisted in the capture of many a desperate criminal. I will not attempt to tell the stories, for I should spoil them in the writing. Our host was a perfect story teller and his stories were limitless, each one being better than the one preceding it. Boyd would lie on the floor by the big wood fire, his arm around the clever shepherd dog and kick up his heels and howl with laughter at some of the stories our host would tell. One story I remember illustrates how lamb-like even a hardened criminal may become. For some time they had been searching for a Bad Man and finally one day our host received a letter saying if he would meet the writer at a certain place in a certain city with the "Reward" money he would find out where this man was. Our host went and met the party (who was a woman, of course), and after many bickerings and disputes about how much should be given for the reward, our host was told that if he would go to a certain park in a certain city at 2 o'clock any afternoon he would see the door of a certain house fronting the park open and the desperate criminal would come out with a baby in his arms, and placing the baby in a go-cart would take the baby and himself for their daily airing in this pretty park. Our host did as the letter directed and caught the criminal.

Every evening we exchanged stories and reminiscences until 8 o'clock came and Boyd and I went to our spotless room in the second story and I read to him until he went asleep. Thank goodness! a child could sleep but some nights were long and dreary ones to me,

lying wide-eyed and wondering and worrying until I saw the dawn appear over the eastern hills.

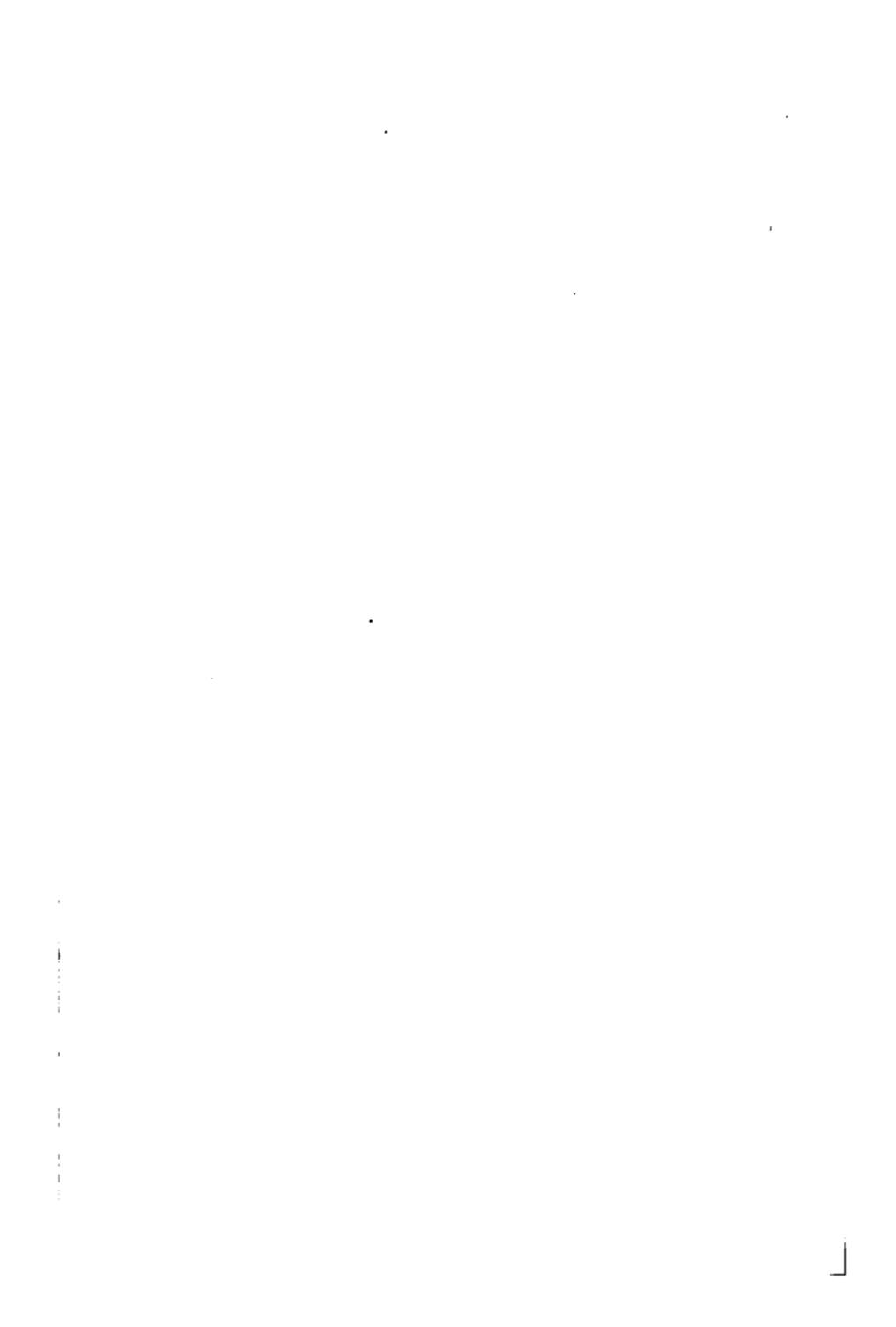
One evening our pretty little hostess told us how a few weeks ago she had been over to Seattle and at the ticket gate the man stopped her and would not let her pass. She had with her her daughter's little girl. A policeman came up and looked her over and then shook his head at the ticket agent who then allowed her to pass. I looked up quickly at her. She was even then dying from an incurable disease. Her face was very emaciated, making her cheek-bones very prominent. Her eyes were gray, her complexion was sallow and oh, she was so sick and nervous in her movements, but her hair was not dark. She did not weigh 130 lbs., the child she led was a girl and so the policeman shook instead of nodded his official head.

Not very long after we left "Happy Valley" that kindly little lady passed over to a "Happier Valley" than we have ever seen. I have always thought for her it must have been a very easy, gentle passing and a short journey. I am afraid for some of us it will be a longer trip.

There was only one thing the matter with "Happy Valley." Every one was too friendly, every one came to call and invited us to tea.

I worried continually about the bungalow property for I knew I was losing hundreds of dollars by being away. No further inquiries had been made and we could not find anything out and we were as much at

sea as ever. After a trip on its briny waters and my funds being exhausted, I just decided I would have to go back for I could not lose every cent I had in the world. So I determined I would go back to my home and live quietly concealed for a while and by gradually letting it be known that we were home I could maybe find out if anything was the matter. So one bright moonlight night we started home, going as before with horses and in a buggy.



BUNGALOW ORCHARD.



SIDE VIEW OF
BUNGALOW YARD.



"Was it some belated mist, or had it snowed during the night? It was our orchard blooming."

"My Property is on a peninsula which projects further towards the Lake than the adjoining property."

CHAPTER XIX.

BACK AGAIN IN THE BUNGALOW.

How pretty everything looked as we approached the "Lake Stevens Bungalow" one morning just as dawn was coming up over the hills above it. The snowy mountains were all afire with its red morning glow. My property is on a peninsula which projects further towards the lake than the adjoining property and as we came around a certain point it stood out in full view. But what could that snowy mass in front of the house be? Was it some belated mist or had it snowed during the night? Boyd uttered a cry of surprise. It was our orchard blooming. We had never seen its beautiful blossoms before nor smelled the sweet fragrance of the combined perfumes of prune, pear, plum, cherry and many, many apple trees. Yes, and how the vines on the little house have grown. Even the quickly growing Japanese clematis was waving its sylph-like arms in the wind that just precedes a dawn to welcome us, for it had twined itself around and out on to the telephone wires, out towards the road below. Perhaps it had missed us and had been looking for us. Who knows? And Oh, the gorgeous bed of jonquils and daffodils, each carrying a lighted yellow lantern

to welcome our return and crocus flowers and hyacinths had showed themselves above the ground to see if we were home. Only the shy English violets kept above their heads their tiny green sun-shades as if they were afraid our coming meant their picking time had come. But Boyd leaps out of the buggy with a shout of joy—for Duke, good Duke comes from his front door-mat to welcome us and Oh, what a welcome, what barks and furious waggings of the tail, what joy in his big brown eyes! He leaps on Boyd and licks his face and hands and both cry out for joy and go rolling down the hill together. I never saw a stronger affection between a boy and his dog. I will not say with one author "The more I know men, the better I like dogs" but I could have fallen down and worshipped that noble dog, Duke, for being such a faithful friend to my poor little boy. When I remember those speaking brown eyes of Duke's where love, loyalty and fidelity to my child showed every time he looked at him, the patience he proved and the affection he displayed every time he looked when Boyd would put his arm around him and he would look into that boy's face with a look not of dumb adoration but of speaking worship, scarcely ever before had I seen such a look in an animal, I often wondered where the difference was between that dog's soul and ours.

The chirping matins of the birds in "Coon's Woods" reminded me of my chickens and I ran to open the chicken-house door. A red multitude flies right at me, some even in their hurry alighting on my shoulder so

in very self-protection I must needs open the feed-box and fill my pail with wheat. It was the funniest thing whenever I opened that feed-box lid and shut it with a bang, chickens would fly towards me from every part of the yard. They knew the sound and they would crowd around me until I had thrown grains enough and far enough away to keep them quiet for a while—for all the world like a hurrying crowd of excursionists trying to all get on the gang-plank at a dock at the same time. The larger chickens fed and the sun now being above the hills I venture to take down the boards and let the little ones out. They have not done so badly while we were gone for a mass of buff chicklings were running and chirping about and their mothers were pacing back and forth looking wild and distracted like nervous, anxious women. But daylight is here and it must not be known that we are home, save to these good, dumb animals, so after a hurried trip to the stable to see the little calf we hasten into the house where everything is just as we left it months before. It was good to cook our own breakfast again and we ate it with a relish. To Boyd's great regret he had not been able to see the opening of the "fishing season" here upon our own place and the stories of the fishermen who have been here and the boats that have been rented make us large-eyed with wonder. Boyd had been ready for it too for he had a tiny fish basket, a fine rod, reel, flies and all the paraphernalia galore. And now he can not use it, for we could not be seen yet a while.

But we go down there after dark and see if there is anything caught on the lines we set early in the morning and take many a row on the glassy waters of Lake Stevens. And anyway Boyd has Duke and giving him a tempting bone Boyd proceeds to tell his dog all about our trip and the other dogs we saw and knew. But Duke looks up with his loving, brown eyes that say: "But none of them loved you as much as I."

The excitement of our return home beginning to wear off, life was not quite the same for a long, long time after we got back. We did not know whether there was anything the matter or not and so we dared not show ourselves. Boyd played in the woods and had his lessons there and back of the house on a pretty hill and up in the pasture lot, from where if any human approached we could take shelter in our pretty, pretty grove. Work kept me occupied and the house was so covered with vines and so hidden among the trees, and the roadway was so under the hill that our house stood on that you could not see anything from there. No one could approach without a warning from our dogs. I was almost a nervous wreck and it took weeks of work and Lake Stevens' sleep to make "Richard feel himself again." I was as fearful as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza who saw enemies in windmills and obstacles in everything they saw or met. To me all strange men were detectives or deputy sheriffs and I would hie to Coon's Woods whenever I saw one approaching the bungalow. Unfortunately we thereby lost many a sale

of cow, chicken, fruit or eggs and many an opportunity to rent a boat. In the years we were gone with the exception of when I was in the Fort Benton hospital, we never had a doctor but once, and that was when Boyd had a very, very severe nose bleed and I could not check it.

What could happen to a little boy who has a mother? What's a mother for? A boy with a mother does not go swimming alone every little while from a dock in a torpid, torpid weather. A boy with a mother does not have a shot-gun before he is in his teens. Judging from the calamities we read of every day in the newspapers a boy is never old enough to own a shot-gun, rifle or revolver. A boy with a mother does not fall from his bicycle and when he is gruffly scolded cry and say, "I was so tired I fell asleep." No! a boy with a mother is watched and guarded every minute of the night and day, so that, *Deus Volens*, no harm nor sickness can come near him. A mother knows where her child is every minute of every day and what he is doing and when she has read him to sleep every night she goes in every little while to see if he is covered and if he is breathing just right. That's what a mother does. She does not leave her child to cry himself to sleep alone because there are society engagements on. A mother is not a woman who says "that boy shall never come between me and my pleasures with my guests." A mother has no pleasures save with her child as center. What's a mother for, if not

to guard her boy? Why did one of the grandest men America has ever produced say, "All that I am, I owe to my mother." Why did Garfield, dying of his wound, scrawl a note to tell his mother "not to worry." When a boy becomes president, does he forget his mother? Did our first president? Did William McKinley?

My boy, growing every day, now comes up to my shoulder. And since he went to that fine school he writes me long, long letters and lately he has asked me questions like this: "Don't you ever go to card parties or have any good times?" "How are you off for money?" "I am O. K., are you all right? I hope you have good times in Jefferson, do you?" Yes, he is growing up. He does not know as yet, but some day he'll understand. Few big boys will allow the memory of their mother to be marred. They write me, "Your boy is a good boy." Of course, he is a good boy. I raised him and taught him for ten short years to be a good boy. And so far at that school he has had "A" in "Deportment" and "Sacred Studies."

And so you see that although all that time we were at Lake Stevens I did not go to card parties, clubs, theatres or amusements of any kind, heard no music and rode on no trains nor trolley cars, nor have new hats nor dresses, I don't begrudge the time. It was time well and gloriously spent, for I was watching constantly a lovely child and unless disaster overtakes him or death takes his mother, he will repay me yet.

This experience after our return from "Happy Valley" was the hardest yet. We could not feel safe any minute of the night or day. Encumbered by uncertainty each second was a moment of suspense. The present troubled and we imagined everything for the future. We felt like hunted, trembling animals feel when they look back and see a hunter in pursuit. For a long while I felt exhausted, listless and hopeless and every feeling of purpose seemed stunned, but the work and the splendid bracing air brought me through without a doctor and his medicine. In the morning going out early to let out my chickens I would throw back my shoulders and drink in that health-restoring air which no words can tell the bracing quality it has. "Winds blew their freshness, the storms their energy. My cares dropped off like autumn leaves." To be hidden here in our own home was the furtherest exile we had as yet experienced. My suspense every moment that something would happen was fearful, but my son's needs elicited my self-control and I taught and read to him and invented plays for him and did not let him feel what anguish of jeopardy I felt. While I was at work "Duke" took my place and amused the boy. One day Boyd would have him hitched to a little sulky, in harness, or to his "Junior" Studebaker wagon or another day he would dress him up in soldier cap and suit and call him "General Duke." The dog would look the part. Another day Boyd would fix up a dental office with a

good imitation of a dental chair of torture made by himself and the sliding shelf covered with real dental instruments a dentist fisherman had given him. Duke's teeth were crowned and filled. Another day Duke would be passenger in Boyd's "auto," which was well hidden beneath a splendid "Queen Anne" cherry tree and Boyd as chauffeur in chauffeur rig complete took long drives while I was finishing up my work. But my little boy was glad when it was finished and I could read to him again. Our opportunities were certainly restricted, but we did the best we could. After dark we would steal down to the boat-house and see if there were any fish on the lines we had set from the dock or we would take a fine row on the lake. There was one flat "duck boat" that was Boyd's especial delight and he could row it easily.

We needed money badly, so when a prominent Everett family asked to come out and camp in my orchard I readily consented, for they paid me generously and well. They would come out in a few days. I should not have consented, but you see fate was carrying me along and

"Who shall shut out fate?"

"The bow is bent, the arrow flies."

"The winged shaft of fate" was thrown that June, 1908, but we did not realize it for

"Fate steals along with silent tread
Found oftenest in what least we dread,
Frowns in the storm with angry brow
But in the sunshine strikes the blow."

Yes, around our sunlit peace, black storm clouds were certainly gathering.

CHAPTER XX.

CAMPING SEASON AT LAKE STEVENS.

July had come, the schools were closed for the summer vacation and the school children were seeking places in the country where they could "camp out" and get a taste of "the call of the wild." The pruning man had been out and cut the worthless boughs and in the lesser shade of our orchard there was a little tented city. The school girls had a tent with wooden floor and sides, but the boys had theirs right on the ground like the Indian in his "tepee." The nights were cool and comfortable, but the days were bringing a little of the sultriness of the summer season. The bungalow was quiet no longer, for happy voices and laughter could be heard every moment of the day and into the night. Auto parties were driving up at all hours and all our boats were in great demand. How Boyd did enjoy the gayety and he was with the young people every minute. They had swimming parties and rowing parties and trips were taken to get good subjects for the different kodaks owned in camp. The land across the lake from us was being bought by Everett people for summer homes and a number of cottages were be-

Canoeing on Lake Stevens.



One of the
bungalow canoes
with sails.

Two of the bungalow canoes.

37
82

ing put up over there. The land there is held very high, it being sold at a rate of \$1,000 per acre. Many Everett people came out to my place to pick berries for the wild blackberries grow very abundantly on the logged off lands back of my place. They would come out in big wagons with many large pails and every pail was filled with the luscious fruit when they went home at night. During the summer I put up over 200 cans of fruit just from what I did not sell off my place and as many glasses of jelly. We always had a glass of jelly on the table at every meal and both Boyd and I preferred it to butter on our bread. We did not always have butter, for I could only make it part of the year and we did not want to be so extravagant as to buy butter at the store. Just before the school children were to leave I gave a little party for them. We cleared out the rooms and as the floor was hard wood it made a good place to dance and the phonograph furnished the music. One of the guests was the daughter of one of the Ashtabula County families who lived in Everett and before I realized it I had begun to talk to her. You must not blame me for as I said before it was Fate that was leading me on. She had just returned from a visit in the East and had just seen the Lampsons in Washington and had been in Jefferson. Before I knew it I was talking more than I should, but it did seem so good to hear the old familiar names. Of course, this young lady knew nothing of me except that I knew the Jefferson people and when she went home that night she

told her parents about it. Her grandmother from Jefferson was visiting in Everett at the time and they were coming out to my place on the following Sunday. The next day in the glare of noon-tide I realized I had made a mistake. I could figure it all out then, for my grounds were deserted, the school children had returned to town and only Boyd's laugh and Duke's happy bark could now be heard. One white tent with the wooden floor and sides remained, for I had purchased that for other summer camping parties. Yes, I knew I had made a mistake just to say I knew Jefferson and the people there, so I decided to go in and see this young lady's father who was a doctor in Everett. We were to meet some Seattle people at the Everett train Saturday evening anyway so I decided I would see the Everett physician also, for it so happened that this Everett doctor had studied medicine with my great uncle in Ashtabula and this same uncle, Dr. John Coleman Hubbard, was the very one who had left me the money with which I had made the first payments on this Lake Stevens bungalow property. Dr. Hubbard was my great-uncle because he was a brother of my Grandmother Fitch, Catherine Hubbard Fitch, but he was also a great-uncle because of what he accomplished during his life. He was one of the grand old school of doctors. He lived before the days of any comforts in the profession of medicine. They did not ride in autos in those days, nor have a stylish collector of bills to collect every cent that was coming to them. Dr.

Hubbard was educated at an English university and was one of the first physicians on the Western Reserve to finish his course at a foreign university. Voltaires words "But nothing is more estimable than a physician who having studied Nature from his youth, knows the properties of the human body, the diseases which assail it, the remedies which will benefit it, exercises his art with caution and pays equal attention to the rich and the poor" could be most fittingly applied to Dr. John Coleman Hubbard. You can read a sketch of his life in almost any "History of Ashtabula County," or "History of the Western Reserve," but that does not tell you all, nor nearly all. My mother has shown me some of the drives this good doctor used to take on dark stormy nights and oftentimes he was so tired that on the return trip he would let the horse take his own way while he dropped asleep from over-fatigue. The people who lived on these lonesome roads were oftentimes the very ones who could not pay their bills. In a good many physicians' offices I have seen an engraving. It may have been given as a premium, for I have seen it many times. I cannot remember the name of the picture, but the scene is a bed-room with a very, very sick child lying on a bed. The anxious mother crying, of course, at one side and over the cot of the child is leaning the good, good family doctor. You know he is good because it shines from his face. That doctor looks like Dr. Hubbard and that engraving hangs in this Everett physician's office be-

cause the man in it looks so much like my uncle, Dr. John Coleman Hubbard of Ashtabula, Ohio. After many years of faithful service in his profession his own death was tragic. How clearly it illustrates the weakness of science when death approaches. You may remember when they urged Maria Theresa to take morphine she said, "No, I want to meet my God awake." Dr. Hubbard's death was something like that. He had been invited up to Cleveland by the famous Dr. Weber of Cleveland to meet some of the most famous physicians in the country. This Everett doctor hitched up his horse for him and took him to the train, little dreaming he should never hear his wise counsels any more. In Cleveland in Dr. Weber's home surrounded by all the science of these wisest doctors of the United States Dr. Hubbard suddenly dropped to the floor dead. "God's finger touched him and he slept." And no science nor medicine of one of the prominent physicians present could restore life to their beloved brother. So strong the moment before, but now more helpless than the most helpless of his weakest patients. Yes, nothing is going to help us when death lays its hand upon us and our hour has come to answer—"We must all die! All leave ourselves, it matters not where, when, nor how, so we die well; and can that man that does so need lamentation for him?"

Sometimes when our relatives cast bread upon the waters it comes back to us buttered, but sometimes the first person swallows bread, butter and all. So many

strangers had taken me in and befriended me, I did not hesitate at asking a person who knew my family to do me a favor, but it was an error of judgment on my part this time. I might better have said as the French officer remarked, "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies."

Saturday night was dark and gloomy, but we drove in town. Over my hat I had thrown my dark blue auto veil and I went up to that doctor's office and sat and waited in line with the patients gathered there. Finally my turn came. I was crying, for the thought of meeting some one who had known me when a child was more than I could bear. I said "I am Dr. Hubbard's niece. I am living here under an assumed name and I don't think it is best for your family to come out to my home on the Lake. Perhaps you can guess who I am." The physician replied: "Perhaps if you would remove your veil, I could tell." I did so and he exclaimed: "Why, it's Nettie Fitch!"

CHAPTER XXI.

“AND THIS OUR LIFE, EXEMPT FROM PUBLIC HAUNT, FINDS TONGUES IN TREES, BOOKS IN RUNNING BROOKS, SERMONS IN STONES, AND GOOD IN EVERYTHING.”

My having to go away that spring and the expense of our staying away so many months had set me back considerably in a financial way and it took me a long time to recover from it. I had a payment coming due in August and I did not have the money. What to do I did not know. Mr. Gleason had given me a letter to a friend of his in Everett in case I should need help at any time. I determined to write to him, although I had never seen him, and see if I could get a loan to tide me over. This gentleman sent me the money required to hold my property, not even asking me for a receipt. It was almost one year before I was able to pay back the loan. I then sent in the money and enough extra to make the interest at the rate received in the West. He sent back the exact change, only keeping the money actually loaned, without one cent of interest. How does that compare with the way a woman is treated in the East? For two reasons I never bought

ACROSS LAKE STEVENS.



"The land across
the lake from **us**
was being **bought**
by Everett people
for **sum m e r**
homes."

THE TENTED CITY.

"In the lesser shade of our orchard there
was a little tented city."



anything but what we absolutely needed to eat and wear except the books and toys which I bought for my child. The first reason was because I had no money and never went into stores and the second reason was because we lived in such uncertainty, never knowing what a day might bring forth and but what we might have to make another move any minute. But you may be interested to know how I gradually accumulated dishes and other furnishings for my bungalow. Mrs. Davies, as I have said, left just enough for us to get along with. Even if I could have afforded it I could not send back East for any of the few articles sent me from the wreckage of my Sandusky home. So our first year in the bungalow was rather like "camping out," but I did not go to the extremes that Thoreau did. In his book "Walden," Thoreau says: "I had three chairs in my house, one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society. When visitors came in larger and unexpected numbers, there was but the third chair for them all, but they generally economized the room by standing up." I did not, like Thoreau, have a newspaper for a table-cloth, but we did eat for a while from a table spread with a spotlessly clean white oil-cloth and we ate heartily, too. I am afraid Thoreau was too much of a philosopher to be a good housekeeper. You may remember in this same book "Walden" he says: "I built the chimney after my hoeing in the fall, before a fire became necessary for warmth, doing my cooking in the meanwhile out of doors on the ground

early in the morning—which mode I still think is in some respects more convenient and agreeable than the usual one. When it stormed before my bread was baked I fixed a few boards over the fire and sat under them to watch my loaf and passed some pleasant hours in that way. In those days when my hands were much employed, I read but little, but the least scraps of paper on the ground, my holder, or table-cloth afforded me as much entertainment, in fact answered the same purpose as the ‘Iliad.’ My days in the woods were not very long ones; yet I usually carried my dinner of bread and butter and read the newspaper in which it was wrapped, at noon, sitting amid the green pine boughs which I had cut off and to my bread was imparted some of their fragrance, for my hands were covered with a thick coat of pitch.”

No, I am afraid if I had used newspapers for “holders” and table coverings my bread would have been burned and my dish-washing indefinitely postponed. I can not help but believe that Thoreau’s bread was often scorched. He carried his experiment too far, but he made a delightful human book out of his life at Walden. He knew his life there was only a temporal one. He wanted no comforts nor luxuries of any kind, even refusing a rug a kind woman brought out to him saying that he preferred to wipe his feet on the earth’s sod. I did not know how long we might be at Lake Stevens and so I wanted to make the home as pretty as I could. It was not long before we had a white linen table-cloth

at least for our Sunday dinner. My carving set came as a premium with my subscription to one of the Everett papers. Whenever I bought breakfast foods there was a hidden treasure within. For a while I diligently fed "Columbia Oats" to humans, chickens, dogs, and cats, for they were giving away pieces of the pretty blue table-ware, the kind we used to eat off from at Lake Erie College. But I kept getting pie-plates so I solved that problem by buying at different stores and then found dishes of different kinds, but if I remember rightly there is still a preponderance of plates. Both an Everett and a Snohomish tea, coffee and spice house sent agents out on the Lake Stevens road in a wagon. They must have driven many miles for I know they went way beyond us up into the foot-hills and mountains. With each purchase from these agents you were given a ticket and when you had tickets enough you could choose a premium. I received jardiniers and dishes galore from these stores and some splendid baking dishes for my kitchen. Another store in Everett gave away silverware of no good quality, but which looked well for a while and from my purchases at this store I drew six of all necessary silverware. With my Larkin soap purchases I got necessities for the house and some furniture and "Youth's Companion" premiums were always just what I wanted to give Boyd for Christmas. I eagerly scanned the advertisements in the late magazines and when I found anything was offered as a sample for a few cents or some stamps I would send

for it. I got some pretty pictures and other articles for my living-room in this way and some small samples of aluminum ware. At Christmas time I always bought "Pear's Annual" and other Christmas annuals which gave away fine pictures and these we would pin up on our walls. Mrs. Davies had been an artist of some merit and she had given us when going away some pretty oil paintings, so our walls were not entirely devoid of art. During the pleasant weather and until the rainy season set in, we had always a great deal of company, but the lake was the main attraction and we always spent most of the time out-of-doors and in the boats, so I was not put to any mortification because I "had not chairs enough." At first I think a great many came to my ranch out of idle curiosity for they heard an Eastern widow was running the place. Once a deputy sheriff came to buy some chickens, but I noticed he looked at me a great deal oftener than he looked at the chickens or fruit, but this curiosity gradually wore off and our friends and real buyers were all who trespassed on our solitude.

Thoreau lived the simple life from choice for two years in his hut at Lake Walden. We lived at Lake Stevens for three years cut off entirely from the world and its distractions. I don't believe the simple life, the doing without material things, can harm any one. Poverty sometimes makes criminals, but luxury ruins nations and makes families run out. Stand for a while in any one of the large stores in any one of our large cities

the day before Christmas and you will see what a life of luxury is doing in this country of ours. Watch the hungry, distracted look of the wealthy who step out of their limousines at the door, not hungry because they lack food, but because their brain, heart and soul are desperate with the thought of how they can out-do their neighbor. They jostle and crowd and buy and charge the bill to an over-worked husband and bank account. They had much better give the money to some charity and then go back to their palatial homes and strip them of the superfluity inside instead of spending their superfluous wealth on more superfluities. Bric-à-brac and nicknacks so thick that it looks like a junk shop for the tired housemaid to dust each day. Yes, they had better give of their too much to some of the suffering poor's too little. And then they had better leave for a while man's parks and boulevards and go out into God's woods and look up at the sky and trees and think and find out where they are at. Get acquainted with the true man or woman if there is any there. They had better fall down on their knees and think how short, how pitifully short their three score years and ten are and how long the eternity above may be. The soul cannot take these diamond rings, these priceless furs and what not with it. Every material thing of the earth earthy must be left behind. I have often wondered what a "snob" will do in heaven, but maybe there won't be any there. The soul goes alone, pure, or black with sin, back to its Creator. But it may carry

with it the mark of good acts done while living here below. Each kind act, every generous deed, will leave its impress. But how few of them there are. The one who rides to-day with upturned nose and averted face towards the poor wayfarer trodding along on foot, may be glad to mingle with that same one later on. No, there is not much real seriousness or thought in the world any more. There are too many moving picture shows to-day. The needs of men should always remain the same, but our wants are getting greater every day. Every one is living as if they were going to live on forever, buying, buying, buying. They can not get enough in their houses to satisfy them. A philosopher is always ahead of his time and Thoreau's books should do more good to-day than at the time in which they were written. Emerson and his circle of acquaintances were Thoreau's friends and we all know what thinkers and writers they were. They lived the simple life many years before Charles Wagner wrote his charming little volume. If Thoreau found a need for his book in 1854 how much greater is that need to-day! Listen to some of his sentences: "Most of the luxuries, and many of the so-called comforts of life, are not only not indispensable but positive hindrances to the elevation of mankind. I have in my mind that exceedingly wealthy but most terribly impoverished class of all who have accumulated dross, but know not how to use it or get rid of it and thus have forged their own golden or silver fetters." "No man ever stood the lower in my

estimation for having a patch in his clothes; yet I am sure there is great anxiety commonly to have fashionable or at least clean and unpatched clothes than to have a sound conscience. We know but few men—a great many coats."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TERRORS OF A WESTERN THUNDER-STORM.

One of the cleverest women I ever knew in my life, and to whose kindness during my school days I am greatly indebted, cared nothing at all for stylish dressing. Though well endowed with wealth she would not get up-to-date hats and clothing. Every one in the city where she lived loved her and respected her eccentricities. Many times I used to go with her to a hospital she had founded and both of us would get onto a street-car well laden with baskets filled with comforts for the poor sick and the sick poor. A stranger might have laughed at us, but no one who knew her would. One day her sister reprimanded her for wearing such a peculiar hat and her expression was laughable as she took off the censured headgear and holding it up remarked: "Why, what is the matter with it, there isn't a hole in it."

Of course, there is an extreme either way and it's the extremes that we must guard against. Wear a hat to-day of the style in vogue a decade ago and a hooting crowd will almost follow you in the street. "We worship not the Graces, nor the Parcae, but Fashion.



STORM CLOUDS FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

She spins and weaves and cuts with full authority. The head monkey at Paris puts on a traveller's cap and all the monkeys in America do the same." Some of the first settlers in this country in the "New Netherlands" dug square pits in the ground and casing the earth inside with wood all around the wall lived in them. Yet to-day their descendants very much descended living in their city palaces are proud to call these worthy people their ancestors and have formed societies to perpetuate the memory of the founders of America. The men in the dugouts thought and solved deeper life problems than the men in the city palaces ever will.

"Woe to the land to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay."

August, 1908 was passed. My hollyhocks, many and varied tinted and my giant yellow sunflowers stood like sturdy soldiers guarding all around my house. The lilies too in rank and file stood sentinel on another side. The gay butterflies, images of immortality, flitted forever in my flower garden, sometimes lighting on a delicate corolla when they would look like diminutive crowns or the jewelled ornament in my lady's hair. The tiny, tiny, humming birds came each day to get the honey among my flowers and I used to stand and gaze in amazement as I saw these mites of life sipping honey from my flowers and dipping in the hollow hollyhocks. They were so small I often heard the peculiar whirring, whizzing sound of their presence before I could discern them with my eye. I knew where their nest was and

that there were little ones in it. Yes, little ones so small as to almost seem unreal. But in those minute bird forms there breathed a dream of mother care, for they carried honeyed food back to the tiny mouths awaiting. They seemed too little for the cares of motherhood, but in their breasts there too existed the vital spark of "mother love."

Late in this August of 1908, Boyd and I saw the only thunder-storm I ever remember seeing while in that locality. They are not prevalent there. We were standing in our rude carriage house hitching "Buck" to the buggy when suddenly from over the hill-top came the black storm cloud with chained lightning darting here and there. In all this country of logged off but uncleared pasture lots stand huge derelicts of pines, cedars and firs. In some way they escaped the logger's axe. Probably through their inferiority or due to some weakness in their structure. Maimed or imperfect they were not fit for lumber. Then later in some miraculous manner they have evaded the devastations of fire. For fire always follows the axe when the "clearing" is in progress. These trees stand like huge, grey sentinels, sometimes entirely destitute of life, but bearing a semblance of a tree in their naked trunk and boughs. In winter they seemed like sombre guards in grey, close fitting uniform, keeping unrelentless watch, but in the summertime I could fancy they were giant perches for the larger birds. There were no leafy limbs in which the smaller ones could swing and sing,

but often I would see a horrid hawk sitting on his high perch watching over my flock of chickens, but he did not get one. The sheriffs of my barnyard, the shrill guinea fowls, would give their warning. That piercing policeman's whistle and all my chickens would shrill an answer and get immediately under cover in "Coon's Woods." Again a troop of black, black crows would be sitting on the several perches of this self-same derelict and I would shudder for I wondered what carrion they scented now. Quite different when another day a troop of white winged sea-gulls would alight for a breathing spell in their airship journey from salt water to the fresher waters of this lovely inland lake.

"Between two seas, the sea birds wing makes halt,
wind-weary; while with lifting head he waits for
breath to reinspire him from the gates that open still
toward sunrise on the vault—high-domed of morn-
ing."

But the sea-gulls would only come over for a play-time, a recreation by Lake Stevens. You could tell that by the way they darted around and about stopping once in a while on the surface of the water to fish when they would look like one of Boyd's diminutive play sail-boats with its white sails furled. Then skimming for a time above the water, they looked like a model aéroplane. Presently all of them would fly to that high perch again and the old tree would be transformed into the mainmast of some great admiral, for

its white sea sails were all unfurling and seemed about to set to sea in the breezes that were blowing—about to start for Gardiniers Bay six miles away!

Boyd's excitement was intense one day when a huge grey eagle sat and pruned his feathers on the slender top which seemed almost to touch the blue sky. What a privilege to have even so distant a view of our national emblem of a bird. But not for long, for around, around in endless circles he darts, turning with a clanging whir he steers his winged sails and is gone. I doubt not that his home was on the craggy summit of some mountain wall many miles from us. Where he came from we never knew, for he never came back. "I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged from the sunny south to this part of the West, then vanished in the sunbeams." Once a belated, sleepy owl after some successful nightly rout took refuge in my giant perch and sat and slept there all day long. This was the funniest picture of them all—to see him sleeping with noonday glare on his large white face was ridiculous enough. He must be the clown among the birds.

" All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still
and dim
The boldest will shrink away! "

The only large birds who did not loiter on the derelict were the wild geese and ducks in their flights to and from the south and when seeking refuge from the ocean





“PRESENTLY THE STORM HAD CEASED, ORDER WAS RESTORED.”

storms—I would hear the tempest of wings of these myriads in their kite-shaped flights following their leader and his honking "taps." They would come lower and seem to pause as they came over the hill, but catching sight of the blue waters beneath from their blue ether above, nothing would deter them and with a happy clamor they would settle on the lake. I often wished they would stop and that they could tell me of their travels. No lonely exile held these busy birds of long pilgrimages. They might have brought me news from far away Alberta or a message from the sunny orange groves in California.

Thus it happened that often during the day I had grown accustomed to glance from my kitchen window towards the giant perch to see what new "moving picture" it had to show me to-day. So when that day the black thunder-cloud approached, quite naturally my eyes upturned towards that old tree and well was I repaid that time, for quickly came a vivid chain of lightning across the black cloud as a background which became livid with it. It struck the fir tree derelict at its very pointed tip, then down, down the zigzag lightning played, stripping all the perches off and throwing wood and bark out into the highway far below; but even then this fateful tree was spared for suddenly towards the center of that towering trunk the capricious lightning glanced, and leaping, played another tree; and we stood there speechless and appalled. I have never seen a more vivid lightning picture! Boyd,

terror-stricken, clung to my skirts and cried: "Am I dead, mother, am I dead?" Poor child! Well might it have frightened an older one. We went on harnessing unexcited "Buck" who was not in the least bit phased by the tempest raging round. We stood and watched the dreadful sight and sound disappearing over the lake. The storm had lashed its waters into the semblance of a larger body of water and waves with pretty white mull slumber-caps were dancing on its surface. The waves hitting the stony beach had a familiar rhythm and closing my eyes I could see Lake Erie and was waiting for that "big seventh one" to come so I could jump it. All our boats were being lashed against the swinging, swaying dock, all pulling and jerking at their ropes as if they, animate, felt the call of the storm and the wild and must get out into the center of the disturbance, even though it might end in their destruction, like a human soul pulled between the call of conscience and the heart's desire. Presently the storm had ceased. Order was restored. We went on down to the store to buy our chicken feed. If the lightning had struck "Buck" I don't believe he would have budged from his meditative amble and his calmness loaned courage to our fears. This thunder-storm seemed to herald in that rainy season of 1908 and with the opening of the schools I found myself confronted by a new, most serious problem.





THE LAKE STEVENS SCHOOLHOUSE.

"I always tried to be near the schoolhouse at the time the trains came into the town the other side of the schoolhouse and I watched all strangers who arrived."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SCHOOL.

Washington State has school laws far above the average. Splendid new school buildings with all modern improvements and usually an efficient corps of teachers. Manual training and domestic science are taught in most of the village and city schools. A school near my property at Lake Stevens has recently adopted the "school-city" plan and has student self-government. Each class in this school organized itself into a "school-city" and elected officers. These officers are pledged to enforce the regulations of the school and these regulations are all based upon the "Golden Rule" which is the best rule for everybody. The "school-cities" are formed into a "school state" which body has control of the general order and activities of the school. If any student fails to obey the self-adopted student rules he is tried before a student Judge and Jury and may be sentenced for his wrong conduct. This plan teaches the students to become good citizens and acquaints them with the law, its workings and its enforcement and the punishment meted out to those who

disobey. It is the same plan which has been adopted by many schools in the East and by the United States government for all Indian schools.

Of course, every parent knows their own child best and what is good for one might not suit another one at all. My plan of educating my little boy was right in his case, but might prove a failure with some other child. Always a nervous child and having a tendency to bronchial trouble and with a cough which he had had ever since he had the whooping-cough when four years old, he needed careful attention and plenty of out-door exercise and I always planned to have his time spent in the open air greatly exceed the time spent indoors with his books. On our return to Sandusky from the State of Washington in April, 1910, one Sandusky citizen told me that many had expected to see my child ignorant and untaught and that he entered the Sandusky schools several grades ahead of where they had expected him to enter. In other words he entered the normal grade for a child of his age. They told me then that he was "splendid."

There are two opposite opinions as to the education of the child. At the extreme of one stands Prof. Boris Sidis, of Harvard University who began the education of his boy-child at the age of three, and entered him into Harvard University at the age of thirteen as an advanced student. I do not know whether this boy still lives or what he will become at mature age if he survives. Another famous "child prodigy" was

a German boy named Karl Witte whose father began his education very early and taught him by novel methods; at nine and a half years this boy entered the University of Leipzig, but he lived to a good old age and died a normal death.

At the extreme of the other opinion is Dr. Guy Potter Benton, President of the University of Vermont. He thinks that a child taught too early dies an old man twenty-five years before he ought. He believes the playtime of a child should be encouraged until they are twenty-five and that they should not take up their life work until they are twenty-seven years old.

The plan I carried out in teaching "Boyd" was to keep him in the "reader" usually read by children of his age so he would not be mortified when with other children, but also to have him know many practical things from the hard lessons of every-day life and to learn many lovely things from Mother Nature. In that country of lumber interests "Boyd" was, of course, attracted by the work done in the mills. He always had a tool chest which differed in size according to his age. One summer I bought him "cull lumber" and he built himself a very creditable "shack" to which we often used to flee when we were frightened. He was much interested in making out the different lengths and sizes of boards required and reckoning up how many shingles he would need. It was my first knowledge, too, of "2x4's" and other lumber dimensions and terms.

Boyd learned to care for the chickens and cows, to go up in the pasture and get the horse and harness him. He learned how to get the wood down from the forest and to split it into the right size for our stoves; getting down the wood was great fun. We hitched "Buck" to a sled and brought the chunks from the wood-lot to the top of the hill just above our bungalow. Here we had a "wood shoot" and putting the chunks in it they ran easily down into our wood-shed. He learned how to fill the crates with luscious small fruits and how much in money each filled one would bring into our meager purse. He learned to fill the apple boxes with assorted sizes of apples, whose prices differed with the size and perfection of the fruit. He learned to know how much the dozens of eggs we took to the mill store would reduce our grocery bill. He learned to keep the boats ready for a customer and how much an hour's rental or a day's lease would bring to us. He gladly caught the "frying chickens" for me for he knew how much they brought when taken into market. Yes, he learned many useful things, but little that was evil while living by Lake Stevens.

The "compulsory education" law is rigidly enforced in Washington State and at last I had to succumb and send my little boy to school. For one year my lawyer had been able to get me an excuse from the county superintendent of schools because my child was not over-strong, had a bronchial cough and at this time they were not running a "school bus" to the school-house

over a mile away. But no favoritism could be shown and "if Mrs. McIntyre keeps her boy out of school, why can not we keep ours." I could not explain to any one why I did not want to send my only child to school. I think country people are very particular about not having any one treated any better than any one else is. Treat all fairly and they acquiesce, but if one is favored there is apt to be trouble. I don't think they object to higher taxes if they know the rate of increase has been evenly apportioned, but if he is assessed more on his barn than his neighbor is on his better one next door, the assessor will probably hear from it because "it is not fair."

So it happened that I received a courteous letter from the county superintendent of schools who was a woman. She said I had better put my little boy in the "district school," although she knew I taught him well myself, that we lived too far from the school-house for the little boy to walk and that as yet they had not been able to put on a "school bus."

I have no very great objections to a good public school in a small town, but I would never send my child to one in a city. A child, especially a boy, gets a good all around education there. They must get out into the world sooner or later to receive the kicks and rebuffs awaiting them and they might just as well start in at the public school as anywhere else. Politeness and consideration for others is perhaps given more attention in a private school, for public school-teachers

have so many more in their classes that they have no time for it, but these two branches have already been suggested as a part of school curriculum in Cleveland. The new superintendent there, Miss Keller, says: "I am in favor of devoting a short time in every grade from the very earliest up, to practical illustrations, admonition and explanation of the politeness and consideration that should be part of our every-day life in our intercourse with our fellow men and women. Illustrations of how best to be thoughtful and considerate of other people's feelings in every-day life. It is when we are children that habits are formed. And politeness and consideration do not indicate weakish men and women by any means."

Sending my boy to school was an awful wrench and worry to me. I was almost beside myself, not only with the worry of not knowing but what any minute I might hear that he had been taken from me, but I missed him very, very much and the day seemed endlessly long. I tried to content myself with my household work, but it was of no avail. I hurried up my housework each morning and carried his noon-time luncheon down to him at the school-house instead of having him carry it away with him in the morning. At the end of the afternoon session I always went for him with poor old "Buck" and not only brought him, but my buggy full of other people's children who lived near us. I always tried to be near the school-house at the time trains came into the town the other side of the school-house and I

watched all strangers who arrived. I watched every vehicle that went by and went many times to the school-house and sat out in front and read just to be near my only child.

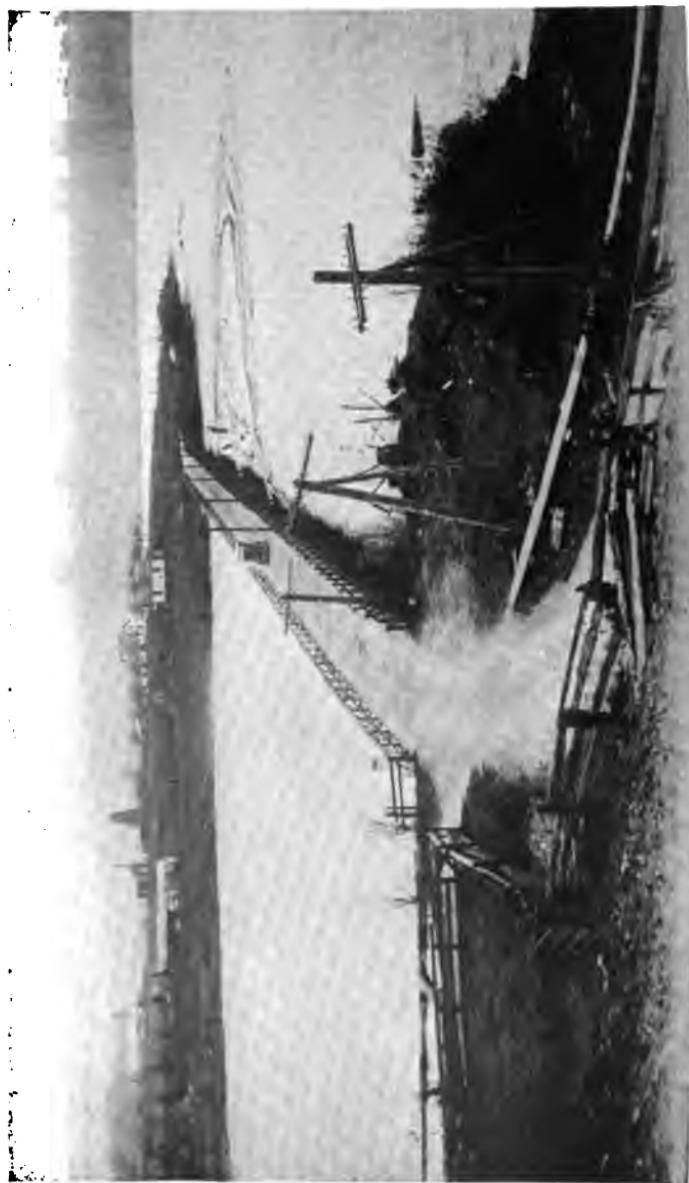
There were many things about the school life that amused and interested "Boyd." He liked meeting so many boys and playing their games. He liked taking his lunch and sitting on the rail fence to eat. He learned to "trade" and there were several things he always asked me to put in his lunch pail so he could "trade them off" with the other boys. He traded his junior Studebaker lumber wagon for a little bicycle and I shall never forget the patient persistency he showed in trying to ride it. But he mastered it and after that rode it back and forth to school.

I was quite amused the first night after being in school when he had almost fallen asleep he suddenly called me and said: "Mother, do the school-teacher's get paid?" And when I said "Yes" he answered: "Well, I don't see why, for we do all the work."

At first I tried dressing him like a little city boy would dress in a suit which I had sent to Chicago and bought with money received from chickens I sold, but after he had been rolled in the mud several times and called "Dude" I gave it up and let him go as the others went, in blue overalls and with a clean blouse every day. He wore high shoes because he could not stand it to go barefooted on the stony road. His chum, William, was in the school and many other

nice little boys that he was very fond of. The officers of the big Rucker Mill sent their children to this same school, but it was terrible time of anxiety for me and I wore myself out and tired "Buck" out by my frequent trips to and from the school-house and the bungalow. I always had a presentment that when they came to take my only child from his mother they would take him from this Lake Stevens' school and this fear haunted me night and day.





THE BRIDGE ACROSS LAKE STEVENS AT A DEEP BAY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TAKEN FROM SCHOOL.

It was a moonlight night between Thanksgiving Day and the Holidays of 1908. The full moon, round, large, and red, was just appearing over the top of our second growth grove on the hill above our bungalow. Dark-veiled at first behind the twigs of fir, cedar, pine and spruce it looked like a huge Hallowe'en lantern and Boyd exclaimed, "Jack Pumpkinhead." Slowly it ascends to the open spaces of the upper sky, sending as it went a silvery searchlight into the dark aisles of these Western woods, and then it appears in all its glory to guide us down the steep hill, for Boyd and I and faithful "Buck" were starting on a drive to the little town of Hartford just beyond Boyd's school and Rucker's Mill. It was very still for there was not left one remembrance of the cool wind which had ruffled until sundown the waters of our lovely lake. It was winter, Nature's "silent time," spring was not yet here when she reawakens with the voices of new life. Now, the crackling of a twig, the stirring among the underbrush or perhaps the rustling on a moss carpeted bough meant merely some hungry inhabitant of the woods searching, hungry, for a weaker

one to prey upon—and it would only end in one way in the "Survival of the Fittest."

As we passed our home it seemed a House of Mystery standing intermingled with the light and darkness. The well-worn path down from the front door to the gate was a silver path to-night. In the murmuring pines of "Coon's Woods" as we passed them by there seemed a breathing silence. But who can write a silence? What pen describes the harmony of Nature's laws?

At every farm gate as we approach, the house dogs come out to bark and howl, but we know them all and they are friends of ours. So calling each by name they quiet down and rush out to wag and whine a pardon, so glad are they to know that we are friends, not enemies to be devoured. Between my property and the county bridge over Lake Stevens there are just three houses. This bridge is a long wooden structure and just beyond it is the Lake Stevens' "Chautauqua Grounds" and then Mr. Illman's ranch. While we lived at Mr. Illman's ranch I was always startled by the rumbling sound of approaching vehicles crossing over this bridge for I wondered if they were coming for us then. Every one trots their horses over this bridge for there is no sign "\$10.00 Fine," and in the wintertime the bridge boards are more passable than the muddy roads.

The bridge crosses Lake Stevens at a deep bay. On one side is a shallow, weedy inlet full of water-

lily pads. But on the other side is a long vista of waterscape fully three miles long. This was the widest part of the lake and across there were the wildest banks of the lake for all they held at that time was a deserted lumber camp. From this bridge one could easily imagine Lake Stevens to be a much larger body of water than it really is. Over there we could plainly see the dark pine woods that framed that part of the lake. Between us and them the moon was playing pranks to-night, sending down her silver-tapered fingers, to touch the water, dancing, glancing in a mystic maze of an elfin dance. Was she trying to charm this lovely lake back to the romance of its primeval days? It seemed like a weird dance of some spirits of Hallowe'en. We stopped a moment to watch it. The glimmering Will-o-the-Wisp fingers motion to us, they follow us and beckon us, but where? I strained my ears to hear a melody played by unseen hands, but no characteristic tarantella music accompanied this ghostly dance of fantasy and the silence of the moonlight night lent more weirdness to the sight. With misted eyes I watched and presently found myself humming a once familiar song, "Die Lorelie."

"Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Dass Ich so traurig bin;
Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten,
Dass kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn."

A fiendish laugh interrupts my song and a Loon dives up from among the faded lily pods, attracted by the

bright gleam of the moonlight, coolly surveying for a moment the water and the land, he dives again to appear unexpectedly in another quarter where he laughs longer and louder than before. Who cares for a Loon? Named for Luna or the moon, their laugh must always be the loudest on a moonlight night.

As we turn the curve of the highway in front of Mr. Illman's ranch wild fancy becomes plain fact for there is the Big Mill wheezing and puffing away. The "night shift" is on and the wheels of industry are turning by night as well as by day. We always stopped to watch here for a while for it was a pretty sight after the dark solitude of our exile ranch. Brilliantly lighted by electricity it gave a touch of city life and inside there was so much confusion and toil. The gigantic burner where they burned useless bits of wood, sent a comet-like glare out all around and it always seemed a shame to burn up so much fuel. I would have been glad of some of it for my kitchen stove. We cannot stop to go inside the mill to-night for we are on our way to Hartford to mail some letters and hoping we may find some Eastern news in the post-office there for us.

But if we did enter this big mill, what would we see?

We had already seen the log booms go by our home at different times, guided down the lake to the mill by a busy little gasoline launch. At one side of the mill stand men with pike poles guiding logs towards a moving stairway, where an endless chain catches them with

sharp claws and hauls them up after they have been washed clean by the water. Inside the mill, noises almost deafen one. How men can work in such a hub-hub I do not see. The saw sings piercingly while it is cutting and when not working a thunderous crash jars the whole building. When the logs come up into the mill they are turned off the chain upon a carriage, two men operate this carriage by levers, one to take the log up to the saw and the other to run it back for another cut. When the log is trimmed a man stationed near the huge band saw makes signs to those on the carriage and they get their directions in this way as to how to cut the logs into timbers, planks, or boards. You, in seemingly higher walks of life, hardly ever have to use your brains as quickly, instantaneously as this man who gives these orders. He must think instantly for other logs are crowding up ready to be cut. After leaving the saw, the timbers, boards and planks, guided when need be by men with levers, go in different directions to be piled up or finished. In a large mill like this Lake Stevens' mill mechanical devices to aid the hurry of the work are brought to a perfection. It takes about four minutes to cut up a log which it has taken a hundred years to grow and what will we do when the trees are all gone?

The shingle mill and the lath mill are in a part of the building by themselves. The machines for cutting lath and cutting and packing the shingles are most interesting. The only part of the work I could not bear

to watch was the firemen. To see men truly "earning their bread by the sweat of their brows" always made me feel badly some way. To stand and feed a fiery furnace savors a little too strongly of the satanic. Another pathetic feature of the mill country is the enormous number of men you see with mutilated hands and arms. Few who work long in these mills escape. They may go on for years unharmed, but one day they will make a little careless movement and off goes a finger or an arm. Last year while I was at Lake Stevens a neighbor who had worked for years as head sawyer, made a false move by putting his hand too near a circular saw and off went two fingers. The mill at Lake Stevens has a resident doctor who lives right there and every employee of the mill gives him a dollar of his wages every month.

One can go on to Hartford from Rucker's mill by two different ways. The old road round by the school-house or on past the mill stores onto a new road lined by new houses built by those employed in the big mill. A slough runs alongside this road and at times of high water it runs dangerously near to the road. This slough runs from Lake Stevens into the Little Pilchuck, and beyond it is a railway running on a high trestle to a lumber camp.

Hartford is just a hamlet of a few stores in one of which is a post-office. One church and a "Yoeman's Hall," and two hotels. Some of our mail came to this post-office instead of to Everett and then to us by



The Dry Shed of
Rucker's Mill.

THE PLANING MILL OF
RUCKER'S MILL.

"In a large mill like this Lake Stevens Mill mechanical de-
vices to aid the hurry of work are brought
to a perfection."

the route of the R. F. D. Hartford has no daily newspaper, but it has its whiskered oracle on every cracker barrel and its skirted personal news column in every kitchen, so that evening after Boyd and I had mailed our letters and received our mail in return it did not take us long to hear the news.

The very boy Boyd sat near at school, with whom he had played that night, had been taken sick since school and the mill doctor had just declared it to be "scarlet fever." I will honestly say that there are two diseases I was afraid to have my child contract, diphtheria and scarlet-fever for I had a dear sister die of one and had watched, when a young girl, a beautiful little brother die from the effects of the other. So when I found there was no talk of fumigating or quarantining the school and no placard had been placed upon the house where the child was sick, I got busy and I made myself exceedingly disliked within a very few minutes. For I called up the County Health Officer and received his promise that he would come out early in the morning and I called up the County Superintendent of schools and told her I had taken Boyd from school and should teach him myself until better conditions prevailed.

By the time we got back to the bridge the moon had led her many sprites around the curve of the bay, out of sight. But in the Northwest we saw our beloved star.

“ This star drew near to the Northwest
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest:
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the spot where Jesus lay.”

The green glitter of the twinkling brilliancy of this especial star seemed to be sending us a magnetic message. This star alone is a Scripture lesson in the sky, a very word from God. And as I held my well beloved child, now in more danger from disease, tight with one arm and guided my horse by my other hand, I thought of that Mother and a Babe in the manger. The star has told us Christmas was again drawing near. But I felt little of the Christmas cheer that night. I realized the dangers that do beset us poor mortals at every moment of our life and that there were few to help me and my poor child. But I tried to realize that “ God is in his Heaven and all is well.”





FIDO MONEY-PENNY.

"No circus dog can do more tricks than
'Fido Money-Penny.'"

CHAPTER XXV.

LOCAL CHARACTERS.

“ O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel’s as ither see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress and gait wad
lea’c us
And ee’n devotion!”

We are all queer, only some of us are queerer than the rest of us. The Quakeress said, “ All are queer save John and me and John he’s just a wee bit queer.”

There never was a locality yet but what had its quaint characters and Lake Stevens was no exception. Character study would be interesting if we had time to stop for it but we live so fast that the habit of observing carefully the dispositions of our fellow creatures is a rare one. Every town has its people who feel that they have acquired their full character and that they have nothing further to do in life but to carry it to their graves without losing or adding one iota to it —Holmes writes in “ The Professor at the Breakfast Table,” “ We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for

them, or use anything but dictionary-words are admirable subjects for biographies. But we don't care most for those flat pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium."

Any good sailing weather day at Lake Stevens you will see the old sea captain out sailing in his boat. Sailing for many years on the oceans he could not bear to end his days away from the sound of the water. He was like the rhyme in "St. Nicholas:"

" There was an old woman named Moore
Who was so used to the roar near the shore
That she could not sleep
Unless some one would keep apounding away
on the door."

So he had bought this place on Lake Stevens, cleared the land and built a house as near like a ship as he could make it. I saw the clearing being made and supposed of course there was a woman there, so I rowed over one day to welcome her. A good dock had already been built so we ran up alongside and tied. "Ahoy there!" we cried and a stentorian "Aye, aye" came from within the house.

After walking around the premises and admiring the many shrubs and ornamental trees, which had already been put out, and the evergreen trees left in their natural state, our host suddenly appeared at the bulkhead of the cabin, a human bulkhead of startling solidity, an extremely salt-looking man indeed. Boyd drew nearer to me and whispered, "The Ancient Mar-

iner."—The glittering eye was there all right but blood-shot and gleaming out from white, shaggy eyebrows and the tanned, weather beaten face,—they had the appearance of small suns trying to shine through a Puget Sound fog. His face had the look of an over-ripe peach or plum that hangs too late unpicked. The skin is so lined and wrinkled it has the appearance of waves on an ocean when the wind is stilled, and the expression was a far-away one as if he saw a distant sail upon the horizon. There seemed no near-vision. His marine blue suit flapped around his body as if he were treading the deck with a stiff northwester blowing. His large white shirt collar was waving around his ears like a foretop gallant sail. His shaggy hair seemed to be seeking all the points of the compass at once. At sight of me, a woman, not the ghost of a smile or a welcome broke the stolid taciturnity of his visage. It might have been a large Gargoyle set as the figure head on a ship as far as any change of expression went. His brushy eyebrows came down so heavily near his rubicund nose that it was like a thunder-cloud settling on a mountain peak. I learned afterwards that of all things in the world he hated it was a woman, owing to an unfortunate love affair in his youth; but as usual it was my little boy that proved to be my salvation. For catching sight of the lad his face cleared like a murky morning giving way to a sunny noon, his eyebrows resumed their normal place and straightened out. His foggy eyes cleared and a four-cornered smile ap-

peared, one at each corner of his mouth and one at the corner of each eye. He let down the gang-plank and motioned us up the gang-way as he husked a greeting to my little boy for some of the ocean's fog still lingered in his throat, as he said to Boyd:

"Ahoy, there ship mate, how goes it? Is there any sailing breeze to-day?"

It seems we had timed our calling day untimely as it was the captain's washing day but I afterwards learned that any day we might have called would have been washing day with the captain for he scrubbed unwearied every day. Inside the captain's house everything was as trim and taut as if he expected a sudden gale might strike him any moment or a tidal wave might arise to engulf him and his belongings. Everything was well adjusted and the cargo equally balanced on all sides. The rooms were all small and had windows high up like in a ship's cabin and the furnishings all spoke of the sea and many foreign lands; on the white, freshly scoured floors lay rugs and skins of animals which he had brought from Alaska. In the living-room were shells and sea-faring objects galore and on a long shelf above the captain's berth were books and more books, and daring to glance inside of some of them I discovered the reader was reading *Don Quixote* in the original Spanish and likewise each other book was owned in the language in which the author had written his production. I think

the captain is a Norwegian but he speaks and reads five or six other languages.

When he found that Boyd and I were also fond of *Don Quixote* and other of his favorite books and that we read constantly the best we could find, he thawed out considerably and insisted upon my taking some of his books home with me. Then, too, from the cutest cupboards whose openings we would not have seen, and by opening up a trap-door and disappearing for a moment he brought forth ships biscuits, dried meats and fruit and soon he placed a lunch before us fit for the gods. No "Female of the Species" can keep house like a bona fide captain of the sea, neat, trim and taut. He let us inspect every part of the "Captain's Quarters," and words fail me to describe the infinite neatness of it all. Such clean earthenware for his butter, milk and cheeses, such a pantry with dishes packed in geometrical piles, the tables and chairs placed at trigonometrical angles and curves. Why even the wood pile looked as if it had been scrubbed and burnished. He must have emptied his dust-pan in the air and let his friends—the breezes of Lake Stevens—waft it to less cleanly quarters for I could not see a speck of dirt anywhere around. He sent to Seattle and bought all his supplies by wholesale at some ship chandler's so never a guest surprised him unawares or went away without a goodly repast from that captain's kitchenette which was always in ship-shape order. He had a force pump at a sink so he could force water up from

the lake into his house and I suppose this made more real the fact that he was still living on the water.

But we must not make our first call upon the captain too long a one for fear that fogs and mists of displeasure may arise to shiver any future welcome to this snug ship. As he follows us down to the little wharf he points with pride to a goodly sized tree near the water which has come all the way from China. I don't remember the name of the tree but I think he said it would be covered with red berries all through the winter season, something similar to the holly bush in my own yard. And then he tells us of his troubles with the county, for they want to put a county road in front of his house right here where this tree stands, and it will ruin his place. "What did I buy here for if not to be right on the water and now they want to put a roadway —an earthen roadway between me and the water. I'll fight it." And he did for when I left there a year ago he was in a lawsuit due to their threatened desecration of the water frontage to his Lake Retreat. I have not heard which was victorious but if the county won I am afraid I won't find the captain there when I return to Lake Stevens. Accustomed to the wide courses and deep waterways of the oceans he could not brook such an indignity and was threatening another voyage when I left there last year.

As we jibed for home he called out in a pleasant weather voice, "Lay well to the wind, lad, keep a look-

out forward and steer your course back here again some other day."

But the afternoon is yet young. Pilchuck's grey crest and Mt. Baker's banks of snow are not yet gilded with the red rays of a setting sun so we have time for another call before I return to feed my chicks and Boyd and Duke go up to get the cows.

We will go to the extreme end of the lake, to the house-boat. Yes, a real floating house-boat and as the owner of this aquatic dwelling sits on his front porch on an overturned cask and inveigles the wily trout, he points with pride to the whole expanse of Lake Stevens' blue waters and says, "Yes, all that is my lawn, without care or trouble to me for I never have to mow it, or plant it, or cut it, or enrich it. Yes, that is my lawn, I own it all." Did I say the owner of this aquatic dwelling? Allow me to correct myself and speak again. I should say dweller. We must enter and call upon Mrs. Money-penny, the real owner of this ark—I never knew which was their front door or which was their rear entrance for the floating house had both a water door and a roadway entrance and callers came frequently by land and water both. For in one corner of Mrs. Money-penny's kitchen was a shop not unlike the more aristocratic one kept years ago by HEPZIBAH in "The House of the Seven Gables." Glass jars held ribboned sticks of candy, boxes, too, of gum of different odors to be bought for a "scent." Large wafers of cocoanut and molasses, all

day suckers on a stick, entrancing groups of chocolates and caramels and bottled pop and ginger ale. Do you wonder Boyd planned our trips to always go and come via Mrs. Money-penny's shop? And Mrs. Money-penny had a heart as large as her figure which is speaking strongly—and always for Boyd her scales of justice fell towards the side of Lenience and Overweight.

While Boyd regaled himself with sweets I was allowed to enter the "best room" for I came twice a week to teach the little Money-penny girl to pound the ivory on the piano which her mother had proudly acquired and paid for slowly but persistently in monthly installments to an Everett firm. Yes, I was allowed twice a week to enter the best room. The curtains were drawn aside from the real house windows of the ark, the enveloping swaths of felt and oilcloth were laboriously removed from the frame and the precious piano stood revealed! This caution was necessary in order that the upright should not inhale any asthmatic tendencies from the dampness of the lake around and beneath it. "Dolly" Money-penny was an adopted child and her foster mother always told me of it every time I went there and showed me the clothes the child had on when they took her from the home. On the best room's walls hung high were the legal reminders of Mrs. Money-penny's several matrimonial ventures and plunges and from beneath them enlarged photographs of extinct better halves stared mournfully down at the sympathetic caller.

Not all the animals went in "two by two" into this Lake Stevens ark but there were two interesting dogs. "Fido" looks like a lilliputian square piano over which has been thrown a very shaggy black hair-cloth cover and no circus dog can do more tricks than Fido Money-penny. He can chew gum, smoke a pipe, sit up and speak; he knows them all. You see Mr. Money-penny ran the donkey engine for the lumber firm that was getting logs from different parts of the lake, and when the work was finished in one locality he would pick up donkey engine and house-boat and move to another. Mrs. Money-penny told me many times with pride how many different places they had settled their ark in during the many years they had lived on the lake. On the land side of the house Mrs. Money-penny had flower gardens but she always kept them tightly fenced in as if she feared they would run away. I used to wonder why she did this for she did not keep chickens, ducks or cows. But as her flowers were annuals of very vivid colors, marigolds, asters, zinnias, dahlias and "sich" all jumbled in together Boyd and I made up our minds the colors were trying to run away from each other because they knew they did not blend, and she had to fence them in on that account. Sometimes one color killed another in Mrs. Money-penny's garden long before autumn was near. I felt like giving her a sign I saw in an Everett dry goods store, "Colors War-ranted not to Run."

By the slanting of the sun's rays I know it's time for Boyd and I to row our boat towards home so in we get and

“ Gracefully, gracefully glides our bark
On the bosom of the lake
And before her bows the wavelets dark
Break into a thousand gems.”

Oh, the sunsets on Lake Stevens! My house faces west and through every front window was seen a vivid painting at sunset time in pleasant weather. In the purple, reds, violet, gold and white one could fancy all shapes were there painted in colors of fire.

“ Softly the evening came.
The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden
wand o'er the landscape:
Twinkling vapors arose: and
Sky and water and forest seemed all on
fire at the touch,
And melted and mingled together.”

But now we approach our dock in front of our bungalow.

“ Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn:
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!”





JENNIE WITH HER PUPPIES.
"Jennie, such a clever little dog."



BUCK.

"Now 'Buck' is
a n exceedingly
'foxy' horse and
he did not want
to leave Lake
Stevens."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MORE LOCAL CHARACTERS.

“ Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as ‘ he ’ instead of ‘ I ’
Pick flaws, find fault, forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love’s chain grow stronger by one mighty link
When you with ‘ he ’ as substitute for ‘ I ’
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.”

—STRICKLAND W. GILLILLAN.

Then there were the horsemen who wanted to sell me a horse. Every one knew I needed a horse. I knew it myself. But “ Buck ” was sound even if he was slow and I was afraid to make a change. As soon as it got spread abroad that the “ Eastern Widow ” wanted to buy a horse, horses and owners began coming from all directions. They were constantly appearing at the top of the hill, coming in with a dash and a flourish as if they would say, “ She can’t resist this one, that’s sure.” Every time they would start with a price that was about twice what the animal was worth and come down gradually to a price something more than they could ever get for the animal from a man. This was done because I was a woman and was trying to run the ranch alone. I “ was a lady and had just come

among them" and they all vied in trying to sell me the worst horse for the most money.

I knew just what kind of a horse I wanted, color and everything, and I did not want any other. But as I could not keep two horses, I must first get rid of "Buck." It was like giving up a member of the family to give up "Buck," but he was too hearty an eater to own just from sentiment. So whenever I heard of any one who wanted a "nice, safe family driving horse" for the wife and children, I advertised "Buck."

Unfortunately, they always wanted to "try" him first. Now, "Buck" is an exceedingly "foxy" horse and he did not want to leave Lake Stevens. So when the prospective owner would take him to "try" "Buck" would be trying in the extreme and would show every mean cayuse trick he possessed. He knew how to balk and to back and he did it every time he came to a steep hill. He was a big eater and always came back looking as if he had had a feast. He had a very slow walk, but he could trot when he wanted to, and his mulish disposition would assert itself when he was being tried and no amount of urging could get him off that funereal march of his. So, like a "bad penny" "Buck" always returned. One of the horse dealers that I remember most vividly had one blind eye, and so did most of his horses. He never seemed to want to show me the horses he had for sale in the glare of daylight but would come out just at dusk and

let Boyd and I drive the horse down as far as the mill and back. We would really go like the wind, but I had my suspicions which I kept to myself and let him keep his horses. There is a story about a man who was asked about another man's honesty and declared he would vouch for it in every respect, but when he was asked how he was when it came to a horse trade he took back what he had said and remarked, "I don't know anything about the man."

At last I became so bothered by these would-be sellers of horse flesh that I had to do something violent to get rid of them. The "trying system" put it in my head. So whenever I had company that had to be taken to Everett to the train and one of these sellers came along I said I did like the animal and I thought maybe I would buy it but they could just leave it for a day or two so I could "try" it. By these means I got my guests into Everett in much quicker time than with "Buck," so after a while I was not bothered any more by the horsemen.

Then there were the fishermen. But why tell fish stories? You have all heard them and you all have friends who tell them. Maybe you, yourself, are a fisherman and tell them. I don't suppose I could tell any new ones. The fishermen would arrive the evening before the fishing season opened with the greatest outfits ever—the very latest flies, reels and hooks, expensive fishing rods and all the paraphernalia galore. Boyd

had his little fish basket and all complete just like the others. As I went in and out about my work I used to hear bits now and then of their conversation. I used to think "There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught." And when I went down on my dock and looked into the deep, blue waters of the lake I used to think of the great big fish that they had almost landed but that were still in Lake Stevens.

My Lake Stevens bungalow lacks one thing—a fireplace. Boyd and I picked up cobble-stones from the beach and made a big pile of them and some day we are going to build a fireplace, if the happy time ever comes when we can go back there together. Meanwhile the stones are waiting there to be built into our family hearth. And the god of our fireplace is a little reproduction of the emblem carved over the doorway of the Great Temple of Dojyo in Tokio, Japan. Three monkeys, one has his two hands over his eyes, one has a hand over each ear and the third one has both hands tightly pressed upon his mouth, above is carved "Speak, See, Hear no Evil." Having no fireplace when the fishermen have finished their day's fishing and dinner being over, all walk up to our good friend's, our next door neighbors beyond "Coon's Woods," our charming neighbors, the Knisely's. They have a most glorious fireplace, patterned after the one in Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge. And Mrs. Knisely turns out the lamps and the big log burns

and as we all sit around in a circle around that happy home hearth each and every one is silent for a while with the thoughts each and every one keeps to himself. For the open fire brings memories back which can not be framed in words. Even the cat and dog sit meditative by the open fire with a solemn look of human intelligence.

“Fire that’s closest kept burns most of all.”

James Russel Lowell wrote:

“As I sit sometimes in the twilight,
And call back to life in the coals
Old faces and hopes and fancies
Long buried (good rest to their souls).
A face shines out in the embers;
I see her holding the light,
And hear the crunch of the gravel
And the sweep of the rain at night.
‘Tis a face that can never grow older
That can never part with its gleam
‘Tis a gracious possession forever,
For is it not all a dream?”

But presently the dream faces grow fainter and each in turn tells a story from his reality. There was one fisherman in particular whom the firelight always enthused to talk of his experiences. The glow of the fire always seemed to revivify his recollections of his youth. And as he talks the fiery forms dance merrily in a companionship of warmth. They throw their beams upon the windows and bid other guests come in out of the dark. Dr. Holmes wrote “I have seen respectability and amiability grouped over the air-tight stove, I have

seen virtue and intelligence hovering over the register, but I have never seen true happiness in a family circle where the faces were not illuminated by the blaze of an open fireplace."

In 1850 Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote, "In classic times the exhortation to fight '*pro aris et focis*' for the altars and the hearths was considered the strongest appeal that could be made to patriotism. It has been our task to uproot the hearth. What further reform is left for our children to achieve, unless they overthrow the altar, too? And by what appeal hereafter, when the breath of hostile armies may mingle with the pure, cold breezes of our country, shall we attempt to rouse up native valor? Fight for your hearths. There will be none throughout the land. Fight for your stoves! Not I in faith. While a man was true to the fireside so long would he be true to country and law, to the God whom his fathers worshipped, to the wife of his youth and to all things else which instinct or religion has taught us to consider sacred." If Nathaniel Hawthorne were alive in 1912 what would he think of the hideous steam pipes, the "gas log," Reno, Nevada, and our lax divorces and marriage laws?

Then there were the chicken men. They always wanted to buy my best marked fowls that I wanted to keep. When I sold eggs for hatching, if each one did not produce a chick they wanted me to make it good. They all gave me advice and did all they could to influence me to give up the "Rhode Island Reds,"

but I kept to the "Rhode Island Reds" and proved that I was right. I got plenty of advice from every one. They all told me I ought to have a man to help me run the place, but I thought I was doing well enough.

One day a telephone man came to see if he could get permission to put a telephone pole on my land and when I went to the door he said, "Is the Boss at home?" I said "yes, she's right here. I am the Boss."

There was my woman of all work who had once lived in the mountains of Virginia. She seemed to be like a hill of potatoes, the best of her was under ground. She was always telling me of the great people she was related to, even Queen Victoria, herself, was not excluded. The natural abilities this woman had were not so bad, but it was the ones she affected that made her ridiculous. There was another woman with her husband and child who came every day just at meal time. I stood it for months, but she never would help me wash the dishes although they had done much more than their share at eating the meal, and when I later discovered that she went away and made remarks about me I drew the line and I went over to her shack and came away with lots less mind than I went there with, for I had given her a big piece of it. There was another woman who enjoyed poor health and she used to call me up at night to see her die, but she is still enjoying poor health. When Boyd was here Christmas we were reminiscing and he said, "Mother,

do you remember how many times Mrs. C— called you down there to see her die?"

This woman also seemed to have a very morbid delight in funerals. She and her husband would attend the funeral of even the most distant acquaintances and they always borrowed "Buck" for the occasion. "Buck" did make a splendid funeral horse, and when they came back they used to tell me how finely he followed and what a grand turn he made when they went into the cemetery.

There was the sixteen-year-old boy who came out one spring and wanted to know if I did not want a boy "to run my place during the summer." He was company for Boyd so I kept him for a while. He certainly "ran" things. He "ran" the cows until they took to the woods and hid. He "ran" Buck until Buck threw him off onto a boulder one day. He "ran" my boats all up on to the beach until they leaked. He shook the trees until the fruit all "ran" down into the lake. He "ran" the chickens so that the hens would not lay and the others were too lean to eat. But he finally "ran" away back home and we were all glad of it. Another boy would never lock up anything. He always left everything wide open and when I reprimanded him he said "Why, I did not think any one was going to bring anything."

There was the old man down the road aways who drank periodically, and then he and his wife would

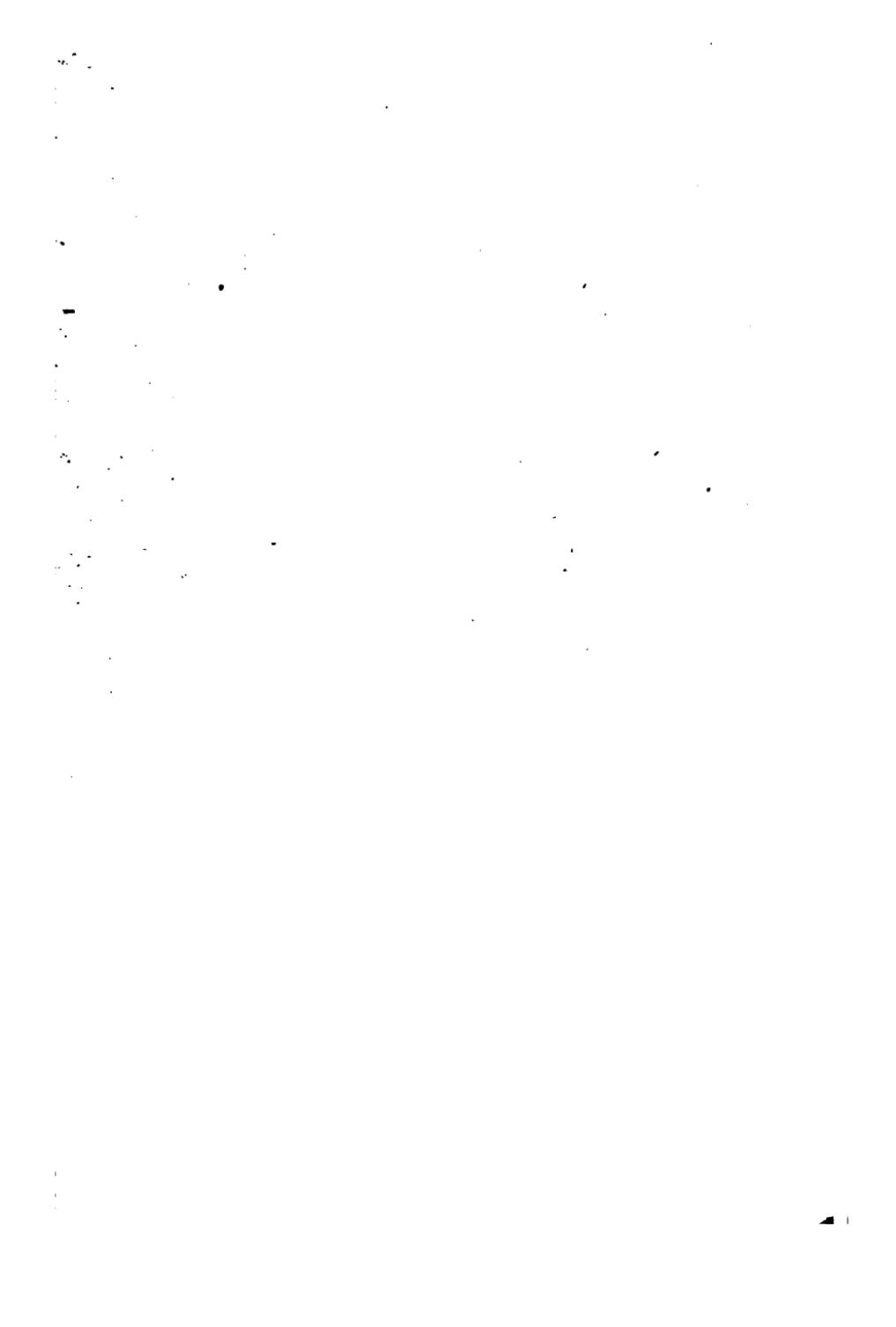
quarrel and he would leave home "for good and all." We would see him going by with his camp blankets strapped on his back, singing or whistling very merrily and stepping very high and we knew he had gone for good again. But his wife was a good cook and he always got homesick for home cooking and returned.

Then there were the Indians. The half-civilized Siwash and those on the Tulalip reservation near us. They were so funny driving by in their outlandish rigs. I always wanted to interview them but "Boyd" would pull me back and not let me speak to them. They were so unlike the real Indian, proud and stalwart in his war paint and wearing his blanket with the air of a king in an ermine robe that we had seen in far-away Alberta. Whenever we drove to Snohomish we saw "Pilchuck Julia." She is the seer of that region and from her can be gleaned all the lore and romance of early Indian days. She foretells the weather and when in winter she thinks it is going to be cold she will appear in Everett to warn the people.

Skookum George on the Tulalip reservation is a nephew of Pat-Ka-Nam, who was head chief of the Suoqueline tribe at the time the Peace Treaty was signed at Mukiltco (near Everett) in 1885. Pat-Ka-Nam loved peace and wanted peace with the whites and he saved the white residents at Seattle from massacre with a band of 500 warriors, defeating the bad Indians in a battle near Suoqueline Pass.

This chapter is already too long or I would not stop for my material is not nearly exhausted.

A German writer, Jean Paul Richter, once wrote: "A man never shows his own character so plainly as by his manner of portraying another's." So come gentle reader, and portray the character of the writer.





BOYD AND BERT
"He had a new chum named 'Bert.' "

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WINTER OF OUR CONTENT.

Boyd did not have the scarlet fever, nor did he return to school that year. It was especially good to have him home that winter for the weather was disagreeable and it would have been difficult for him to go back and forth. I know now those days must have been full of work and worry for me but as I look back upon them whatever of weariness and ugliness there was in the frugal life has disappeared and only the infinite beauty and sweetness of my life with my child, having him with me to teach and care for, remain. Like the rugged mountains which I saw from Lake Stevens. Near at hand I knew they must bear marks and scars of wear and tear among their granite boulders but from my bungalow they looked always beautiful wrapped in their white snow mantles or robed in a warmer garment of purple haze. So my days on the Lake Stevens' ranch only appear in my memory now as beautiful in their misty happiness.

Winter does not linger long on the Pacific Coast and summer presses closely on its retreating footsteps. February was a busy month for it meant house-cleaning

time and caring for many little chickens and getting down my boats to be repainted and repaired.

It was the year of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition at Seattle and many Easteners were coming to the Coast. I hardly dared move far from my exile ranch for fear of running into some one that knew me. More often now were being asked the questions:

“Who is Mrs. McIntyre?”

“Why does she stay so closely here and work so hard?”

“What brought her here?”

Among the fishermen who came that April, 1909, was a vice-president of a large manufacturing firm who came out with a number of our friends for a day's fishing in Lake Stevens. He had been fishing at all the well known and most attractive fishing places from San Francisco up, and he went away with a fine string of Lake Stevens' trout. I was rather amazed, and I will own a wee bit nervous when I learned his home was in Cleveland, Ohio.

Boyd's friend, William, had moved to a different mill town but he had a new chum named Bert, who was his able assistant in the “many inventions” only a boy knows how to play. They entirely rebuilt and improved the “auto” and for many days they were the telephone men and had wires of an intricate system strung all over my side yard. They were both good little fishermen and enjoyed the boats to the very utmost. On rainy days they had offices in Boyd's shack and did a large

real estate and insurance business with a toy typewriter. This office is just as Boyd left it two years ago. They had a toy printing press and printed a little newspaper over which we had many a good laugh.

But at last mid-summer had arrived and the happy time came for Boyd to go with friends to the Seattle exposition. What he saw and learned while there did him more good than years of schooling. I shall never forget how much I enjoyed my first exposition, the "World's Fair" at Chicago, and I don't believe I shall ever enjoy another one as much. Boyd had now the same experience although he did go to the Buffalo exposition when a very small child. It was a lonesome time for me for I always felt as though I had lost some part of me when I was absent from my child. I think any reputable physician will say that when "The Mother Love" is very strong and predominates over every trait a woman has, it is sometimes very dangerous to take a child away from its mother. Unless a woman has a very strong mind she has sometimes been known to become insane through grief from the loss of her child. Poets love to sing of the sympathy of Nature and I think I would have died of lonesomeness while Boyd was gone if it had not been for the companionship of Nature during this time while he was away. At night I would light every lamp in my house and place the jolliest records I had upon my phonograph so passers-by would think I was having the merriest time

ever, instead of being a lonesome mother crying for her only child. But in the daytime my duties happily kept me out-of-doors most of the time. I needed no phonograph then, for was there not the

“Rustle of the leaves in summer’s hush
When wandering breezes touch them and the sigh
That filters through the forest or the gush that
swells and sinks amid the branches high.
‘Tis all the music of the wind and we let Fancy
float on the Aeolian breath.”

The evergreen woods are a delightful promenade ground any time of the year with their clean pine needles under one’s feet, the lovely ferns and Oregon grape and the birds overhead with their contented song, the little animals cutely disappearing at my sudden approach. It seems as though each needle in the pine trees is a different note when the light breezes are blowing. But in a gale the needles click against each other as if an untrained hand was striking several notes in discord at one time. Never shall I forget the sighing of the wind in “Coon’s woods,” so whenever my sorrows pressed so heavily upon me that even work was no solace I went for my favorite walk. For

“The woods were filled so full with song
There seemed no room for sense of wrong.”

I went through my orchard gate into “Coon’s Woods”—the spicy pine odors, the fragrant balsam refreshed me, each leaf whispered to me, the birds sang for me,

even the squirrels tried to make me laugh by their merry pranks. The blue heron, hearing my approach, sprang up from somewhere, spread its long wings and flew hurriedly across to a log on the opposite side of the lake. Soon I came to the spring the Indians found, and a well trodden camping place around it. Then a marshy place where one must walk on logs, brings us to a clearing and here we stop. For as the day is a pleasant one the sky is very, very blue and what a setting it makes for Mt. Baker's everlasting snow. I used to think what a sight that would be for an Easterner in July and August's sweltering heat. But Lake Stevens is envious because we gaze so long at that wonderful snow mountain and ripples her waves a little louder on the pebbly beach to remind us she is there and so our eyes come down from sky to lake. Whittier's description of Sebago Lake always came back to me.

" Around Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters make
The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its grey rocks o'er
Are painted on its glossy floor.
The sun looks o'er with hazy eye,
The snowy mountain-tops which lie
Piled coldly up against the sky." —

The restlessness makes us move on and we begin to climb a steep hill sometimes slipping back more often than we go forward. At the top of the hill in an immense boulder which is well worth the climb to find, a

western boulder of heroic size. It brings back to my memory New England, Vermont and the Berkshire Hills!

Then we let down the rails of my picturesque rail fence, although more courageous ones will dare to climb the fence, and enter my pretty wood-lot from the doorway of "Coon's Woods." This being a logged off piece of wood, many familiar trees have sprung up to cheer us, oaks, a very, very large leaf maple, but not an elm. As we walk through this wood-lot we, every now and then, hear a scurry and a whir of wings among the underbrush for this is where the quail, grouse, partridges and pheasants love to hide, and where the hunter loves to trespass upon my grounds not reading the sign, "No hunting allowed."

As we proceed some game bird in quiet safe attire flies excitedly from tree to tree, loath to let us enter the realm of his domain. Then from the wood-lot, through another gate into an uncleared pasture lot we walk the whole long length for from the eastern line of my property we can get a fine view of Mt. Pilchuck, gray, calm, and beautiful, preaching the sermon of mental peace we need to-day.

" Softly the sway of the pine branches mur-
murs a melody,
The hills alone mysterious silence keeps,
Ah, Me! What cries from out their stormy
hearts will break
In God's great day when all that sleeps shall
wake."

Is it not true that we could learn non-belief in a Creator from books and people, but never from Nature?

Beyond us as we look toward Mt. Pilchuck is a tangled wilderness of wild berry bushes climbing over every blackened stump and here we come for the delicious fruit which makes the splendid jelly we love to make.

Hours that fill the soul with beauty are really the only hours that are not wasted. All else is just endurance vile, but we can not linger longer for already I hear the cow bells. Babe's quick jingle in a rapid time, old Martha's deeper, slower tone, Greeley's sweet, swiss bell and the calf's tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.

I hurry through my second growth grove which in a few years will be a second "Coon's woods," and head my cows down the old trail to the watering place in the lake. Then up the steep grade of my drive-way they saunter towards the hay awaiting them in the old shake barn. And as I scatter chicken food I see the close of day has come. The golden skirted cloud towards Everett is bowing low to me, a farewell bow, before she disappears into the Western sea. I can well return to my domestic duties humming: "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage."

And after my evening meal I open up a book and I read

"Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee;

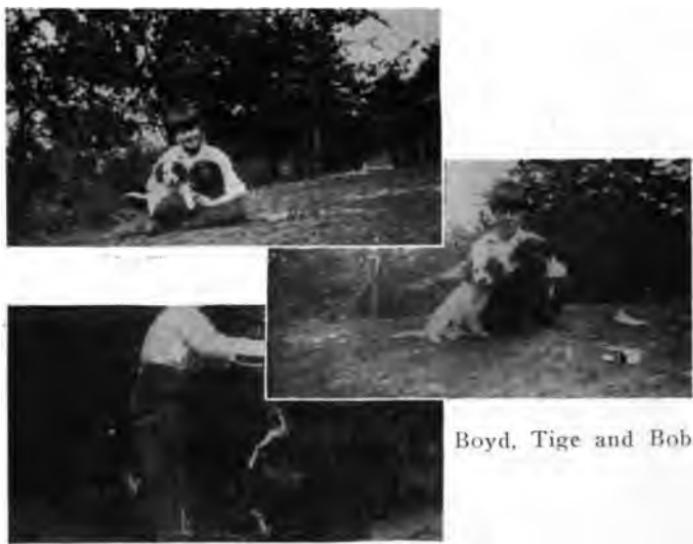
Do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold,
crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave
Then lay before him all thou hast; Allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality; no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The Soul's marmoreal calmness; Grief shall be
 Like Joy, majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,
 Strong to confirm small troubles, to command,
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts last-
 ing to the end."

When Boyd returns he has so much to tell that it almost seems as if I too had been at the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition. He has picked out the prettiest things to bring back to me, his mother. Some little thing from almost every country he visited in the different buildings and he can hardly carry home the many souvenirs and samples they gave him and which he wanted to bring home to show his mother.

The rest of the summer was quite a gay one for Boyd. He had his birthday party, all boys not one girl, and there were several circuses in Everett and a street fair and a county fair to all of which he went. In the fall the school question again came to the front.

By this time Boyd was so sturdy, strong and stalwart that the excuse of ill-health could no longer hold true and they had put a school bus on the Lake Stevens road, so there seemed no reason I could give why he should not attend. Then too there was a charming woman put in the grade he belonged to, to teach, and Boyd liked

BOYD, TIGE AND BOB.



Boyd, Tige and Bob.

Boyd and His Dogs.

her and was glad to go to school to her. So unfortunately he went. Several days after school commenced a party was made to go down to Seattle to one of the closing days of the Exposition. It was "Fore-Fathers" day and the Seattle people had planned a beautiful celebration as well as one very instructive to a childish mind. They had built an exact reproduction of the "Mayflower" dimensions and everything perfect, and members of patriotic societies took the parts of our ancestors who came over on that early voyage to Plymouth. The facsimile "May-flower" sailed towards the exposition grounds on the calm waters of Lake Washington and at a convenient landing point stopped and slowly the passengers landed and were led in prayer by Elder Brewster. Boyd had learned history stories always very easily and I had read him constantly American and English history and he knew that his Grandmother Fitch was descended from Elder Brewster and his Grandfather Fitch from Gov. Bradford, so he thoroughly enjoyed this spectacular scene at the A. Y. & P. Exposition which made the old historical story so very realistic to this little boy of ten. He had not been gone long to Seattle when I saw the R. F. D. man approaching and I hurried down to get my mail. One letter said: "Mr. Peake and his father are in Seattle and Mr. Gleason is dining with them and the two ladies of their household at the Exposition tonight."

Boyd and Mr. Peake both in Seattle and I alone at Lake Stevens!

MARY

1

which had been lowering and rainy. Daylight had faded away in a sky of grayness and not in any tender lights of violet and red. As I turned the corner of the Y which the guide-post said led towards Machias, I drove right into a thick fog which was rapidly ascending from the valley below. The giant trees wrapped in the glimmering vapors were stretching spectral hands out towards me. Darkness had indeed fallen when I came to the top of the high hill which leads down into the town of Machias. Clouds of fog were coming towards me like foamy billows. I had to let faithful Buck pick his own route for I could not see where to guide him and I hung my lighted lantern out over the dashboard to serve as a beacon light if any other wanderers in the night were coming towards me. It is on nights like this that "ships that pass in the night" collide. As I approached, tall forms of mists like sheeted ghosts would stealthily steal away as if their nightly visitations had been interrupted by the presence of a mortal. "They stalked off reluctant like an ill-used ghost." Premonitions and mist, garbed fates seemed dancing before me, around me and above me. As I crossed the railroad track I saw the lights of the Seattle train and although I hurried on it had sped on towards Hartford before I reached the little station. Arriving there I saw nothing of Boyd and his companions. My heart sank. Had it then happened? Mr. Peake was in Seattle and Boyd had not returned. I turned around and Buck started homewards. I wrung my hands and shrieked

aloud to the sky and trees. But a little later I overtook them. They had not seen me and so started to walk home going for aways on the railroad track. Thus for a little while I pushed back the wraiths of ghostly fate and picked up my child from their embrace and clasped him in my arms.

During November and December, 1909, Boyd attended the Lake Stevens school faithfully. He usually rode to school in the morning in the bus and at noon I often took his lunch down to him and many times I went for him at night. During these winter months it was dark when he left in the morning and dark when he returned at night. I had not taught Boyd to be a fighter and when there were differences among the children in the school bus he was generally a peaceful spectator. At the Thanksgiving exercises at school Boyd was given a piece to recite and at Christmas he not only had a piece but much to his greater delight he took part in a "dialogue." School closed one week before Christmas and so I gave Boyd a present each day and all that were left of his many, many gifts on Christmas eve, as we were going into Everett Christmas morning to spend a few days with some dear people in Everett. Never shall I forget that drive into Everett on Christmas day, 1909. The rain of the night before had frozen and the lake with its dark frame of evergreens was scintillating with crispy ice.

As we drove through the woods where the dark robed trees were covered with the garlands of ice all I could

think of were the old-fashioned Christmas cards which sparkled and glistened and fascinated me as a child. It was like a journey through Fairyland and Boyd enjoyed every moment of it. The air was invigorating and at the different houses we were greeted with happy voices of "Merry Christmas." We had a glorious visit in Everett, I rarely leaving the sheltered home, but Boyd going when and where he pleased.

Thus came the New Year of 1910 and although it seemed to dawn as other years had dawned I knew and felt a difference. I seemed always to be shoving aside a barricade of premonition and fear which seemed ever to be confronting me which ever way I turned. Boyd in school, I in my loneliness felt like a person standing on the shore looking out towards sea. The few days of the short Puget Sound winter passed as white ships pass, going by in a monotonous sameness and a steady silence. But as I looked with worried gaze, each one seemed freighted with a cargo of coming change. Some day one would stop and unload its burden of care and grief upon my already well weighted shoulders. Easter was passed and Boyd's school had recommenced.

In the East I had always been accustomed to say "spring has come" when I first found a pussy-willow, but as the pussy-willow comes by the 19th of January at Lake Stevens I had grown accustomed to gauge the springtime there by the advent of the fishing sea-

son which was the first of April. House cleaning and all the evils of the spring must be accomplished before that busy season opened. We had fed the birds all winter long but now the brighter plumaged birds had come back to us. Not the vivid robin redbreast of the East but a duller, smaller cousin called the marsh robin were numerous among my orchard trees and the blue birds and gay scarlet woodpecker too. The blue heron did not now stand for hours on some log watching for his prey. He and his mate were rushing eagerly back and forth from "Coon's Woods" for it was not house cleaning time with them, but house building. The gorgeous Chinese pheasants in their masquerade attire amused us whenever we saw one alight on a telephone wire where he would swing like some intrepid aerial performer high in a circus tent. The earth was laughing and as the lengthening spring days went on without bringing what I most dreaded, we caught its spirit and laughed too. Never a springtime yet but fresh hopes are born and the lethargy of winter thrown away.

Never had house cleaning time passed more successfully. I had made needed repairs to my house and the good trade of the first week of the fishing season had more than recompensed me for it. More visitors were to arrive during the second week of April so Boyd and I drove into Everett on the 13th of April, 1910 to buy supplies, little dreaming that even then

another Silver Lake of Washington was being searched to find a mother with her only child and to-morrow they are coming out to Stevens.

Thus have I written on and on, combining scenes with every thought and feeling, noticing every flower, and Nature picture, lingering over every sunset, listening to every bird and telling every little episode. Because there lies just before me a dark valley of unhappiness and as I approach I tremble and delay to enter it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LETTER FROM THE ONE WHO REVEALED OUR WHEREABOUTS.

“ EVERETT, JAN. 18, 1911.

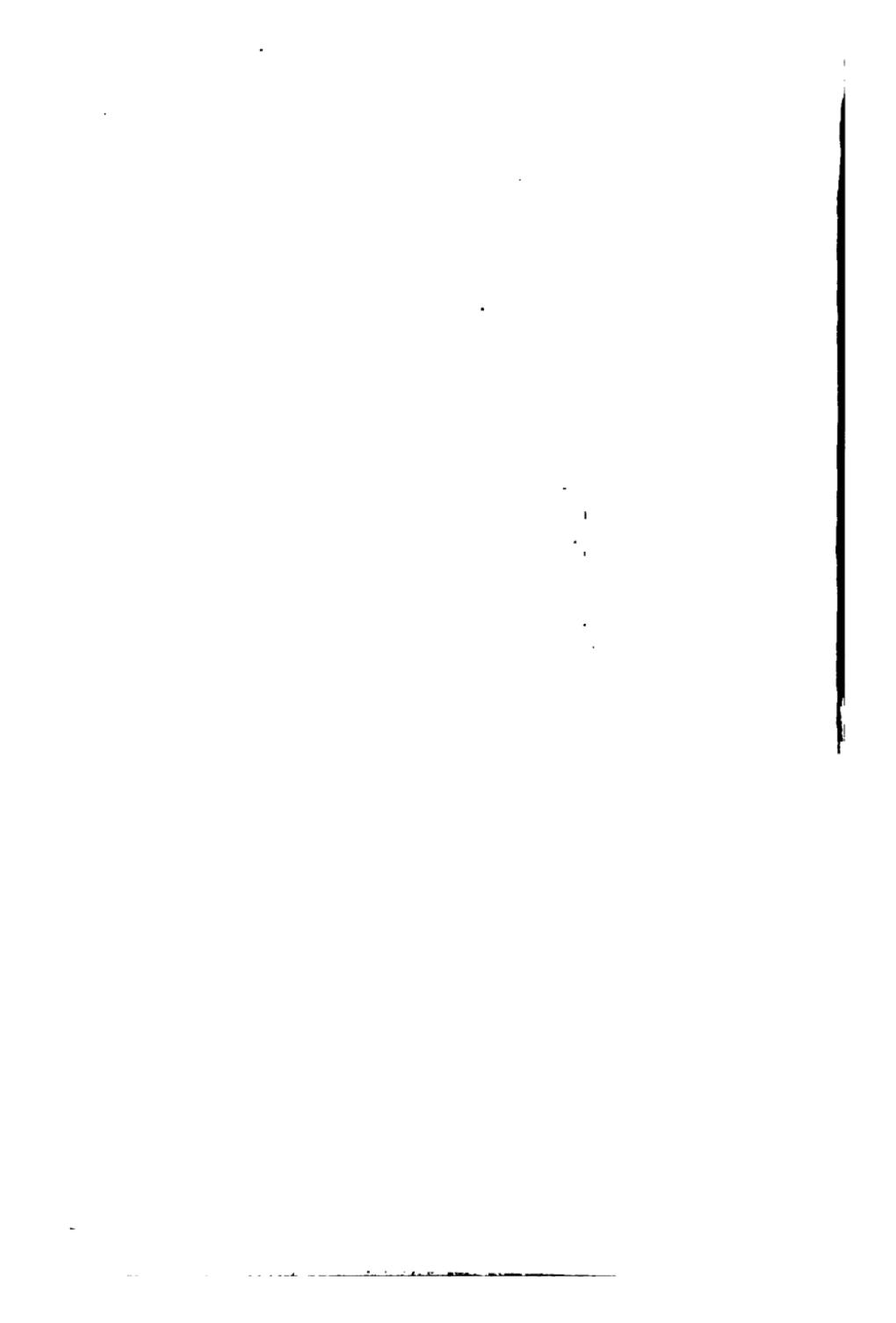
“ *My dear Mrs. Brewer:*—

“ I was relieved to get your letter for I have thought so many times to write to you since I came home, but there seemed so little for me to say, for I had done such an unpardonable thing and all the harm was done and I felt there was nothing for me to say. I spoke of you in Albany and when I reached home and read the letter in the paper, on my way from Seattle to Everett I was simply stunned for I recognized the woman who had gotten on the train with us, who changed her berth to the one opposite us and came over and introduced herself and spoke of you. I realized she had had some information that led her to know who we were and that I knew of your whereabouts as I had only spoken of Mildred meeting you to Miss Hurd in Albany. Of course if she was interested she could, as I now see, easily find a summer resort near Everett and she could easily find we were from Everett.

“ I was so humiliated and ashamed of myself for in all my life I have never before done anything that



BOYD IN HIS RANCH SUIT.



seemed so unprincipled and I simply said nothing to the doctor about it, for he is so loyal to his friends and patients and I had always thought that one of my virtues too; I think had I seen you and talked with you it would have been different. After having our interest aroused by your talking to Mildred, I asked a woman about you who lives out there during the summer. She is the only person I have ever discussed your affairs with here. There was absolutely nothing said against you. The lady spoke of your very lonely life. This was the morning after you talked with Mildred and we were wondering who you could be, and decided it must be Nettie Fitch. This was before you came to see the doctor. I remember the lady said you seemed so mysterious and evidently were in constant fear lest someone would get your child and how hard it was to manage and control a growing boy under those circumstances and that you seemed almost a nervous wreck. I think I lost sight of your position in the case in my regret that you should be living such a life of loneliness when I could only remember you as a merry, happy, absolutely care-free child and I always thought of you as being a leader in social circles and had never known any of the facts in the case, absolutely nothing but that you had gone away with your child. If you ever told Dr. Mead he has never spoken of it. So when in Albany I met Miss Hurd and she spoke of knowing you at Painesville, I was all interest. She spoke most highly of you and your hus-

band and seemed to think it a deplorable matter that you were not better suited to one another. I told her of your talk with Mildred (which was most unpardonable for it was not my affair at all and I knew you did not want it to be known) and later she came up and said: "I want to ask more about Nettie" but I had told her all I knew already and I realized I had done wrong. I thought to write to her and ask her not to speak of it but I thought if she were your friend she would not and so I let it go. I don't know why I did not think to write and tell you and you could have gone away. I just felt sick every time I thought of it till one day in Jefferson I overheard some people talking and hearing your name mentioned I listened and one of them said: "Oh! it's no secret where Nettie Fitch is. Lots of people know." I felt so relieved because I felt I, while not the less blamable, was not the first to tell where you were.

(N. B.—She was, though, for no one in Jefferson knew, not even my mother).

"And it was known any way, so on the train when this woman who could not get sympathy from any one came up and we, during the trip became acquainted, I talked of it to her when she mentioned having visited you but beyond saying to her that under the circumstances it must be hard for you to control a boy, I have said absolutely nothing against you and I have never heard one single word against you.

" I can not ask you to forgive this but I have never done anything I so deeply regret not for the child's sake because it was only a matter of time and it was ruining the life of a woman and making it impossible for either you or the child to get much out of life, but because I betrayed your trust as I said before I had fully determined to go to you and to try to persuade you that the life would ruin your health and bring you nothing in the end. For no woman can endure such a constant strain on her nerves as your anxiety was, but that does not help my case any. I only mention it because all the time I thought it would be so much better for you. Of course I knew nothing about Mr. Brewer and was not at all interested in his side of the matter. If you can I should be so glad to have you come here and if there is anything on earth I can do it would be such a relief for me to do it.

" Do not think, dear child, I do not know how hard it is to be separated from your boy. And how you must suffer but what didn't you suffer before. My only hope is that something will come into your life to atone for all you have suffered and I wish I could prove to you how sorry I am I did not leave it for you to act as you thought best.

" Yours most regretfully,

" MAVERNA MEAD."

CHAPTER XXX.

SOME NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS.

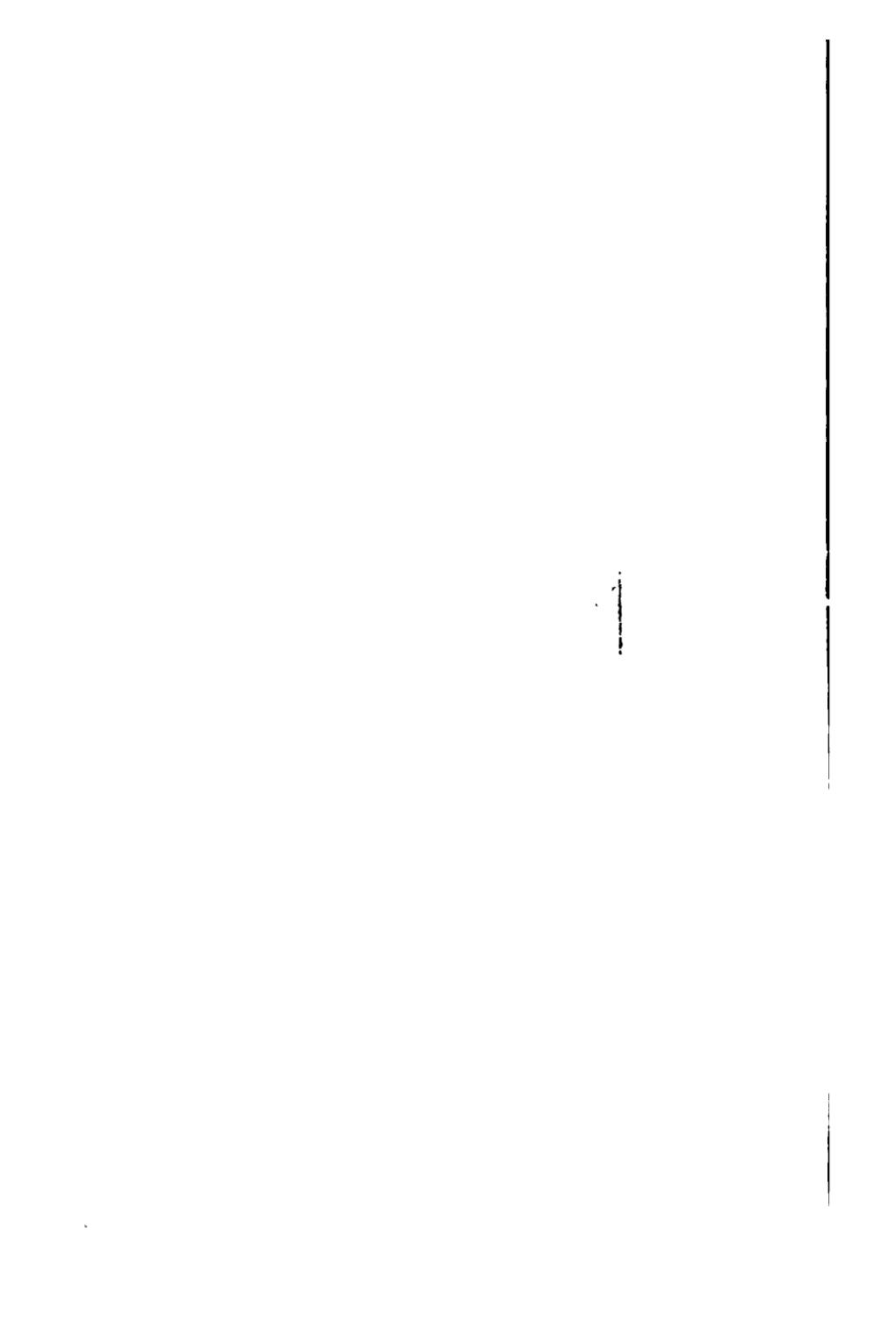
(From the Everett, Wash., "Herald," Thursday evening,
April, 14, 1910).

"The climax of an exciting search extending over a period of five years, and leading the searchers through almost every state in the Union and several provinces of Canada and through Jamaica and Cuba, was reached this morning at about 11 o'clock when Deputy Sheriff Markham successfully located Isaac Curtis Brewer, Jr., aged ten with his mother at Lake Stevens where he was known as Boyd McIntyre and his mother as Mrs. A. P. McIntyre.

"Isaac Curtis Brewer was granted a divorce from Annette Fitch-Brewer together with the custody of their son on Dec. 24, 1905, except that Mrs. Brewer was to retain possession of the boy until Jan. 2, 1906, at the Hollenden hotel, Cleveland, Ohio. When Mr. Brewer attempted to secure the custody of the child, Mrs. Brewer had gone and taken Isaac, Jr., with her. This is according to papers filed with County Clerk Daly. The divorce it is stated was by mutual consent. Mr. Brewer, who is a millionaire manufacturer of San-



BOYD READING.



dusky, Ohio, instituted search immediately but up to to-day had been unable to secure the boy. H. L. Peake, an Eastern lawyer, who is the father's attorney, arrived in the city a few days ago and acting on information that the boy and his mother were living on the shore of a lake near Everett, secured a writ of habeas corpus from Judge Black entitling him to possession of the child. Yesterday's search was made at Silver Lake but no trace of the lad was there found. To-day, accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Markham he made a trip to Lake Stevens. To guide them in their search they had a picture of the boy taken four years ago. A visit was paid to the school there and because of his resemblance to the picture the boy was picked out from among all the pupils in the school. The deputy sheriff alone entered the school while the attorney and sister of Mr. Brewer who accompanied them, remained in the carriage. The boy was at once brought back to Everett, and this afternoon was in the custody of the sheriff. Later the mother came to Everett. It was expected that a conference would be held between the interested parties late to-day.

Mrs. Brewer or McIntyre and her son have lived at Lake Stevens for three years, occupying the old Davies' place."

(From the "Everett Tribune," Friday, April 15, 1910).

"After over four years of weary search, which led throughout the American continent and some of the tropical islands, success crowns the efforts of a father in his search for his son. Isaac Curtis Brewer was granted a divorce from Annette Fitch-Brewer and the custody of their five-year-old boy on the 24th of December, 1905. The mother was to have the child with her until January 2, 1906, at the Hollenden hotel, Cleveland, and when Mr. Brewer went to get his son it was found that they had both disappeared. A search was then started by the father and his attorney, H. L. Peake, which led over a good portion of the continent and terminated at Lake Stevens at 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon when Deputy Sheriff Markham accompanied by Mr. Peake and Mrs. Sterling, the father's sister, found the boy at the Lake Stevens' schoolhouse and took him into custody on a writ of *habeas corpus*. Mrs. Brewer and her son have been residing on the Davies place at Lake Stevens under the name of McIntyre for three years. Mrs. Brewer is of a wealthy and influential family in Jefferson, Ohio. The meeting between Mrs. Brewer and her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. P. Sterling, of Salt Lake, in the sheriff's office yesterday was very pathetic. Amid weeping Mrs. Sterling exclaimed: 'How could you do it when you knew how much we thought of you and how much we loved the child.'

"To which Mrs. Brewer replied: 'You know he was hurt on that electric rail and had a big cut on his head and I did it for the boy's health. I felt that I was saving his life.'

"Now you know you are exaggerating it. How could you do it. If you could have seen poor Curtis weeping and sobbing for his boy when he came back from those awful trips, clear across the country, you would surely have felt sorry for him.'

"In speaking of her boy, Mrs. Brewer said: 'You won't let him die, will you? You will take good care of him and let me see him?'

"Attorney Peake said of the boy's future home: 'It is in a town about the size of this, and there will not be two boys in it that will be more thought of or have more money spent on them than he will.'

"The little fellow replied: 'That sounds good. I don't care where I am just so I have a good time.'

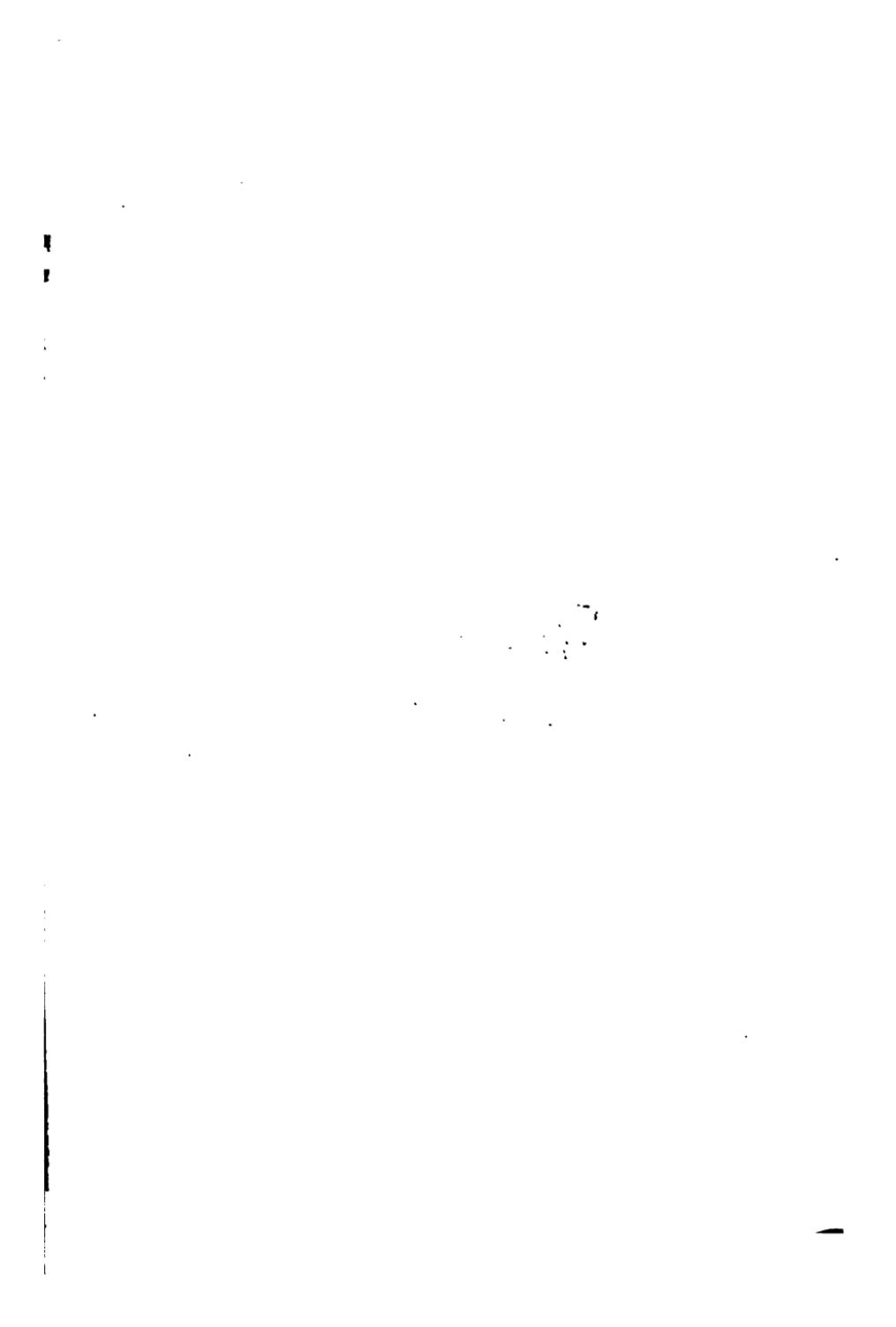
"Mr. Peake in telling of his journeys said: 'I have experienced all kinds of hotel fares; in the southern islands they serve goat the way they do beef here and I have visited places that I never dreamed of visiting. This Mr. Gleason has caused me a lot of trouble.'

"Mr. Gleason of Seattle has been Mrs. Brewer's attorney for about four years. Mr. Peake told of a Christmas tree that was prepared for the boy in 1905 and stands to-day as it did then, awaiting the boy's long delayed arrival at the home of his father. Sheriff Derring took the boy, accompanied by Mrs. Sterling,

to his country home in Snohomish last night, pending proceedings of the court which it is expected will come up to-day.

"Mrs. Brewer is stopping with friends in the city. Mr. Brewer, who is a wealthy manufacturer in Sandusky, Ohio, has spared no expense in his long search for his son, which has cost him thousands of dollars."

The unwritten law of the sea is the women and children must be thought of first. What is the written law of the land?





BOYD IN THE SUIT HE WORE TO TOWN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE END.

Never have I been overly superstitious yet I do believe one has premonitions and that omens foretell coming events. Certain things to which a superstition is attached have daily occurred in my life so that I no longer look upon them as a superstitious belief but as actual happenings. For instance, the number 13 has so many horrors for me that I look forward with dread to next year because my child will be 13 and the year 1913. Not once but several times I have been present at parties where 13 sat down to the table and not once but several times a dear friend has soon after the event died. That June when I had left my Sandusky home to attend a cousin's wedding in Ashtabula I left on Friday, the 13th, and my ticket was No. 13.

So when on the 13th of April, 1910, Boyd and I drove into Everett, I had some misgivings that something was about to befall us. Something, some unseen power, was trying to help us but I would not listen and did the opposite thing from what the small voice was whispering in my ear to do and so we were not saved. It was like when one is playing bridge. That first innate instinct tells us to be careful and make it diamonds

which we are sure of, but our wilder nature prevails and we risk it "no trumps" and lose.

If it had been any other day than the 13th of April everything might have gone differently. Fate was trying to help us. Ordinarily we would, on entering Everett, have driven right by the Mitchell hotel. Mr. Peake and Mrs. Sterling were registered there that day but their names in the paper told me nothing for they were not Mr. Peake and Mrs. Sterling but assumed names. Ordinarily we would have gone right up to the livery-stable we always went to, driving by the sheriff's office and stopping diagonally across from the stately Snohomish county court-house. But to-day for some reason we drove up a side street and left Buck standing in the alley back of our good friend's stable and fed Buck there. Our friends urged us to stay all night, Boyd urged me to accept their invitation, but they had sickness in their family and I feared we would be intruding. Such small matters turn the current of one's whole existence. Trivial incidents rule one's destiny. Why we do this or that is a matter for philosophers to decipher. We have "freedom of the will," we do as we like. Ah! but what decides our liking this way better than the other. Fate is hiding there somewhere. It is hiding right beyond our wills and it chooses what course we shall take. John Burroughs says:

"Our choice is along the lines of forces or inborn tendencies of which we are unconscious. We are free

to do as our inherited traits, our temperament, our environment, our training, the influence of the climate over us and the geography and the geology."

Oh, but how frightfully hampered we are sometimes by our inherited traits, our temperament, our environment, our training, our geography and climate.

We try to do one thing but something leads us to do another. So our acts seem like disobedient scholars, they act apart from our will. We are almost led to believe as John Burroughs does. He says:

"Indeed our lives are evidently the result of such a play and interplay of forces from far and from near, from the past and from the present, from the earth and from the heavens, forces so subtle and constant and so beyond the reach of our analysis that one is half converted to the claim of astrology and inclined to believe that the fate of each of us was written in the heavens before the foundations of the world."

So ask me not why I did not stay with kind friends in Everett that 13th day of April, 1910. Fate led us home to Lake Stevens but even then our unseen friend tried to help us. The draw-bridge was open and we had to wait a long time while boats went through and Boyd said: "Let's go back and stay all night, mother." Oh, that I had. For then at least he would have been spared the shame of being taken from his school.

Farther on a tree had fallen over the road and we had to wait while boughs were chopped so we could get across.

It was late when we reached home and we retired soon after an evening meal. I remember while I was getting supper Boyd practiced a little piece he was learning for some school exercises to be given at the close of school. Each child was to be a different character from favorite child stories and Boyd's piece began: "Jack the giant killer am I."

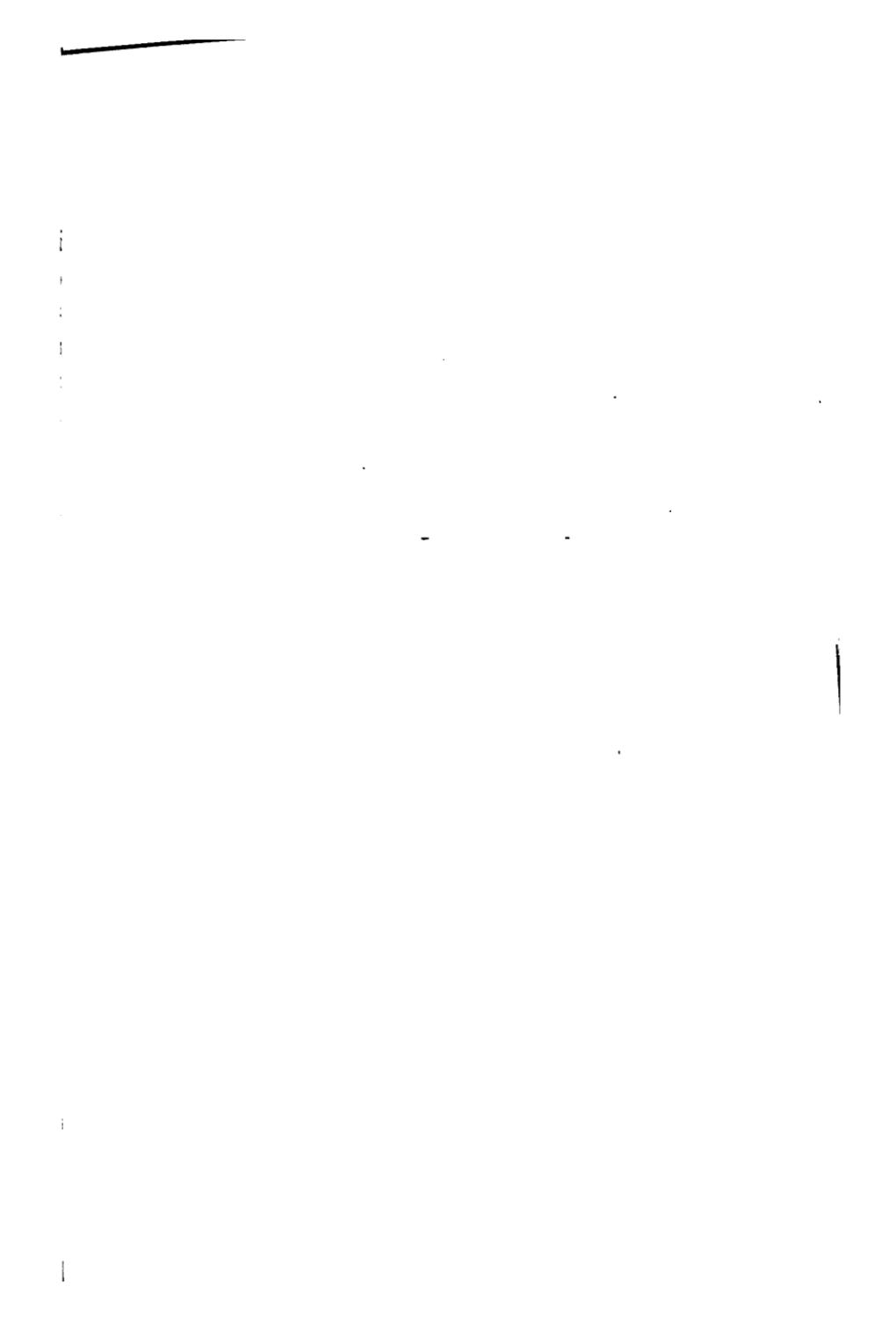
The morning of the 14th dawned. We had to rise early as the school bus came by at 7:30. Boyd begged me to let him stay at home but as he had stayed out the day before I thought he ought to go to-day. I packed his little lunch pail, never knowing that it was the last lunch I should ever put up for him. I remember exactly what was in it. Several sandwiches of bread and delicious lamb between. Some little cakes, some oranges and a little package of peppermint candy.

As he turned on the hill to kiss me good-bye, Boyd said: "Mother, I don't want to go to school to-day." But I said, "Yes, you had better go to-day, school will soon be out, you know."

And so I watched him run down the hill and out of sight. Yes, out of sight, followed by his faithful duet of dogs, black Bob and white, fluffy Tige.

I heard the children's voices in the bus as they gladly welcomed Boyd.

At 4 o'clock that afternoon that school bus came by and all was quiet but many children's eyes are wet as they tearfully say: "Boyd is not here to-night." No, Boyd McIntyre is gone and Curtis Brewer sits in the





THE SCHOOLHOUSE FROM WHICH BOYD WAS
TAKEN APRIL 14th, 1910.

sheriff's office, surrounded by a lot of newspaper reporters and officials of the law.

After Boyd left that morning I had busied myself getting the house in order for our expected company, but looking casually down towards the road I saw a surrey going by with the curtains down and flapping. I thought it was queer and I called the help and said to hurry and get Buck and I would drive down and see if Boyd was all right. But we were too late. Afterwards the little boy showed me "how my heart went" when they took him from the school and he cried and said: "I don't care what you do to me, but don't you hurt my mother."

He cried to stop at the bungalow so I looked down and saw a white, tear-stained-faced little boy coming through our gate with a deputy sheriff's hand upon his shoulder. Don't ask me how I felt. A whirl of thought, an awful moment when every pulse of life within me seemed to stop. Every power of will and brain seemed to fail me. I rubbed my eyes to see if I truly saw aright and then there was nothing left me but the vague, miserable consciousness which has stayed with me ever since. The man tried to serve a paper on me. Boyd sat dumbfounded and kept muttering: "I don't care what you do to me but please don't hurt my mother." He never noticed Bob and Tige who licked his hands and tried to glean information of what his sorrow was by looking up into his face.

I dropped my broom with which I was sweeping my dining-room and ran through the woods to Mrs. Knisely's as I did not wish to take the paper which was held out towards me tremblingly, for the deputy sheriff told me afterwards: "There's one duty I hate to perform, to take a child away from his mother."

God pity and protect the children of divorce. I had on over my morning gown an all-over apron of gingham and as I ran through the woods this caught on boughs and underbrush and was torn in shreds. But so dulled were my perceptions that I did not realize it until on my return last year my laundress brought out the apron and showed it to me.

Arriving at Mrs. Knisely's I telephoned my friends to go immediately and watch for Boyd's arrival in Everett and to be with him and comfort him so he would not be frightened. Then I telephoned my lawyer and told him to wire Mr. Gleason.

I started into town with Buck but met a team and buggy that had been sent out for me by my Everett friends. By a strange coincidence the driver of this team was the same man who had driven for Mr. Peake and Mrs. Sterling on the day previous on their trip to Silver Lake so he told me all about it and his sympathies seemed to be very much upon my side.

The sight of my child seated in the sheriff's office with the room full of curious ones made me so ill that all night I had to be kept under opiates. What grieved me most was the look he gave me when I entered the

room. He did not speak but from his tear-dimmed eyes there went to me a wireless message and it said "Don't give way, mother." Never in my life did I ever see eyes speak as strongly as his eyes did to me when I entered that jail at Everett that day. "And all my mother came into his eyes and gave me up to tears." What followed the papers have already told you. That night my child was taken to the sheriff's country home at Snohomish and cared for by a stranger aunt and strangers. He caught a terrible cold and cough and they had to give him a mustard hot bath and other remedies. What do you think? Do you think the little boy needed a mother's care, a mother who knew his every tendency to disease and how to treat it. The unwritten law of the sea is: "The women and the little children shall be thought of first." What is the written law of the land?

On the evening of the 15th I had to go back to the bungalow to pack my trunk for I had decided to return East with my child. It was very hard to go back alone without him. All along the road my friends and neighbors came out and tearfully expressed their sympathy.

I entered the house and then for the first time my grief burst forth. Everything spoke so strongly of my child. A plaything here, a book there, his clothes, his little play office, his little dogs who missed him, all spoke silently of Boyd. Ah! sadly, too.

I entered our bed-room:

“Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Reminds me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.”

Shakespeare wrote that many years ago in the third act of his play, “King John.”

On Saturday, April 16, 1910, the judge of the court at Everett, Wash., put my child in my care and Mr. Peake's to be delivered at Sandusky, Ohio, and that day we started East. Mr. Peake had given Mr. Gleason the following promise which he had written and signed and had given me also a copy:

“MR. CHAS. GLEASON,
“SEATTLE, WASH.

“Dear Sir:

“As the representative of Isaac Curtis Brewer of Sandusky, Ohio, father of Isaac Curtis Brewer, Jr., I am writing this letter to evidence my assurances to you that the decree of divorce entered in the court of common pleas for the county of Erie in the state of Ohio, in the case of Isaac Curtis Brewer vs. Annette F. Brewer will be so modified as to permit the mother, Annette F. Brewer, to see and visit her child one afternoon in each week at such time and place as the court may fix and subject to such conditions as in the opinion

of the court may be necessary to insure the safe continuance of its custody in the father. It being understood on my part that the assurance herein above given do not or shall not in any wise affect any rights of said Annette F. Brewer or prevent her from applying to the common pleas court of Erie county, Ohio, for any relief which she may deem herself entitled to with reference to the custody of said child.

“Yours very truly,
“HEWSON PEAKE.

“EVERETT, WASH., April 16th, 1910.”

The maternal instinct of “mother love” is shared by humans, with dumb animals and brutes. The self-sacrifice of a mother for her child or babe is classed with awe and veneration as a part of the moral nature.

“A mother’s love is mighty, but a mother’s
heart is weak.
And by its weakness overcomes.”

Later a little boy stands in a court room and says: “I will not choose between them. I wish to live with both.”

It was not a legal answer but it was Biblical. A mother writes letters of distress, in agony separated from her only child. And strong men laughed. Do these strong men ever think when they date their business letters that even Time itself dates back to a manger with a mother and her boy. That mother’s boy was

crucified. You have hurt me much but you have harmed my splendid boy a thousand times more. Has it done you any good? Life is short, very short and very uncertain. We shall not pass this way again.

Still later a young boy steals out of a house and entering a closed carriage weeps his childish grief away. He can show you how his heart went. And strong men laughed. But "who cares for the laugh of a loon." They must needs always laugh the loudest when a little child is crying and a woman's heart is breaking. It is the written law of the land.

Yes, God pity and protect the children of divorce.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

One of my lawyers has said to me: "Forget the past, live in the present and look forward to the future," but I cannot do it and as long as I live the old habit of every little while turning back to see if *they* are there will remain with me.

The unseen hand which guided me, my child clinging to my skirts, by a desert, through deep waters, into sloughs of despond, over steep mountains and into the valleys again has made most firm my belief in a God in His heaven and all is well. That Just Judge above sees intents and reads thoughts and hearts and in His hands I leave my case.

* * * * *

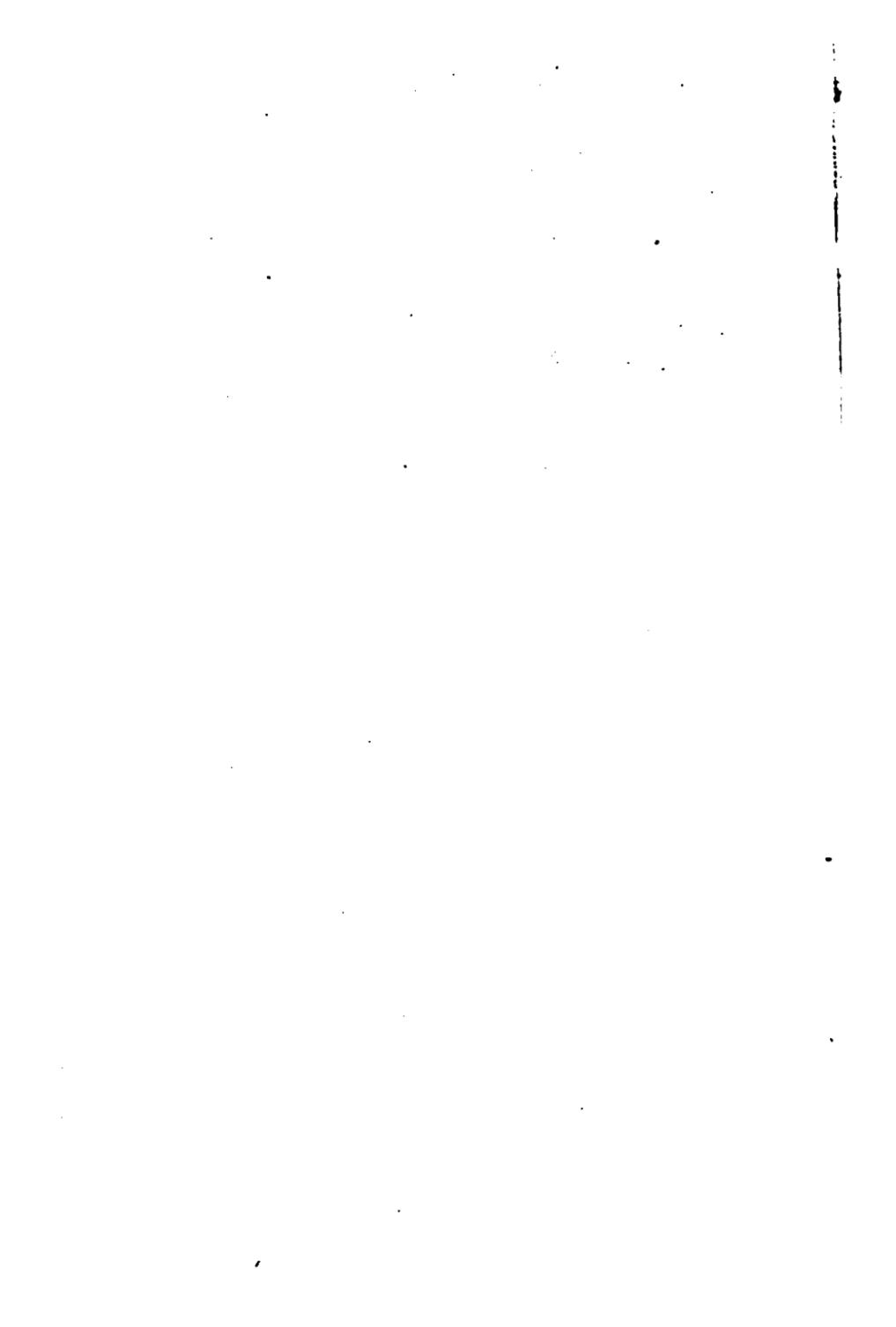
In a Western depot always sits one member of a detective agency to welcome the coming and speed the

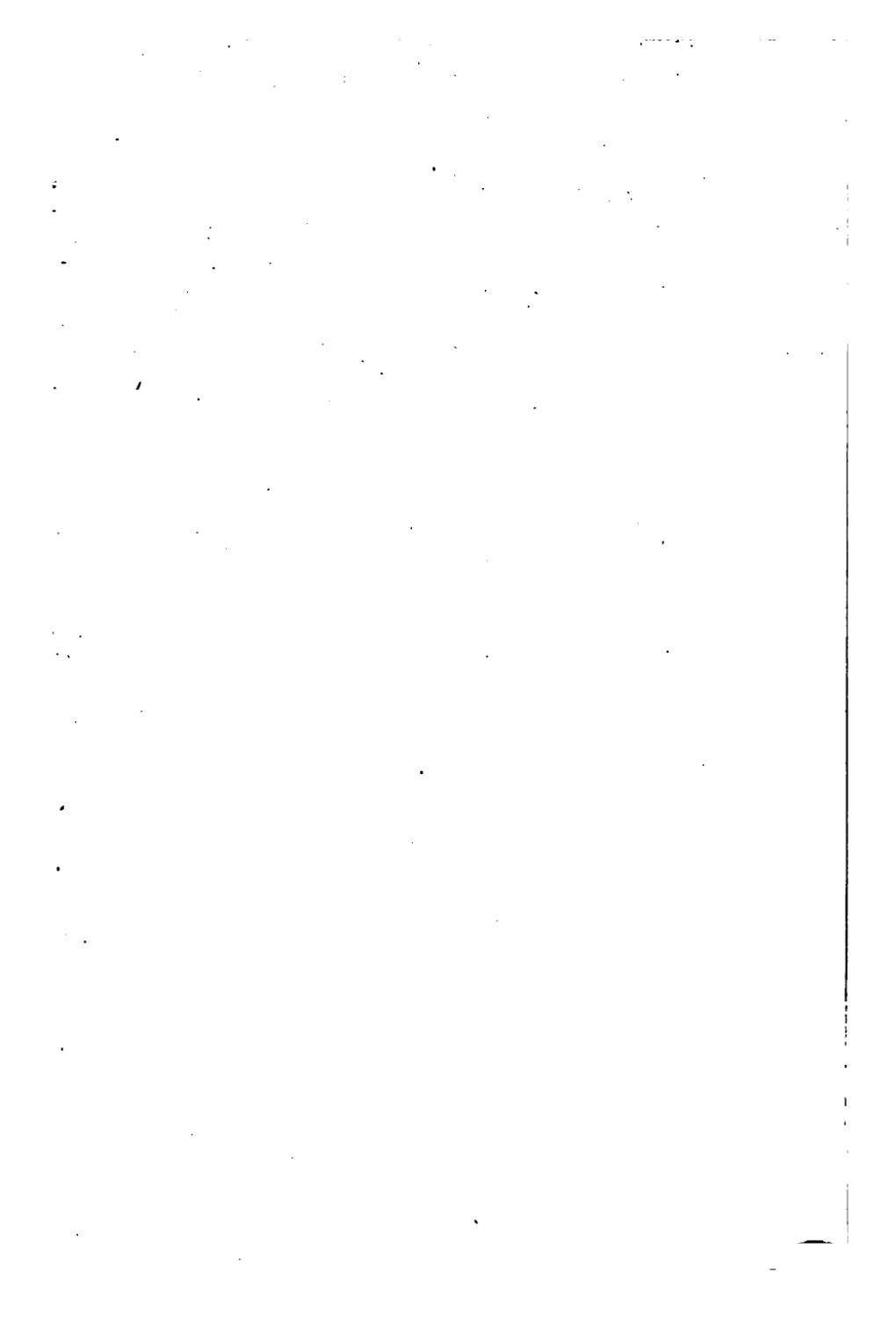
parting guest. To my Seattle lawyer he would say: "I wish you would tell me when this Brewer matter is settled." Mr. Gleason would shrewdly answer:

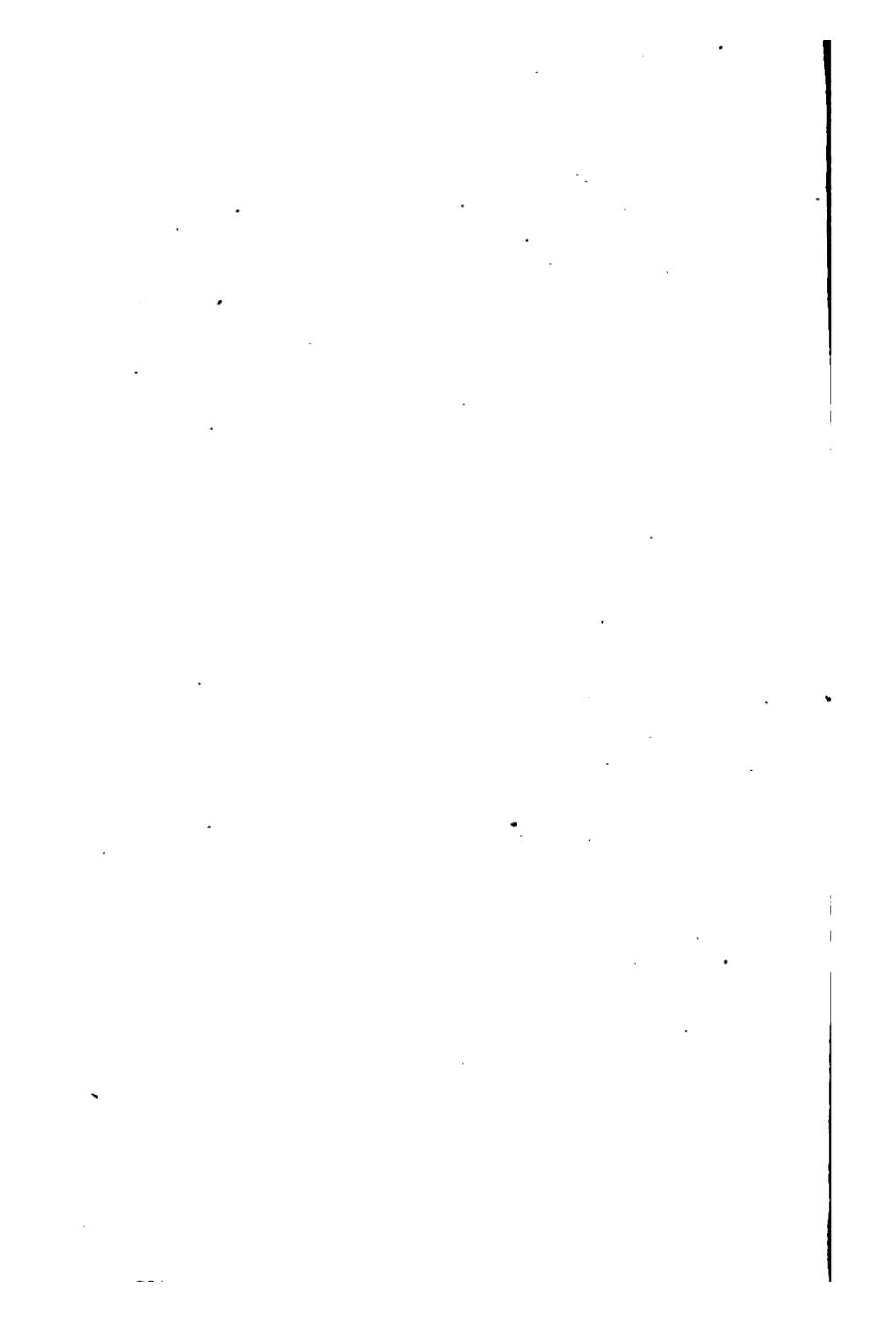
"I am confident it will never be settled here, but on the other coast."

Was he not right?

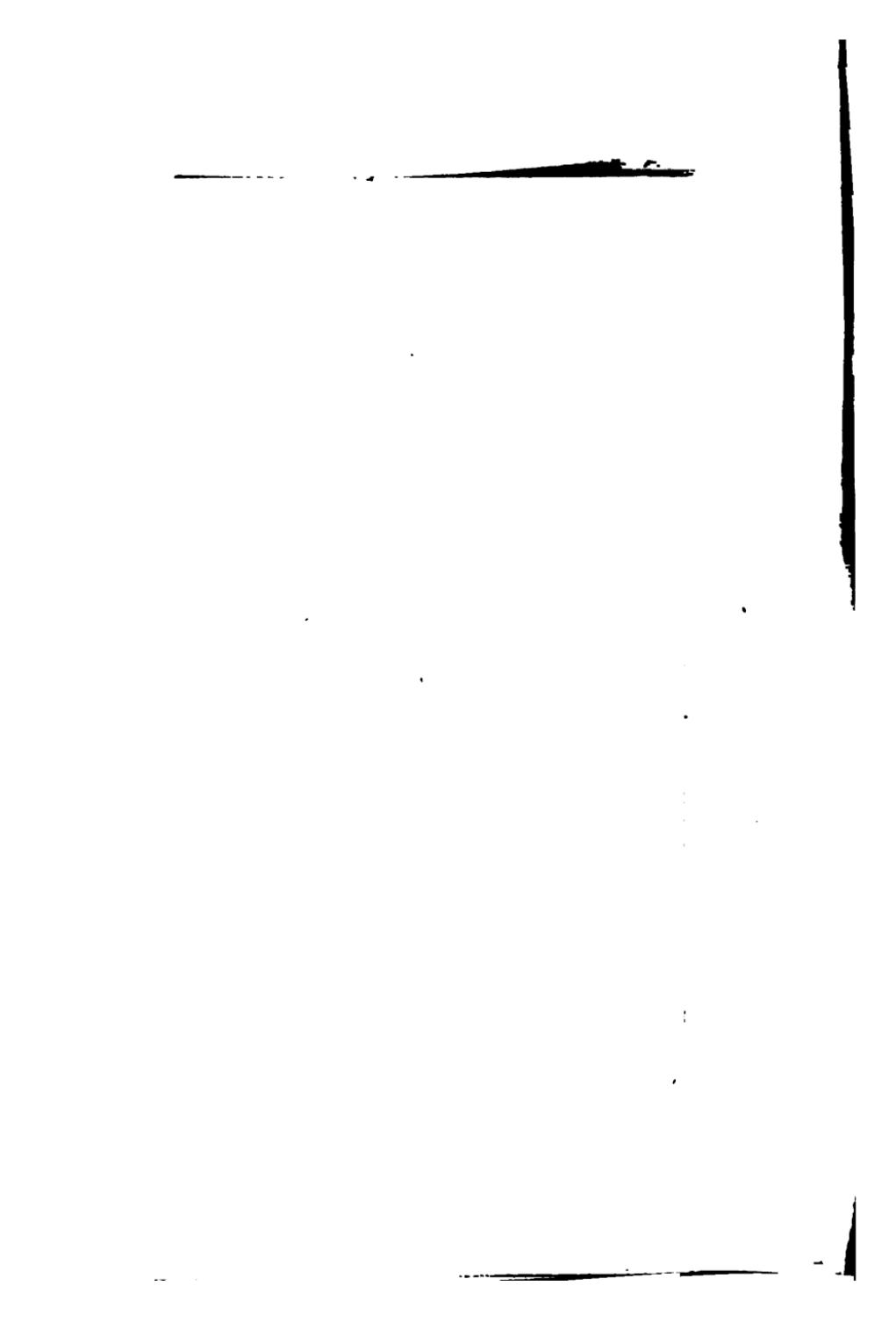
Did not Judge Young settle it *near* the other coast?











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